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DESIGNED
FOR READING AND EXHIBITION
IN
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AND
PRIVATE CIRCLES,
BY

WILLIAM BENTLEY FOWLE,

**Author of Familiar Dialogues; The Common School Speaker
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PREFACE.

THE scarcity of scenes, suitable for School Dialogues, in our standard Dramatic writers, and the almost entire neglect of this department by literary men, would imply that there is a difficulty in the subject, and this, the author hopes, will secure to him an unusual measure of indulgence, should this attempt not prove to be all that is desired.

Grateful for the favor which has been shown to his former efforts, the author regrets that he has reason to complain of so many compilers of school books, who, without the ceremony of a request, or the poor remuneration of an acknowledgment, have appropriated to themselves a large number of his original dialogues, — a trespass that will not again be excused.

The position long ago assumed by the author, that the use of Familiar Dialogues is the best means of introducing a natural style of reading, has been confirmed by thirty years' experience, and he believes, that, in no other way can the teacher so effectually banish that stiff and sometimes ridiculous mannerism, which prevails in too many schools.

It is a pleasant circumstance, that, as this book is intended to be a supplement to other works, it will not be necessary to displace any other to make room for this. It was the intention of the author to print just a hundred dialogues, and hence the title adopted; but it was found necessary to modify the original design, not, however, by reducing the number, but by greatly increasing it. All the pieces in the book are original, and all but seven are now published for the first

time in any school book ; and even these seven will, it is hoped, be found improved by the revision they have undergone.

In arranging the Dialogues, no classification of subjects has been attempted, and no order of arrangement, except that most of the more juvenile pieces are at the beginning, and the few pieces that have been published in the author's former works, are at the end of the volume. The Index gives the order of the pieces as they stand in the book, and, perhaps, a perfect classification, were such a thing possible, would not better facilitate the finding of any particular piece.

It is believed that the book, as a whole, has a moral and reformatory bearing that will commend it to teachers and parents, and it will be the author's great reward, if, while providing for the rational and innocent amusement of the young, he shall haply succeed in purifying and elevating the minds of those whom he may have amused.

WM. B. FOWLE.

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FOWLE'S

HUNDRED DIALOGUES.

By altering the names, and, perhaps, a few words, these Dialogues may be made to suit either sex.

I. THE COMPOSITION.

MOTHER AND CHILD, (OR, BY ALTERING A WORD OR TWO,) A
FATHER AND CHILD.

Child. Mother, do help me write my composition. The teacher says I must write one before to-morrow morning, and I am sure I could not write one if my life depended on it. I can't do it, mother, and it is of no use for me to try.

Mother. What did your teacher tell you to write about?

C. O, she said we might write upon any subject we thought of, but I can not think of any subject. I have not one idea in my head.

M. Suppose I give you a subject, will that help you?

C. O, no, mother; if you do, I shall not know what to say about it. It is a horrible thing to write composition.

M. What makes it so difficult? Did she require any particular kind of composition?

C. Yes, mother, she said it must be prose, and I am sure I never wrote a word of prose in my life.

M. Why, what do you think prose to be?

C. I don't know, I'm sure. I looked in the dictionary, and that said, "Prose is discourse without metre or poetic measure," and I'm sure I didn't know then so well as I did before, for I thought prose was the opposite of poetry.

M. Well, what is poetry?

C. I know it when I see it, but I never saw any prose.

M. All composition that is not poetry must be prose. Do you talk poetry?

C. No, indeed, mother, I wish I could.

M. If you don't talk poetry, what do you talk?

C. I'm sure I don't know. I didn't know I talked any thing.

M. What did I tell you all composition must be that is not poetry?

C. You said it must be prose. But, then, mother, you know I do not talk composition, for that is what they put in books. I thought talk was only conversation.

M. You are right, it is conversation, but it is prose also.

C. Do you mean, mother, that what I say to you now is prose?

M. Certainly it is. And, if, instead of speaking your thoughts, you should write the very same words you would speak, that would be prose composition.

C. Why, mother, I thought composition was only what we read in books.

M. What we read in books is composition, but the greater part of composition, or written language, is never printed. If, instead of talking together, as we have now done, we had written all we have said on the slate, what we wrote would be a composition in prose, and as it is in the form of a conversation, it would also be called a dialogue.

C. Why, mother, is that all? I'm sure I did not know I ever spoke a word of composition or of prose, and I never dreamed of speaking a dialogue. I'll go and write down all we have said together, and then a composition will not prove so horrible an affair, after all.

M. Do so, and when you have finished your prose composition, or, as the dictionary calls it, your "discourse without metre or poetic measure," bring it to me, and let me see whether it will do to print.

C. O, mother, don't make fun of me.

M. My dear, if nothing but wisdom were printed, there would be few books in the world. Come, go to work, and do not think it a task but an amusement, and I know you will succeed.

II. THE SPARROWS.

LITTLE ELLEN AND HER MOTHER.

Ellen. Mother, what are these little mites of birds made for? They are too small to be eaten, and not large enough to work.

Mother. They may as well ask what *you* are good for Ellen; for you are small, and not fit to be eaten, and, as they earn their living, they must work harder than you do.

E. Yes, but you know what I mean, mother. I shall grow up one of these days, but they will never be larger than my fist.

M. I hope you will live to grow up, though this is by no means certain. But I do not wish to evade your question. Though the little birds may be of no use to us, we may conclude that they are not useless, for the Creator has a design in every thing he makes. If the sparrows are too small to serve as food for man, they are large enough to feed many creatures smaller than man.

E. Then other creatures eat animals, mother? O yes, I might know they do, for I saw my kitten eating a little bird that she or her mother had caught.

M. Do not the little birds seem to be happy?

E. O yes, mother. I never saw such happy little things; they are chirping, or flying, or playing, all the time.

M. Then, perhaps, they were made to be happy. Do you like to see the little things?

E. O yes, mother, I dearly like to see them.

M. Then, perhaps, they were also made to contribute to your happiness. Did I see you giving them some crumbs of bread just now?

E. Yes, mother, the snow covers the ground, and I feared the little things would starve for want of food.

M. And you helped them out of pity, did you?

E. Yes, I did, mother. Was it wrong to do so?

M. O no, my dear child, and I presume it was one of

the most important uses of their creation to give us an opportunity to cultivate our benevolent affections. You would not hurt the little creatures, would you, Ellen?

E. O, no, mother, I would do any thing to help them.

M. There is nothing greater than charity, and any creature, however small, that moves us to kindness, affection, benevolence, or love, which are only other names for charity, is created for a noble purpose, and the little sparrows have not been made in vain, if they have excited tender feelings in my little daughter's bosom.

E. (*To the birds.*) O you dear little birdies, how could I think you were good for nothing because you were not fit to eat? I'll go and get some more bread for you this minute, and, if you would like to live with me this winter, I'll board you for nothing, and do your washing gratis, just as I do my little Dolly's.

III. THE DOLL.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Child. Mother, I wish you would make me a doll. I want one dreadfully.

Mother. Why do you wish for a doll? What would you do with one?

C. I want one to play with.

M. But a doll can not play with you. I should think you would prefer a kitten, for that can understand your play and play back again.

C. Yes, mother, and it can scratch and bite too. Now a doll never scratches nor bites, and I like a doll best.

M. You can teach a kitten not to scratch or bite, but you can't teach a doll anything.

C. Can't I teach it to sit up, or to hold its tongue?

M. No, it will do that without teaching.

C. O dear, I wish I could do so. Miss Teachum tries to make me sit still and hold my tongue, and if I was a

doll I could do so ; but I am not a doll, and it is hard work. I guess she wouldn't like to sit still herself, three hours in the forenoon and three hours in the afternoon, merely to learn to be a doll.

M. You must not speak so of your teacher. But I will make you a doll, if you will tell me how it will be of any use to you.

C. It will make me love you better, dear mother.

M. If I give you an orange, will not that do the same ?

C. Why, mother, how you bother me. I want a doll to look at, to hug, and to kiss, as if it was a little baby, but I do not hug and kiss an orange.

M. Do you think you could love a little doll ?

C. O yes, I am sure I could, if it was pretty.

M. Does my loving you depend upon your being pretty ? I think it depends more upon your being good.

C. Well, mother, the doll is always good as can be, but I am sometimes naughty.

M. The doll is good because she can't be otherwise, and there is no merit in such goodness. To be really good, you must not only not do wrong, but you must do something right. Let me explain what I have said. I will make you a doll if you insist upon it, but my opinion is, that you will like it much better, and it will do you much more good if you make it yourself.

C. I don't know how, mother.

M. I will show you.

C. Then I shall be glad to make it myself.

M. Though you may not make it so well as I could, at first, still it will be your own, and, you know, mothers love their own children better than other people's. (*Kissing her.*)

C. But, mother, why did you wish me to have a kitten instead of a doll ?

M. Because, in teaching such a young animal, you would learn much yourself that you couldn't learn from a lifeless doll.

C. What would the kitten teach me, reading or spelling, writing or needlework ?

M. She would teach you kindness. She would teach

you patience, if you had to bear with her ignorance ; forbearance, if you were tried by her ill temper ; forgiveness, if she offended you. There is hardly a virtue that would not be improved, if you treated her properly.

C. Why may I not have both a kitten and a doll, then ?

M. You shall do so ; and now I will go and find something to make the doll of, while you go and get your work-box, for the best time to do work is while you are in the mood for it.

IV. THE BEST SAUCE.

MOTHER AND SON.

Boy. Mother, I wish you would give me something good to eat.

Mother. What do you call good ? there is bread in the closet.

B. I am tired of bread, and want something better.

M. You will find some meat in the pantry.

B. Mother, I am sick of meat.

M. What do you think you should like ?

B. O dear, I don't know, I am tired of every thing.

M. It is not so much the kind of food as something else you want.

B. Something else ! why, what is there but food to eat ?

M. There is one thing far more necessary than food to good eating.

B. Well, I am sure I do not see how that can be. I have food and every thing else, and yet I don't see any thing that tastes good.

M. Johnny Pinch has plenty of the thing you want.

B. Why, mother, Johnny Pinch is poor as death, and how can he have what I have not.

M. There is Johnny coming. You may ask him what it is that he has and you have not. (*Enter Johnny.*)

B. Johnny, come here! Would you like a piece of cake to eat?

John. I guess I would.

B. Would you like a crust of bread?

J. I guess I would be glad of it.

B. What if it is a little sour or mouldy?

J. No matter, I guess I could contrive to eat it.

B. Johnny, what makes you willing to eat a crust of sour bread?

J. I can not always get any thing as good as that.

B. Mother, I don't see what it is that Johnny has. He can eat what I would not touch, but I don't see that he has any thing that I have not. I have as good teeth as he has.

M. Johnny, what do you do in the morning?

J. I get up at sunrise, Ma'am, chop wood, feed the cattle, drive the cows to pasture, and churn the butter before breakfast.

M. What do you do after breakfast?

J. I do a number of chores, then walk two miles to school and back again, and then chop wood again till dinner.

M. Dinner tastes good then, does it?

J. I guess it does. I get so hungry I can eat any thing.

M. My son does not like any thing we give him to eat.

B. Mother, if I can't eat cake and nice things, I can't eat such things as Johnny does.

M. O, yes, you can, if you use the same sauce that Johnny does.

B. Why, mother, Johnny never saw any sauce in his life!

M. O yes, he has the two best sauces in the world, Exercise and Hunger. Is it not so, Johnny?

J. Yes, Ma'am, I have enough of both to spare Master Frederic a little, if he wants it.

B. Mother, may I chop wood with Johnny to-morrow morning, and see how his sauce tastes?

M. Yes, you may try the experiment, and I recommend to you to eat at Johnny's house for one month, and go to school with him.

B. I'll do it as sure as I live.

M. So do; and as soon as you have learned to make the sauces, you shall turn doctor and go about curing the dyspepsia, which is caused by eating without these sauces.

V. THE PRECOCIOUS SPELLER.

MR. SMITH AND A SMALL BOY, (OR A LITTLE GIRL WITH A BOY'S CAP AND COAT ON,) THE BOY BLOWING A PENNY TRUMPET, AND STRUTTING POMPOUSLY.

Mr. Smith. Who are you, my little fellow?

Boy. Not so very little neither; I go to man-school twice a day when it does'nt rain and school keeps.

Mr. S. You do? Well, what do you learn at school?

Boy. I learn to spell and every thing.

Mr. S. What can you spell, my little mastodon?

Boy. Master what? My name is not Don. D-o-n, Don.

Mr. S. Well, no matter what your name is, tell me what you can spell.

Boy. I can spell *face*, and *eye*, and *tooth*.

Mr. S. How do you spell *face*?

Boy. F-a-c-h, face.

Mr. S. Well done! and how do you spell *eye*?

Boy. You?

Mr. S. Yes, I. How do you spell *eye*?

Boy. U, I tell you. I guess you don't know how to spell.

Mr. S. Tell me how you spell *tooth*, then.

Boy. Too-oo-doo, tooth. There, do you understand that?

Mr. S. O yes, you are a wonderful speller.

Boy. I can almost spell Massachusetts, and I'm at the head of my class in spelling.

Mr. S. How many are in your class?

Boy. Two, me and another *girl*, and she was'nt there to day, so I got to the head.

Mr. S. You must be a smart scholar.

Boy. I guess I am. The mistress says I shall be a professor one of these days.

Mr. S. A professor! What is a professor?

Boy. I don't know, I suppose it's a dancing-jack or a little trumpet. I like a drum best. D-u-m-p, drum.

Mr. S. How long have you been at school, my little man?

Boy. How long? I don't know, nine, or five, or six days. One, three, two, six. I study 'rethmetic, too.

Mr. S. You ought to study Grammar and Philosophy.

Boy. I know gram'ma already. She is going to give me a wife when I grow up. I know how to spell wife; w-h-i-p, wife.

Mr. S. You will soon be a teacher and keep school yourself.

Boy. I mean to. I could teach the cat now, only she can't talk. T-or-ec, tork.

Mr. S. You beat me in spelling.

Boy. I guess I do. B-e-ff, beat. (*He blows a penny trumpet.*) What would you give to spell like I do? Can you spell your name? I can mine. J-on, John; P-uf, Puff. (*He marches off blowing his trumpet.*)

VI. TARDINESS

MARY AND ANNA.

Mary. Why such haste, Anna? there is no need of breaking your neck merely to be punctual at school.

Anna. I do not intend to break my neck, but I am determined, if possible, not to break the rules of the school.

Mary. O dear! I can't see what it matters whether I am there a few minutes sooner or later. Mother says she don't see the need of making so much fuss about a few minutes.

Anna. My mother thinks differently. She loves to see order and punctuality in every thing, and she says that such things form an important part of character.

Mary. I don't see what going to school a minute sooner or later has to do with character. I am tardy almost every day, but I am sure that I have not lied, or cheated, or stolen in consequence of it.

Anna. Are you sure of that, Mary. You know other things than money or goods may be stolen. When you come late, do you ever lose your lessons?

Mary. No, the master always hears my recitations in recess,* and so enables me to keep up with the class.

Anna. Does he not lose his recess by thus obliging you?

Mary. To be sure he does, but what of that?

Anna. I should think you robbed him of his time. He needs recess', as much as we do. Do you not like recess', yourself?

Mary. Indeed I do, but I often get cheated out of it.

Anna. You cheat yourself, then; but do you not also cheat the school by tiring the teacher, when he should be gathering strength to teach them after recess is over?

Mary. You have proved me a thief and a cheat, and it only remains for you to prove me a liar.

Anna. I have no wish to do this, Mary, and yet I dare say you have sometimes framed excuses for tardiness, that were not "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Mary. Well, so I have, Anna, as sure as you live; but I never thought before that I was doing wrong. I declare I am half inclined to think it is easier to be punctual than to be tardy. and if you will call for me as you go to school, I will always be ready to accompany you.

* *Note.* Two of the New England vulgarisms are, pronouncing *recess*, and *selectmen*', with the accent on the first syllable.

VII. DOING NOTHING IS HARD WORK.

MOTHER AND SON, (OR, BY CHANGING A FEW WORDS,) A MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Child. O dear, how tired I am, mother, I wish I was not so tired.

Mother. What makes you so tired? Have you been running?

C. No, mother, I have not run or walked ten steps.

M. What then? Have you been playing too hard?

C. No, mother, I have not played at all. I don't like to play.

M. Perhaps you have been working in the garden?

C. O, no indeed; if I can't play, I am sure I can't work.

M. Pray tell me what you *have* been doing.

C. The truth is, — I have been doing nothing.

M. O, I can easily understand your case. There is no harder work than doing nothing, though so many think there is great enjoyment in it.

C. Well, mother. I sometimes wish I was a poor boy, that I might always have something to do.

M. You always have something to do now.

C. O no, mother, every thing is done for me. I don't know any thing but eating that you or somebody else does not do for me.

M. You sleep for yourself, don't you?

C. O yes, I forgot that. But I should like to do something more than eat and sleep. I should like to work.

M. You lack one thing that is very important to all who have to work.

C. What is that, mother? I am sure I have two hands as good as any boy's.

M. I don't mean hands. You lack something else.

C. Is it strength, mother? I am sure I am stouter than Johnny Burt, who does a deal of work every day of his life.

M. It is not strength. You have enough of that for one of your age.

C. Pray, what is it, then? O, I know, it is tools. But I have some tools. Father gave me a little wheelbarrow, and uncle gave me a shovel, and you yourself, mother, gave me a little hoe.

M. Well, you have hands, and strength, and tools, and yet you lack the principal thing.

C. What *can* it be, mother? Do tell me, because I will ask father to get it for me.

M. He can't get it for you. You must get it for yourself, or never have it.

C. Well, I'm sure this is a puzzle, and I give it up.

M. What makes Johnny Burt work, as you say he does?

C. O, I know, it is necessity, he works because he must. Johnny is poor.

M. Is not his father poor, also? and is it not his father's laziness that makes Johnny have to work so hard, though he is so young? Johnny would do as his father does, if he had not what you lack.

C. Mother, what *can* it be? Do tell me, now, that's a good mother.

M. It is the *Disposition to work*, my dear, or what is generally called *Industry*. You do not love to work, or you would never be idle.

C. Yes, mother, but if I have not the disposition how can I get it?

M. By working till work becomes a pleasure. You were made to be active, or you would not be so tired of rest.

C. If I was made to be active, why am I *not* active, then?

M. Let me answer your question by asking another. Do you think you were made to be good or to be wicked?

C. O, to be good, no doubt, though I don't think I am any too good.

M. Why are you not as good as you can be? Is it not, because you do not always try to be good? This constant trying, will create a habit. the disposition will grow with the habit, and in time you will prefer to do

good, you will love to do good. Now, can you apply these remarks to work?

C. Yes, mother, and I'll go to work right away, and never rest till I am industrious, and love to work.

M. Then you will never love it, my son. If you are unused to work, you must not try to do too much at first. Begin moderately, and do mere as you get used to it. All I have said, will apply to your lessons at school, as well as to your work, and your conduct. Be attentive, be diligent, keep trying, and I shall never hear you complain again that you are tired to death of doing nothing.

VIII. THE RIGHT OF PROPERTY.

GEORGE AND CHARLES.

George. Come, Charles, let us go and get some peaches.

Charles. Where? There are none in our garden.

G. There are plenty in Squire Carleton's.

C. They are not ours.

G. They *will* be when we get them.

C. I am not so sure of that. Taking a man's property without his permission, does not make it ours.

G. Poh! He has more than he wants, and more than he can use up.

C. Perhaps he means to sell them.

G. Perhaps he does, and perhaps he does'nt. I know he can't eat them all, and I mean to help him.

C. Do you mean to say, that you intend to steal the peaches?

G. Not exactly. But I love peaches, and he has more than he wants, and would not miss a bushel if I took them.

C. You may say the same of his dollars; but would you dare to take his dollars for the same reason?

G. Peaches are not dollars.

C. They are property, and bring dollars.

G. Not always. See, there they lie on the ground, thousands of them, and if we don't pick them up, somebody else will. So what harm will it do?

C. You have no right to do wrong because others will do it if you do not.

G. What do you mean by wrong? If I take what another does not want, or even miss, I do no wrong. He does the wrong in keeping it from me.

C. I don't understand it so. What nobody owns, any one may take;—what is lost, any one may take, and keep—for the owner; but what is not lost, and has an owner, can not be taken without doing a wrong.

G. How would you get some of these peaches, then, if you wanted some?

C. I would go and ask the owner to allow me to pick up some of them. You have not done this.

G. Suppose he refuses to give me any?

C. Then go without. It will not be half so hard to go with an empty stomach as with a burdened conscience.

G. Well, I believe you are right, and there comes the Squire! Let us go and ask him. If he doesn't give us some he will be as mean as dirt.

C. There I agree with you. But the property of mean men must be respected, or the generous will have no security for theirs.

IX. OBEDIENCE.

MARY AND SUSAN, TWO SCHOOL-MATES.

Mary. Do you think it right to spend your time in writing billets, when our teacher has expressly forbidden it in study hours?

Susan. I don't mean that he shall know it.

M. That is not an answer to my question.

S. I don't choose to answer it. If he doesn't know that I break the rules, there is no harm done.

M. Is not your attention turned from your studies?

S. Yes, but, my little inquisitor general, what right have you to catechise me in this way? I am not under your care.

M. Yes, you are,

S. I should like to know how and why.

M. Are you not my friend?

S. Granted. What then?

M. Is it not my duty to look after my friend, and see that she does no wrong?

S. The proverb says we wear a large bag in front for the faults of our friends, and a little pocket behind for our own.

M. You know, Susan, I am not so unjust. But to return to my question;—Do you think it right to disobey your teacher, if he does not see and know it? Is this your standard of right and wrong?

S. Do you think I am going to answer you?

M. Yes. But let me ask you whom or what you offend when you do wrong.

S. I offend him who makes the rule, of course. If Mr. Linzee tells me not to write a billet, and I write one, then I offend Mr. Linzee, and no one else. Nay, I don't offend at all, if the rule is unjust.

M. Do you think this rule unjust?

S. Why need you ask that question? Are you determined to leave me no chance to escape? The billet was an innocent billet.

M. Susan Jones Livingston, look me in the face.

S. Well, what then?

M. Suzy, you know you have done wrong, or why do you blush so?

S. Your honest face acts like a mirror, and seeing myself in it, I blush at my conduct, and plead—Guilty.

M. I knew you would not persist in the wrong.

S. Well, it is not such a dreadful thing, after all, to write a billet to one's friend. There is not much difference between a billet and the regular exercise.

M. There is all the difference between right and wrong, and this is incalculable.

S. O, dear, don't say another word. I only plunge

deeper and deeper. Mary ! (*long pause*) you are a dear little angel ; what did your wings cost you ?

M. Obedience, Susan, and there are more for sale where I bought mine. Come, let us go a shopping for some.

X. THE HARD LESSON.

Child. Father, need I go to school to-day ? I don't want to go.

Father. You mean you don't *wish* to go, my child, for all children are ignorant, and want knowledge, though they may not wish to go to school to obtain it.

C. Why, father, what good will knowledge do me ? The pig and the horse never study, and they are a great deal happier than I am.

F. Would you like to live as they do, and go to the same school ?

C. School, father ! Why, horses and pigs don't go to school, do they ? I never saw a pig school, nor a horse school in my life.

F. You have seen them without knowing it, my boy. The pig-pen is the pig's school-house.

C. O, father, what lessons does he learn there ?

F. He learns to eat, and sleep, and grow fat.

C. I wish I had nothing else to learn. I guess he would not eat or sleep or grow fat, if he had to learn grammar and geography, as I do.

F. When you have learned your lesson and grown up, you can enjoy your learning, but what becomes of the pig when he leaves his school ?

C. O dear, father, he is killed, is n't he ?

F. Yes, that is all we put him to school for.

C. But, father, what school does the horse go to ? I never saw a horse school-house, nor a horse school-master.

F. The horse's school-house is the barn.

C. Well, father, I heard our teacher say our school

house is a barn, but he couldn't mean that we were horses.

F. No ; he only meant that the house was old, and cold and dirty, as barns are apt to be. But, although the barn is the horse's school, his lessons are generally learned out of doors.

C. What books does he study, father ? I never saw a horse studying.

F. O yes, you have. Did you see John beating the horse this morning, when I stopped him ?

C. Yes, sir, and I was glad you saved the poor horse.

F. Well, John was the master, and was giving the horse a lesson.

C. What was the lesson about, sir ? the horse did not seem to like it or understand it.

F. It was a lesson in obedience. John wished him to do something, and he did not do it, and so John beat him.

C. That's the way our master does, father. He tells us to do a thing, and if we do'n't do it, we get it, I tell you.

F. Get what, my boy ? the lesson ?

C. No, sir ; what the horse got this morning, a beating.

F. Well, if I understand you, you wish to change places with the horse and the pig, to live as they do, go to their schools, and be happy, as you think they are.

C. I should not like to be killed like a pig, nor beaten like a horse.

F. I suppose not. But would you like to do nothing as the pig does, and never even play ?

C. No, I could not stand that.

F. Would you work like the horse, and never think, or speak, or read ?

C. O dear, no, sir. Is it school time, father ?

F. Not quite, but why do you ask the question ?

C. Because I am rather inclined to think school is the best place for me.

F. My son, you must remember that you have a mind and a heart that may be taught, while the pig and the horse have no mind that can be instructed, and no heart that can be taught to love God and to do good to others. You may not see the use of all you are now re-

quired to learn, and you may not always like the treatment you receive from your teachers, but you must never refuse to receive instruction because it does not come in a pleasant form, and you must not hate school because you hate the rod. Were you whipped this morning?

C. No, father, but I am to be whipped, this afternoon, for not learning my lesson in the morning. I tried to learn it, but it was too hard, and so I failed and could not help it.

F. Come, I will go with you to school, and try to persuade your teacher not to beat you, as I persuaded John not to beat the horse. I have no doubt the teacher will forgive you, if you are sorry for it.

C. Sorry for what, father? I have not done any thing wrong. You told John he should not beat the horse because the load was more than he could draw, and my lesson was more than I could learn.

F. Come along, my son, you have learned something in the horse's school that may help you.

XI. PUNISHMENT.

KATE AND MARY.

Kate. I wish I could go to some other school, Mary, for I do not like to be punished.

Mary. No one likes to be punished. But, Kate, when one likes to do wrong, one must expect to pay for it. Did the teacher hurt you much?

K. No, I was so mad I did not care for it; if she had broken my head, I should not have cried a tear.

M. I take care not to do wrong, and so do not get punished.

K. I am not so sly, and always get found out.

M. I should think you would grow tired of doing wrong, for it must be easier to do right than wrong.

K. I am not so sure of that. I like to have my own way, once in a while.

M. If your own way is wrong, and brings you into trouble, I should think you would give it up, and get a better way.

K. Why, do you believe I could always act right, as you do?

M. Certainly. Don't you think I could act wrong as you do, if I tried hard to do so? Do you think your little kitten will scratch me if I take her up?

K. No, indeed! She scratched me once, and I soon taught her better. I should like to see her scratch any body now.

M. How did you cure her so completely?

K. I beat her soundly, and would not give her any thing to eat for a whole day. (*Mary begins to laugh, and Kate says.*) What are you laughing at, Mary? I do not see any thing to laugh at.

M. Nor did the kitten. And yet it is rather funny that the kitten left off doing wrong after being punished only once, and you cannot leave off after being punished a dozen times.

K. Yes, but the kitten is n't a girl.

M. I know she is not, and that makes me wonder the more, for she ought not to be expected to do as well as an intelligent girl. Now confess, Kate, that you can do right if you choose to do so. You know you can, and I wish you would, for my sake.

K. Why for *your* sake, when I have to take all the punishment?

M. I really believe that, every time you are punished, I suffer more than you do. I love you, Kate, and can not bear to see you suffer.

K. You are a dear one, Moll, and there's no denying it. Now I'll tell you what I mean to do, for I am desperate—

M. Don't say so.

K. Hear me out, Mary. I am desperately sick of being punished, and not a little ashamed to be worse than my kitten, and so, you see, I am going—

M. Where, dear Kate? Not to leave the school, I hope.

K. No, but to love it, and try to be as good as you are,

you little philosopher. There, (*kissing her*,) there, let me seal my promise with a kiss, and when you see me doing wrong again, just say "kitty, kitty, kitty," and I shall take the hint. Little did I think, when I punished my kitten, that the blows were to fall so directly on my own head.

XII. FICTION AND FACT.

MARY AND AMY.

Amy. Have you read the tale, Mary, that mother lent you?

Mary. Yes, and was delighted with it. But, Amy, do tell me where the people live that I have read about.

A. Where do they live? Why, what a funny question. They live here, and everywhere.

M. Why, Amy dear, the story says the poor girl was so good that a prince fell in love with her, and married her. I never heard of any poor girl here that was so fortunate as to marry a prince.

A. Perhaps not, but then poor girls sometimes marry rich men.

M. Rich men are not princes, and then you say they only do so *sometimes*. I guess sometimes means very, very seldom. And then, Amy, the man that was on the brink of ruin found a bag of money that contained just the sum he wanted to save him. Poor father did not find such a bag, when he lost his property, and died broken-hearted.

A. No, he did not. Such bags of money are scarce, but then, such a thing is not impossible. It might happen, you know.

M. I should think it very unlikely. And the poor widow found such a friend! He supplied all her wants, educated her children, and, when he died, left each of them a fortune. Where did that happen, dear sister?

A. I can not exactly say, Mary.

M. I know it did not happen here, for poor mother did

not find a friend after father died, and she has almost killed herself by working to pay for our clothes and our education.

A. You have no imagination, sister. These things are not meant to be received as facts.

M. Are they falsehoods, Amy?

A. No, dear, a falsehood is told to deceive or injure some one, and these only please.

M. O, I begin to see through it. Princes do not marry poor girls; those who are destitute do not find money-bags; and widows do not find friends; but the story is told to show how it would be, if things happened as they ought to happen.

A. That is right, you understand it perfectly.

M. No, I don't, dear sis, no, I don't. There is one thing I can not yet understand, and that is, why things are not so, if they ought to be so. Now tell me that.

A. O dear, you are getting too hard for me, Mary. Let us go and find mother, and see if she can answer your question. It is pretty clear the world of romance is not the world we and poor mother live in.

XIII. SILLY BILLY.

GEORGE AND BILLY.

George. Billy, why don't you do as other boys do?

Billy. I do do as other boys do. What is the matter with what I do, Georgy?

G. You are silly, Billy, and every body laughs at you.

B. If you were silly, I should not laugh at *you*. What is silly, Georgy? tell me, so that I may not be silly any longer.

G. You talk like a little baby, and say foolish things.

B. I didn't know it, Georgy, what do I say?

G. All sorts of things. You tell all you know, and get ten whippings where I get one.

B. I always tell the truth, Georgy. Is that acting silly?

G. To be sure it is, unless you are obliged to tell it. I never say a word that is against myself.

B. I do, Georgy, and though I think it is hard to be whipped for telling the truth, still I will tell it, and take the consequences.

G. You are a fool, Billy, for doing so. Besides, you do other things that none but a fool would do.

B. What do you mean, Georgy? I try to do as I would be done unto. What have I done that was foolish?

G. You gave all your candy to John Crave, when he asked you for a piece. But he never would give you a piece in return.

B. He never did give me anything, I know, but must I be stingy because John is? I don't feel stingy as he does, and it is no trouble to me to give.

G. None but a fool would give to a fellow who never gives anything in return. He ought to be ashamed to take your candy.

B. So I thought, and I gave it to him, in hopes he would grow more generous.

G. Why, you are green as grass! But giving away your things is not so bad as letting the boys plague you, without resenting it. Gracious me! I wouldn't be a coward.

B. What do you mean, Georgy? I am no coward.

G. You let Sam Jones strike you three or four times, and didn't hit him back again.

B. Well, I didn't wish to hurt Sammy. Sammy was in a passion, and didn't know what he was doing.

G. He tried to hurt *you*.

B. Well, he did hurt me, but it would not relieve my pain to give pain to him, and so I didn't retaliate, though I believe I could have flogged him.

G. What strange notions you have, you silly fool. Nobody will ever respect you if you don't respect yourself.

B. But I do respect myself, Georgy, and I am not sure that I am such a silly fool as you think I am.

G. Why, what makes you think so, you simple one?

B. I'll tell you, if you will never tell again.

G. I guess I shall not be tempted to repeat any of your nonsense.

B. Well then, Sammy came to me this morning, and told me he was sorry he struck me, and he would never strike me again, because I was better than he was.

G. Did Sam say that?

B. He certainly did. Have you seen this new top?

G. No. Where did you get it? It is a beauty.

B. John Crave gave it to me last evening, and I know it was because I gave him all my candy. So you see I'm not such a silly fool as you think I am.

G. Billy who put you up to this? I don't believe you did it without help,

B. I don't pretend I did. Mother often talks to me about such things, and I love her so that I try to mind her, though sometimes it is hard to do so.

G. My father tells me never to give, unless I get something by it; and if a boy strikes me, always to strike back again, though the fellow is as big as Goliath.

B. My mother says that is the way most persons do, but she has tried both ways, and likes the other way best, and I love mother, and try to do as she does.

G. Your mother is a woman, and my father is a man.

B. What of that? When the Lord blessed the peacemakers did he bless only the women? When he told his followers to forgive injuries, did he only tell the women to forgive?

G. Poh, Billy, my father says the world is not prepared to live so.

B. If all men wait till it is prepared, no one will begin, and then how long will it be before the world will be perfect? Come, George, there is a sum in the Rule of 'Three for you. Good bye, mother is calling me. (*He goes.*)

G. (*Alone.*) Billy is not so very green after all, and that Sam Jones's affair beats all I ever heard. Johnny Crave's top, too, is a spinner. I am not sure that I am not silly Billy after all.

XIV. THE LITTLE BEGGAR GIRL.

FANNY AND HER MOTHER. (OR BY ALTERING NAMES, A FATHER AND HIS LITTLE SON.)

Mother. Where are you going, Fanny, in such a hurry?

Fanny. There is a beggar girl at the door, and I am going to tell Michael to drive her away. I hate beggars.

M. Why do you hate beggars, Fanny? It is a serious thing to hate any human being.

F. Beggars always look ragged and dirty, and I don't like rags and dirt.

M. If you had no one to take care of you, perhaps you would become ragged and dirty. Do you know anything about the little beggar girl? Did you ever see her before?

F. No, mother, but I have heard the girls at school say that all beggars are liars and thieves.

M. No doubt many are; but, perhaps, they would not be so bad, if they were not driven away without being warmed, or fed, or clothed. If you were ragged, and cold, and hungry, and knocked at a door, where you saw a fire and everything comfortable, and were driven away without even a kind word, would not you be tempted to do something wrong, rather than freeze and starve.

F. But I am not poor, mother, — and father is rich.

M. Then you are able to help others who are in want. Your having abundance is a reason for helping the destitute, and not for neglecting them. But how is your little bird?

F. O, she is going to live, mother, though the naughty cat tore off some of her feathers, and made her wing bleed. She was so young, mother, she couldn't fly, and I believe some wicked boys had killed her father and mother, before the cat caught the poor little thing.

M. What did you do to her?

F. Michael and I took care of her. I gave the poor

thing some little crumbs of cake to eat, and some clean water, and Michael washed away the blood, and when she got over her fright, she seemed a great deal better.

M. Why did you do so much for the little bird, Fanny, when you wished Michael to drive the little girl away, without giving her any food or drink, and without warming her and making her comfortable?

F. What did you say, mother?

M. Which do you think the most important, Fanny, a little bird or a little girl?

F. Mother, may I go and call the little girl back?

M. Remember, Fanny, that a beggar only means one who asks for aid. When you say "Our Father," as you do every night and morning, you ask God to give you your daily bread, don't you?

F. Yes, mother, I do.

M. Well, when you ask God for bread, you are a beggar as much as the little girl is, but did God ever turn you away, or refuse to hear you? If He gives you bread, and does not give any to the little beggar girl, He does so to give you a chance to show your kindness by giving her some of yours.

F. Dear mother, I never thought of this before, and you never told me.

M. Well, dear, now you may run, and call the little girl back, and treat her at least as kindly as you did the little bird.—(*She runs out.*) Fanny is not hard-hearted, but it is evident that I have not educated her aright. How rarely the education of the head reaches the heart!

XV. THE PLEDGE.

GEORGE AND JAMES.

George. I can not see, James, why you are unwilling to take the pledge, if, as I know, you never drink any spirit, and have resolved never to do so.

James. I see no need of a promise, if my mind is made up. I am as safe without the pledge as with it.

G. I can not think so. In other human affairs, we do not act as you propose to do. All bonds, notes and contracts, are pledges, and yet they are valuable, if it be only to help the memory.

J. I want no such helps, my memory is strong enough without a formal pledge.

G. Your memory of what? If I understand your position, you have nothing to remember. You do not intend to transgress, you say; pray, why not *promise* never to do so, and then your strong memory may help your good resolution?

J. My resolution is enough, and the same as a promise.

G. Not exactly. A resolution is a contract that a man makes with *himself*, and it may be easily broken; but a promise implies two parties, and is not so apt to be disregarded.

J. I should be afraid, if I took the pledge, that I might, some time or other, break it, and be put to open shame.

G. You surely do not wish to secure an easy retreat, in case you are tempted to excess.

J. No, but I do not wish to disgrace myself by enabling any one to hold up a broken promise before my eyes.

G. If you consider a resolution as good as a promise, I do not see that it matters much which is held up in fragments to mortify you. When Cortez invaded Mexico, he found that his soldiers could not be depended upon, because their vessels lay at the landing place, and they knew that, in any difficulty, they could fall back upon them.

J. Well, what of that?

G. He burned them all, and his troops being obliged to go forward, obtained a complete victory over the enemy.

J. Then you would have me burn my resolutions?

G. No, not exactly, but I would place them under the guard of a solemn pledge, and so "make assurance doubly sure."

J. Well, George, give me your hand, for I surrender, and am half inclined to think that my objection to the pledge arose from a want of sincerity in my resolutions. I will sign the pledge, burn my boats, and face the enemy, without allowing defeat or retreat to be possible.

G. Heaven help you to keep your promise.

J. So be it; and let all parents say, Amen.

XVI. STRAINING AT THE GNAT.

A MOTHER AND HER LITTLE SON JAMES. (THE TEACHER CAN EASILY ADAPT THIS TO A MOTHER AND DAUGHTER, OR TO A FATHER AND HIS SON.)

Mother. James, my love, what are you doing with that little fly?

James. Playing, mother. See how he staggers.

M. Let me see. Why, my dear, two legs and one of its wings are gone. How happened this?

J. I pulled them off, mother.

M. How could my son do such a cruel thing? Did you know that this insect feels pain as much as you do when you hurt yourself?

J. I didn't know that insects felt, mother; they do not say any thing, nor make any noise like crying, as we do.

M. They try hard enough to get away from their tormentors. Do you know who made that fly, James?

J. Yes, mamma. I suppose God did, for the hymn says,—

“He who made the earth and sky,
Also makes the little fly.”

M. Yes, He can give life, but when you take it away, you cannot give it again. Have you a right to take what does not belong to you?

J. No, mother, not after I understand it. But, mother dear, what are the bells ringing for, so merrily?

M. Because, our army has obtained a glorious victory over the Mexicans.

J. What is a victory, mamma?

M. The two armies have fought, and our soldiers have killed more than five thousand of the Mexicans.

J. Are you glad, mamma?

M. Yes, James, and you must be glad, and rejoice, too. You should hooraw, and clap your hands. Why do you look so sober about it?

J. Mamma. I was thinking why I should be sorry when I kill a fly, and so merry when five thousand men are killed. Does God care more for flies than for men, mamma?

M. Come, my child, it is time for you to go to bed.

XVII. ALL'S WELL.

GEORGE.
THOMAS.
CHARLES.

FREDERIC.
HENRY.

George. Have you seen the fallen Nabob this morning?

Thomas. Do you mean Bill Smart?

Geo. The same. You know his father has lost all his property, and Master Bill will have to attend the public school like the rest of us.

Charles. Hooraw! hooraw! Now we'll pay off old debts.

Frederic. That is unmanly. If he has insulted you, your true revenge is not to return the insult.

Geo. O, Mr. Simon Pure, how do you sell sentiment by the quantity? You had better keep your advice till it is called for.

Ch. Here comes the little great man. Now prepare to treat him with due respect and reverence.

Fred. O, boys, don't insult him; you see he looks sad enough without your help.

(Enter Henry, looking dejected.)

Geo. (*Bowing low.*) I hope your Royal Highness is well to-day.

Tom. (*Pretending to kneel.*) Will your Excellency allow me to kiss your great toe?

Ch. (*Bowing low.*) Will your Majesty allow us to walk in your shadow?

Fred. Boys, I am ashamed of you. Henry, you must forgive them. You may not always have treated them with respect, but I believe it was the fault of your education, and not of your heart.

Henry. Had I felt guilty, Frederic, I should not have come near them. I dare say I have been foolish, but I shall now have an opportunity to grow wiser, and to show that by nature I am not proud.

Geo. If you felt so, why did you never let us know it?

Hen. I thought you rather avoided me, and preferred that I should keep away. I have often longed to join in your sports, but feared I should not be welcome. Now misfortune has made us equal, and I trust you will not shun me any longer.

Geo. I hope you will forgive the insult I offered you just now.

Hen. His Royal Highness knew it was a mistake.

Tom. Henry, I feel ashamed of what I said to you.

Hen. His Excellency feels no pain in his great toe.

Ch. Then you will forget my impertinence also.

Hen. Our Majesty will be careful never to cast a shade over your pleasures.

Fred. Come, boys, I knew it was all a mistake. We have been playing "Blind Man's Buff" too long, let us now have a game of "All's Well."

Ch. What game is that, Fred?

Fred. It is a new game, but easily learned and very pleasant. Some give it a longer name, and say — "All's Well that Ends Well."

All. Good! Good! (*Tom takes Henry under one arm, and George takes the other, and all run off together.*)

XVIII. THE FISHING PARTY

A FATHER AND HIS SON HARRY.

Harry. Father, may I go a fishing this afternoon?
School does not keep.

Father. Where will you fish, Harry? I didn't know there were any fish in this neighborhood.

H. O, yes, father, there are plenty of little mites of ones in the pond. I saw the boys catching lots of them yesterday. You never saw such pretty little things.

F. Were they very small?

H. O, yes, father, not longer than my finger.

F. How do they catch them, Harry?

H. Why, don't you know, father? I'll tell you all about it. First, they get a pole, and then some thread or small twine; and then they crook up a pin, if they haven't a proper fish-hook; and then, father, they dig up some worms, and pull them in pieces, and put a piece on the hook, and then the silly little fish comes to eat the worm, and we twitch the hook right into his mouth, and pull him out of the water. That's the way we do it, father. It's slick fun, I tell you.

F. You say you pull the worm in pieces; do you suppose it hurts him to pull him in pieces?

H. Why, no, father, a worm don't feel. What made you think a worm could feel, father?

F. They squirm as much as we do when we are in pain. Do you think they like to be torn to pieces, and eaten by fishes?

H. I never thought about it, father. How funny it is that a worm should feel!

F. I suppose all little creatures are made to feel pain as well as pleasure. But how do the little fish like to be hooked?

P. O, they kick a little at first, but they soon get over it.

F. How do they get over it? — by getting well?

H. O, no, indeed, they never get well, they die.

F. Well, that is one way to get over pain! I suppose the little fish don't feel any pain at being hooked, and gasping for breath, and dying, as you say they do?

H. I guess they don't feel much, if they did, they'd make more noise about it.

F. What do you do with them after they are dead?

H. I throw them away, because they are too small to be eaten.

F. Then you kill them for pleasure, Harry, do you not?

H. Ye—es, sir, that's all. Its real fun.

F. Do you think the little things take pleasure in swimming about, and playing as they do, in the water, before you hook them?

H. O, yes, they are delighted, I know they are.

F. Well, my son, it seems to me, that, if you were a kind-hearted boy, you would rather see them playing and happy in the water, than gasping for breath, and dying on land, especially when their death does you no sort of good.

H. It is'n't quite fair, is it, father?

F. I think you may find as much pleasure in some other way. It can not be innocent to amuse ourselves by giving pain to little creatures that God has made to be happy, and that can do us no harm. I am told that little fish can be taught to eat out of one's hand, and this is surely better than killing them.

H. O, father, may I try to teach them? I should like it dearly.

F. Yes, and I will give you a little boat as soon as you have taught one fish so that he will not be afraid of you.

H. I wish I could bring to life again all the poor little things I have killed, so that I might educate them instead of killing them.

XIX. FILIAL DUTY.

SARAH AND LOUISE.

Sarah. Louise, why do you not try harder to learn your lessons, when your mother is so anxious for your improvement?

Louise. The truth is, I love play better than work, and I hate every thing that looks like study.

S. This is very wrong, and very ungrateful. Do you love your mother, Sarah?

L. What a question. Why do you not ask me whether I love myself?

S. Well, *do* you love yourself?

L. Was there ever such impertinence? Do you seriously doubt whether I love mother?

S. I do.

L. Worse and worse! Pray, Miss Prim, what reason have you to doubt my love?

S. I see no evidence of it. We always try to please those whom we sincerely love. You ought to endeavor not only to please, but to help your kind mother.

L. How can I help her? I can not earn any thing to lighten her expenses.

S. You can not now. But when she becomes old and you are grown up, your positions will be changed.

L. Then I will support her.

S. What will you do?

L. What will I do?

S. Yes, what will you do?

L. I don't know. I will try to do something; I will teach a school.

S. Will you be qualified to do this? A good teacher must first have been a good learner.

L. That's true. I never shall make a teacher. What *can* I do?

S. Can you do any thing without a good education? The ignorant always labor to great disadvantage.

L. I might do needlework, but that is killing poor mother, and is very unprofitable as well as unhealthful.

S. Your mother wishes you to study and become an intelligent teacher. Now, I think, if you really loved your mother, you would try to please her by doing as she wishes.

L. O dear, how can I ever study?

S. If, as you say, you love yourself, I do not see how you can show this better than by improving yourself. You can be young but once, and this youth —

L. Must no longer be wasted. I never saw things in this light before. Come, Sarah, give me your hand, and go with me to mother. I wish to ask her pardon, and to promise her, in your presence, that she shall no longer be disappointed in her just expectations.

S. That is yourself, Louise. I knew you could not long act so contrary to your true heart. O how happy your mother will be to learn that you intend to repay her love. Let us not lose a moment.

XX. WHAT IS MONEY.

MR. BULLION AND HIS VERY YOUNG SON. (THE YOUNGER THE BOY THE BETTER.)

Son. Pa! What is money?

Mr. B. What is money, Paul? Money?

Son. Yes, Pa, what is money?

Mr. B. Currency, the circulating medium, bank-bills, bullion, bills of exchange, the precious metals, and so forth.

Son. But, Pa, what is money?

Mr. B. Gold, silver, copper.

Son. Is this silver pitcher money, Pa?

Mr. B. Not exactly, Paul. Money is eagles, dollars and cents.

Son. I know what *they* are, Pa, but I don't mean that. I mean what's money after all?

Mr. B. What is money after all?

Son. I mean what is it good for? What can it do?
(*Folding his arms and looking up knowingly.*)

Mr. B. It can do any thing.

Son. Any thing, Papa?

Mr. B. Yes, any thing, — almost.

Son. Any thing means every thing, don't it, Papa?

Mr. B. It includes it. Yes, money can do every thing.

Son. Have you got much money, Pa?

Mr. B. Yes, Paul, a great deal, a great deal.

Son. Then why did you let mother die? Money is not cruel, is it?

Mr. B. Cruel? No, a good thing can't be cruel.

Son. If it's a good thing, and can do every thing, I wonder why it did not save mother.

Mr. B. Money, my son, though powerful, can not keep people alive, whose time has come to die; and we must all die sooner or later, if we are ever so rich.

Son. Will you die, Pa, one of these days?

Mr. B. Yes, Paul; Yes.

Son. Will your money die too, Papa?

Mr. B. No, that will live.

Son. Then what is the use of money? If it does every thing, please tell me one thing it can do.

Mr. B. It can make us honored, feared and loved.

Son. Yes, Papa; but is a man who is honored for his money really better than one who has no money?

Mr. B. Why — hem! — perhaps not, my son.

Son. If money is good, Papa, why should any one fear it?

Mr. B. It can do harm, my son. God is good, but he is greatly to be feared also because he is powerful.

Son. If he is good and powerful, I should think he would always do good. Are money and God the same thing, Papa?

Mr. B. What makes you ask me such a question?

Son. I don't know, Pa, but I wish you would tell me, and I should like to know, too, how money can make us loved — Is nobody loved but those who have money?

Mr. B. If I should die, you would have my money, and then people would love you for it.

Son. I should think that would be loving the money, Papa, and not loving me. Do people love you for your money only?

Mr. B. My son you are running wild with your questions. When you grow older, you will understand the nature of money better. (*He goes out*)

Son. (*Thoughtfully.*) Money is good but does bad things, I know, or it would not be feared. Money is powerful, and yet would n't or couldn't save mother who loved me so, and wished not to leave me. Money makes men honored, although they are not good men. I don't believe I know what money is after all, any better than I did before. What — is — money — after all?

XXI. WEALTH IS NOT WORTH.

JOHN RICH AND WILLIAM MEER.

John. What do you wear that old coat for? You look like a beggar.

Wm. I am not a beggar, and it will be soon enough for you to twit me when I ask you for any thing.

John. Very pert for such a poor wretch.

Wm. Do you think I am to blame for my father's poverty? He is an honest man though a poor laborer.

John. Perhaps you are not to blame, but then how wretched you must be!

Wm. Is my being wretched any reason why you should insult me?

John. I don't insult you, I only tell you what I think.

Wm. Do you think I am ignorant of what you tell me?

John. No, not exactly; but you don't seem to feel poor, and I thought I would just put you in mind of it.

Wm. I do *not* feel poor, for wealth doesn't always secure happiness, and I am sure it does not always produce kind feelings.

John. Poor and impudent too!

Wm. I do not mean to be impudent, but as I do not depend upon you, I have a right to my opinion, and I only defend it. Poverty is not the greatest of evils.

John. I should like to know what is worse.

Wm. Wealth that insults poverty. I can see that a person may have riches and lack not only knowledge, but that benevolent disposition, which would lead him to treat others with civility and kindness. The rich should always live as if they were one day to be poor.

John. We will call you Solomon or Dr. Franklin.

Wm. I am more anxious to know what I *am*, than what I am called. It is time to go to school. Good bye. (*He goes out.*)

John. The moment these fellows know any thing they lose all respect for their betters.

XXII. PROMPTING.

TEACHER AND MARY.

Teacher. Mary when your sister answered the last question, and went above Josie, did you whisper the answer to her? I thought I saw you do so.

Mary. I did.

T. Do you think it right that you should do so?

M. I did not think much about it. All the girls prompt each other, and I do not see why I should not do as others do.

T. Why did you not prompt Josie, and prevent her from losing her place?

M. I do not like her as well as I do sister.

T. Then you did it to punish her, I suppose?

M. Not exactly. I did not think of it as a punishment, but I wished to help sister.

T. Do you think your sister is fairly entitled to go up, under such circumstances?

M. Why not? Josie missed, and ought to go down.

T. My question is not whether Josie ought to go down, but whether your sister ought to go up.

M. If she answered rightly, she ought to go up.

T. Did *she* answer rightly, or did *you* answer for her?

M. I thought I had a right to tell my sister her lesson.

T. You had a right to show her how to learn it, but, when the class were reciting, do you think you had a right to do as you did?

M. I do not see what difference it makes at what time I gave her the information.

T. Should you think it right for me to tell Josie the answer to some question that your sister had missed, and then to let her go above your sister? I do not see any difference in the cases, except that I should do it openly, and you did it secretly.

M. What harm did it do?

T. It did harm in more ways than one. First, it did harm to your sister, for such help would lead her to neglect her lessons another time, and to rely upon your assistance. Then it did wrong to the next scholar below your sister; for, if your sister had failed to answer, the next might have answered and gone above both.

M. Did Josie tell you of it?

T. Not till I asked her the question directly. You know I thought I saw you do it.

M. She is a mean tell-tale, then.

T. By no means. A child who is required to give information, necessary to enable the teacher to do justice, is not a tell-tale, but a witness. One who voluntarily and officiously gives information against her companions, is a tell-tale.

M. I would die before I would tell tales.

T. Let us not wander from the point. Allowing that Josie did tell me, do you really think it worse for her to expose a wrong she supposed to be done to her, than

for you to do that wrong? Besides, if it was right for you to tell your sister, how can it be wrong for Josie to tell me, or any one else, that you did so?

M. Well, it was no great harm. I had as lief get down as not.

T. Perhaps Josie feels otherwise. I know she is ambitious to keep at the head of the class, for her aunt has, I think, injudiciously, promised her a reward if she keeps there. But, besides the harm done to your sister and to Josie, you did some harm to me, by leading me to do what I considered an act of injustice to Josie. It is painful, too, for me to have to complain of you in this manner, for I have never before had reason to censure you.

M. My dear teacher, I may as well own that my conduct has led me to do wrong to myself also, for I have tried to defend conduct that I knew was not right. I blushed when I saw that you noticed my speaking to sister, and I have felt degraded in my own estimation ever since, because I knew I must be degraded in yours.

T. I never thought you could long approve of your conduct, Mary; but, what shall be done to set the matter right?

M. I will confess before the whole class how mean I was, and I think my disgrace will be a lesson they will not easily forget.

T. I do not require this, since you are penitent. You may tell your sister to resume her place, and as no one but Josie knows of your fault, you may acknowledge it to her, but I do not think any unnecessary exposure can be of any service. On a suitable occasion I shall introduce the subject of *prompting* to the notice of the class, and I have no doubt there will be but one opinion upon it.

XXIII. A MISTAKE NO MISTAKE.

MR. PASS AND A STRANGER.

Stranger. Put up my horse, friend, and give him as much as he can eat. I want supper and lodging for myself also.

Mr. Pass. You are under a mistake, I suspect.

S. There is no mistake about it. My horse is tired and hungry, and so am I. I think there can be no mistake.

Mr. P. Perhaps not about that. But there may be some as to the character of this house. Where do you think you are?

S. Where there is plenty of what I want. Come, lose no more time, or my beast will think he has fallen among animals no better than himself.

Mr. P. This is too bad, sir. I am unused to such treatment. Do you take my house for an inn, sir?

S. I do.

Mr. P. Be it known to you then, that it is a private house, and not an inn. We entertain no travellers, no passengers here, sir.

S. How long have you lived here?

Mr. P. About a month. The former occupant died, and I bought the house of his heirs.

S. How long had he lived here?

Mr. P. A year or two;—he was accidentally killed.

S. Who lived here before *him*?

Mr. P. His father.

S. And who lived here before him?

Mr. P. Hundreds, for aught I know. What do you mean by asking these questions?

S. Only to show that *you* are under a mistake and not I.

Mr. P. What do you mean? That I do not know the character of my own house,

S. Even so. A house that changes its inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests, can be nothing but an inn, whatever other name you may give it.

XXIV. HONOR AND SHAME.

LITTLE MARY, HER MOTHER, AND SARAH.

Mary. Mother, may I go to Sarah Lovejoy's party, this evening?

Mrs. Puff. I prefer that you should stay at home.

M. Why, mother? All the girls are going, and I love Sarah dearly.

Mrs. P. I prefer that you should not go. You must find more respectable companions.

M. Dear mother, is not Sarah respectable? I am sure her house looks as well, inside and out, as ours does, though you never visit there.

Mrs. P. That may be; but as Sarah's mother once "lived out," no lady can visit her. So you will be careful to stay at home; and, if any one calls, say that I shall return immediately. (*She goes out.*)

M. (alone.) She has lived out? *Out doors*, I suppose; poor woman! Well, I should pity and not despise her for that. O dear, I wish I could live out doors, and live as other people do! I must not wear a hood, because some poor girl wears one; I must not laugh aloud, because genteel folks never laugh; I must walk just so, and never run, because only vulgar folks run; I must not go to Sunday School, because no genteel children go there; and I must not set my foot in my dear Sarah's house, because her good mother once lived out doors. O dear! O dear! (*Enter Sarah.*)

Sarah. Come, Mary, we are all waiting for you. We shall have a grand time. Why, how solemn you look! Dear me, what can the matter be? Come, put on your things, and we'll soon put some smiles on your face.

M. Mother says I must not go to your house.

S. Why? Pray, what has happened?

M. She says your mother once lived *out doors*.

S. Out what?

M. *Out doors*; and it is not proper for me to visit you

S. What can it mean? My mother never lived *out doors*, any more than yours. She was once poor, but she never wanted a home. There must be some mistake. But here comes your mother, and I shall ask her what it all means. (*Enter Mrs. Puff.*)

S. Mrs. Puff, what does Mary mean by saying my mother lived *out doors*?

Mrs. P. (*aside to Mary.*) Have you been repeating what I told you, Mary? (*To Sarah.*) I never told her so; she misunderstood me.

S. Then she may go with me, may n't she?

Mrs. P. I prefer not to have her go.

S. What *did* you tell Mary about my mother? You must have told her something.

M. Ma, you certainly did say she had *lived out*.

Mrs. P. I did, but not *out of doors*. If she had only lived *out of doors*, I should not care, for poverty itself is no disgrace.

M. What did she live out of, mother, if not out of doors?

Mrs. P. (*Pettishly.*) *Out at service*, you simpleton. Sarah, you had better go home; and Mary, you had better go to bed.

M. Mother, dear, is it a greater crime to work when you are poor, than to be idle and dependent?

Mrs. P. No, not a crime; but a servant can never make a lady.

M. Why, mother, I heard father say, once, that most ladies would never be made, if their servants did not make them; and that servants generally would make better ladies than ladies would make servants. Now, dear mother, what does make a lady?

Mrs. P. Poh! nothing, nothing.

M. Are you made of nothing, mother?

Mrs. P. No, no; your simplicity has confused me. There, go off to the party, and let me hear no more about it. (*The children seize each other by the waist, and run out.*) After all, the true lady is she who rises above her condition, and not she who would never rise, should fortune prove unkind. I can not be fashionable if I try ever so hard.

XXV. THE ARITHMETICIAN.

JOHN AND GEORGE.

George. (with a slate and pencil.) If there is any thing I hate, John, it is arithmetic.

John. Hate is a hard word, George. Pray tell me what has happened to make you hate what I so dearly love.

G. I can't make head or tail of this sum, and I believe it is put wrong on purpose to bother me.

J. Read it, and let me see if I can help you.

G. (Reads.) "If a leg of veal weighs fifteen pounds, what will it come to at twelve cents a pound, if a large portion of it is fat?" There, was there ever any thing so absurd?

J. Why, what is the trouble? what is the difficulty? It seems simple enough.

G. I could manage the leg well enough, if it was not for that plaguy fat.

J. Why does the fat trouble you, any more than the lean?

G. Why, don't you see? It does not say how much fat there was. I guess you are as dull as I am.

J. It is no matter about the fat, George.

G. Why, you goose, don't you see that a large portion of the leg was fat, and who can tell how many pounds a large portion is?

J. Let us get at it by trying another question. If a whole pig weighs twenty pounds, how much will he come to at five cents a pound?

G. Why, to five times twenty, or a hundred cents. That's plain enough.

J. Well, now, if a part of the pig is bone, will that alter the cost of him?

G. No — but then you see this is *fat*, and not bone.

J. Well, suppose the pig is made up partly of bone and partly of flesh, and the whole pig weighs twenty pounds —

G. Yes, but don't you see, this is not bone or flesh, but fat. You are duller than I am.

J. Suppose, then, that the pig consists of bone, and flesh, and fat, and weighs twenty pounds, how much would he come to at five cents a pound?

G. Why that is just like the leg of veal; who can tell how much bone, or lean, or fat there is?

J. George, you must study algebra.

G. What for?

J. That deals in unknown quantities, and may help you.

G. I would rather study any thing than arithmetic.

J. Let us bring the question home. How much would you weigh, George, if you weighed just fifty pounds, and a large portion of you were fat?

G. How is that John? Ask me that again, will you?

J. (*slowly*.) How much would you weigh, if you weighed fifty pounds, and a large portion of you were fat?

G. Why, just the same! But then, if I were sold as the veal was, how much would the fat come to?

J. If you were sold in the lump, at five cents a pound, what odds would it make whether a large or a small portion of you were fat or lean, meat or bone?

G. (*He thinks a minute, then drops his head and looks sheepish, and says,*) It was not fair to put that in to bother a fellow so. But, John, —

J. What?

G. Don't tell any body of it, will you?

J. I will not tell, if you will promise me not to hate arithmetic any more.

G. Done! for any one who should hear of my leg of veal, would naturally set me down for a — *calf*.

XXVI. BUDS OF PROMISE.

RALPH, JAMES, SAMUEL, JOHN.

Ralph. James, you did wrong to strike that little boy with that great stick.

James. I shall strike whom I please, I'm not a sneak, to let a fellow strike me, without returning blow for blow.

Ralph. The most quarrelsome are sometimes the greatest sneaks, as you call us. I own that I endeavor by my own example and advice to stop all fighting, every where.

James. Fiddle-de-dee! Why don't you own yourself a coward at once, that can not stand a blow.

Sam. That would be untrue. Ralph bore his pain most bravely when he was so badly burned in saving little Jessie from the flames.

James. What will such bravery be good for? What do you mean to do, Ralph, when you become a man, if one who never fights can ever be a man.

Ralph. I mean to be a missionary, and preach the Word of Life in heathen lands.

John. I'll carry you thither in my ships, for I intend to be a merchant prince, and send my fleets to the east and west.

Sam. Ships are too apt to sink, to suit my rising hopes. I'll be a judge, the most profound and learned judge that ever was, or ever will be.

John. You will not be an *upright* judge, if you stoop so; (*Samuel straightens up,*) but what a change you'll undergo before that day can come.

Sam. Poh, Mr. Merchant Prince, this moment I can see myself condemning one of your ships, for smuggling silk, or stealing the Golden Fleece. Then what a solemn judgment I'll pronounce upon the prisoners when I sentence them. The jury all will rise, the crowd be hushed as death, the criminal will melt —

James. If he melts, he'll *run away*, before you finish: Now, what white-livered geese you will remain, while I,

who mean to be a warrior, and perhaps a king, will make the world resound with wondrous feats at arms.

John. You forgot how frightened you were once, when robbers broke into your father's house.

James. I was afraid my father would be killed.

John. And to prevent the murder, hid beneath the bed! (*All laugh heartily.*)

James. Laugh on, but when you see my name on the historic page, you will be proud to say, "He was my schoolmate, he!" and I shall make you all immortal.

Ralph. Yes, and, as the world may like to hear some anecdotes of the great chieftain, I will rehearse in glowing terms the story of that robbery.

James. Be silent, Ralph! how foolishly you talk. I shall Achilles take, or Hector, or the Black Prince, for my model, for those ancient heroes fought it hand to hand like lions. Imagine me the Black Prince now, coming to chastise your insolence. (*As he advances hastily he trips over his staff and falls, and weeps most bitterly.*)

Ralph. Though a missionary, I may lift up the fallen warrior. The Black Prince looks pale!

John. Though only a Merchant Prince, and far from Black, I'll lend my brother prince a helping hand, for, no trifling wound would make the Black Prince — boo-hoo!

Sam. Hector and Achilles, when they fell, got up themselves, the poets say.

James. 'Tis false! they never fell.

Sam. O, didn't they? They died though, both of them, and I suppose they did so standing bolt upright.

James. Well, you may laugh, but none but warriors can be Presidents henceforth, and when I am one, as one I will be yet, I will repay these insults.

Ralph. The bell has rung for school. Will the Black Prince lead in? Come Merchant Prince, and Judge.

John. Ay, clear the way, and careful be in school not to inform the master what four buds of glorious promise are now swelling beneath his rod.

XXVII. PLAYING SCHOOL.

SOLOMON, JAMES AND MOSES.

James. Come, Sol, let's play school. You be master, and Moses and I will be scholars.

S. You mean, you will be pupils, I don't believe you will ever become scholars.

Moses. Not under you, Master Solomon!

S. Well, Jim —

James. My name is James, sir.

S. O, right, no master should call his pupils by nick-names. Master James, take your arithmetic, and do the first sum in the fifth section, and bring it to me.

James. I will, sir. (*He takes slate and book and goes to work.*)

S. Moses, come here! (*Moses stands up very stiffly.*) What have you studied, Moses?

Moses. Grammar, sir.

S. What is Grammar, Moses?

Moses. I don't know, sir.

S. How can you study it then?

Moses. By the book, sir. All the words are there just as you have to say them.

S. But words are not ideas.

Moses. Grammar treats of words, sir, and has nothing to do with ideas.

S. O, very well, go and learn six pages, word for word; for, if the words contain any ideas, and you contain the words, you must have the ideas also. Have you done your problem, James?

James. Yes, sir.

S. Well, what is it? Read it.

James. (*Reading from his slate.*) If 3 tons of straw cost thirty dollars, what will four tons cost?

S. Well, what is the answer?

J. Forty dollars, sir.

S. Wrong, entirely wrong.

James. I have done it three or four times, sir; will you please to look it over?

S. Ah, you troublesome fellow! Let me see. (*He compares the book and slate, and then says,*) Here, you careless blockhead, see here, you have written it, "If three tons of straw cost thirty dollars," and in the book it reads, "If three tons of *English* straw cost thirty dollars," — Go and copy it correctly, and do it over again.

J. Master, that don't affect the answer.

S. Hold your tongue, sir. Go, and do as I bid you. Come here, Moses. What is a Substantive, Moses?

M. "A Substantive Noun is the name of any thing that has a notion; as, man — virtue — London."

S. Well, mention some noun to show that you understand the definition.

M. I can't do it, sir, there's nothing on airth or under the airth like man — virtue — London. I have no idea what it means, sir.

S. It may be good grammar without any meaning. James, how comes on the straw?

J. None the better for being English, sir. I see no error.

S. O dear, if you can't show your learning, stand up and show your manners. There, now make your best bows, and go home.

Moses and James. Hooraw for old Sol! English grammar and English straw, forever!

XXVIII. BIRD CATCHING.

A FATHER AND HIS LITTLE BOY FREDERIC.

Fred. Father, I wish you would buy me a cage.

Father. A cage, Fred.? what do you want of a cage?

Fred. I want it to put my bird in.

F. Your bird? I did not know you had one.

Fred. I haven't got one yet, but I am going to have one.

F. How are you going to get it, Fred.?

Fred. O, I know ; John Long has told me of a capital way to catch birds, and I mean to catch lots of 'em. I'll catch one for *you*, father, if you would like to have one.

F. I can not spare time to take care of one, my boy, and I have some doubts whether it is humane to confine the little things in prison. But I am curious to know how you are going to catch so many of them ; I always found it very hard work when I was a boy.

Fred. O, it is perfectly easy, father ; you have only to get close to the bird, and put a little salt on its tail.

F. Well, what will he do then ?

Fred. O, he'll be caught right away, you see.

F. No, I don't see any such thing, my boy.

Fred. Why, father, it's as sure as a gun. John Long told me that when I got near enough to put the salt on his tail, he wouldn't be able to move an inch, any more than if he was dead. Now don't you see how it is done, father ?

F. Did John Long ever catch any birds so himself ?

Fred. No, father ; but he says he knows it can be done.

F. Turn your back to me Fred., and let me put a little salt on your coat tail, if you have any, (*he has on a boy's jacket,*) to see if it will prevent you from running away.

Fred. Ha, father, you know it wont, unless you catch hold of my coat.

F. Now you have the secret, Fred.

Fred. How so, father ? I don't see any secret about it.

F. If I get near enough to salt your coat tail, I may as well take hold of the coat at once, and hold you.

Fred. O dear, I see. If I get near enough to put salt on a bird's tail, I can grab him at once, but then *I* shall catch him, and not the salt.

F. You see sugar will do as well as salt, my boy, but whether you use salt or sugar, one other thing is very essential.

Fred. What is that, father ? Do tell me.

F. It is necessary that the bird should agree to stand still. Will one cage be enough, Fred. ?

Fred. Father, I guess I'll wait till my coat tail grows. It is evidently not long enough yet.

NO. XXIX. THE GHOST.

SAUL, *a large boy, manager of a theatre.*

NED, }
JOHN, } *two of the actors, met for rehearsal.*

Saul. Come, boys, are you ready for the play? John, you were to be the bear, what have you done to qualify yourself?

Ned. Nature has done every thing for him. John will make a perfect bear without any training.

John. You, Ned, are to enact the gentleman, and I am sure, we can't say nature has done any thing for you.

S. Come, come, that will not do. Answer me, John, what have you done?

J. I have borrowed a buffalo skin, and it will do first rate, only it has no head, tail and legs.

S. No matter, you must tell the company that the head and legs that they see are yours, and not the bear's.

N. Sometimes it flatters the audience to let them make such discoveries themselves. I think you may trust them on this occasion.

S. Well, next comes the gentleman. Ned, how shall you work it? You know you are to be lost in the forest, and the bear attacks you, and eats you up.

N. As he can't do that before the company, how will the company know it?

S. The bear must come in and tell them all about it.

J. What language shall I use? I do not speak the bear lingo fluently.

N. That never will do, no bear ever told any such story, and the audience will laugh when they ought to cry. We must do as Shakspeare did in a similar dilemma. He makes the ghost of a murdered king appear and relate the dreadful deed.

J. But, if I have eaten him up, there is nothing to make a ghost of.

S. No matter. Ghosts are spirits, you know, and made of next to nothing

N. Shall I have to spell all I have to say, as the rapping spirits do?

S. No, that takes too long, you must speak out like a man. Let me hear you begin the speech if you have learned it.

(Ned takes a few steps quickly, as if entering.)

S. O, that will never do. No ghost ever moves faster than a funeral procession. Go out and try it again. You must be stiff, too stiff as a corpse, and don't move hand or head, knee or elbow, any more than if you were wooden. *(Ned comes in with slow and solemn step, and when he stops, John says —)*

J. That never will do. Nobody ever saw a black ghost. You must have a sheet.

N. Where could a ghost get a white sheet, in a bear's stomach?

S. You must have one. Here, take this white curtain. A ghost without a sheet, is a tree without a shadow. Wrap yourself up, and try it again, Ned.

(Ned stalks in, and the others start as if alarmed. Then Ned says in a shrill, squeaking voice —)

N. "Start not, O mortals, at the dismal tones of the under world, where rest my marrow-bones,"—

S. Pshaw, Ned, that wouldn't do for the ghost of an infant cricket. Don't you know, my dear fellow, that all ghosts have bad colds, and speak in the hoarsest tones?

N. How do you know that? I guess if a bear had eaten you, you would be glad to speak in any tone.

J. It is settled, that all ghosts, male and female, talk base, ever so far below any scale. So take your position again, and rough up.

(Ned takes a step or two, they start, and he begins again.)

N. "Start not, O mortals, at the dismal tones of the under world, where rest my marrow-bones, for I've a tale"—

J. That's more than my buffalo robe can say.

N. John, if you interrupt me again—

S. Come, no wrangling. John, recollect that you are a bear, and have not a word to say. Bears may make ghosts, but they cannot act them. Eating forty men wouldn't make a man of you. Ned, you needn't finish

the tale. Remember to flour your face a little. When you have told your story, we will give chase to the bear, and avenge your untimely death by slaying him.

J. I'll die slick, I tell you, I'll growl —

N. You know how to growl, everybody knows.

S. The audience will be greatly moved; for, if this rehearsal affects these spectators, (*looking at the company,*) the effect of the play will be tremendous. Be ready when the clock strikes seven.

XXX. THE COLLEGIAN.

MR. AND MRS. HOMESPUN, AND ICHABOD, WHO HAS JUST RETURNED FROM COLLEGE.

Mrs. H. How can you think so meanly of Ichabod, Mr. Homespun. He seems to know every thing.

Mr. H. I tell you, wife, that a good farmer was spoiled when he went to college.

Mrs. H. More likely a great man was made. If he had not been sent there, he would not have known *nothing*.

Mr. H. He knows it now, wife.

Mrs. H. Why, he has Latin at his tongue's end.

Mr. H. He'll keep it there, it will never enter his mouth. I tell you wife, I wish I had kept him at home. He is too proud to work now.

Mrs. H. You can't expect a man, who has been at college, to work for his living. He must go into a profession.

Mr. H. Does he tell you what profession he prefers?

Mrs. H. Yes, he prefers the law.

Mr. H. Why so? I like that the least.

Mrs. H. He says he has no grace for theology, and no taste for medicine. (*Enter ICHABOD.*)

Ich. How are you father? Mother, how is it with you? What do you look so sober about? No eleventh cousin is dead, I hope.

Mr. H. We are more troubled about the living.

Mrs. H. We were talking about your choice of a profession, Ichabod.

Ich. Well, what about it.

M. H. My son, do you know how much is required to make a good lawyer; how many years of hard study, and how many pounds of hard gold and silver?

Ich. Poh, father, brass is better than gold or silver, and I have laid up a large stock of that.

Mr. H. Yes, Ichabod, but you must know all about common law, and uncommon law; and you must be able to frighten men from telling the truth, and you must make falsehoods appear to be truths, and you must understand logic, Ichabod.

Mrs. H. What is logic, husband?

Ich. Logic, mother? Logic is the right use of reason.

Mrs. H. Well, my son, will you just give us an example, that will satisfy your father, for I have been trying to take your part against him.

Ich. It is perfectly easy. Now here are these dollars that you gave me to set me up in business. My whole stock in trade, you see. How many are there? *(He holds up two.)*

Mr. and Mrs. H. Two, two, that is clear enough.

Ich. I will prove to you that there are three, or I'll go back to the plough.

Mrs. H. Well, do now, for I long to see your father's mind settled.

Ich. *(Putting one dollar into his mother's hand.)* How many dollars do I give you, mother?

Mrs. H. One, my son.

Ich. *(Taking the dollar from his mother and giving both to his father.)* How many do I give you, father?

Mr. H. Two, Ichabod, two.

Ich. How many did I give you, mother?

Mrs. H. One.

Ich. And you, father?

Mr. H. Two.

Ich. Well, are not two and one three?

Mrs. H. Well, that is curious; Ichabod, you are a genius.

Mr. H. You certainly are, Ichabod, and one dollar will be full enough to set you up in business. So mother (*giving her a dollar*) you shall have that dollar; I will pocket this, (*he puts the other in his pocket*) and Ichabod, my son, you shall have—the third.

XXXI. THE PERFECT MERCHANT.

MR. PERKINS AND HIS SONS, JOHN, MOSES, ROBERT, DAVID
AND HENRY.

Mr. Per. Well, boys, you all intend to be merchants one of these days, and I should like to know what quality you think most essential to success. Tell me, now, what you think will make you perfect merchants.

John. I know what it is, father. No merchant can be any thing without *Enterprise*. When I am a merchant, I shall cut a dash, I tell you.

Mr. P. Those who cut a dash usually fail.

John. O, I don't mean that kind of dash. I mean to find out new places for trade, and make business. My ships shall be superior to all others, and nobody shall know where they have been till they come home full of money.

Mr. P. Very well, John, this is all very well, but let us hear what Moses has to say.

Moses. I shall not attempt to cut a dash, but shall modestly carry on a small and safe business. My rent and my other expenses shall not eat up all my profits, and by saving and taking care of small matters, I shall be sure to grow rich by strict *Economy*.

Mr. P. It is probably true, that more get rich by avarice than by any other way. But let us hear what Robert has to say.

Robert. I think, father, I should depend upon my *Industry*

John. Well, I mean to be industrious too.

Rob. Yes, but you mean to do business on a large scale, and to run great risks. I shall run no risks, but shall make the very bees blush, I shall be so much more busy than the busiest of them.

Mos. What will you be so busy about, if you have no business to do?

Rob. I will make business.

John. Yes, as Mr. Fussy does. His apprentice tells me that, when no customer is in, they make believe wait on customers; and, when they are tired of that, Mr. Fussy strows dirt on the floor and sets him to clean it up, or throws goods over the counters for him to put up on the shelves.

Rob. When I have customers, I shall be very attentive to them. When I have no person in, I shall put the shop in order, buy goods, and prepare for business. If no customers come then, I shall try to find some. If the honey does not come to the hive, the bee must go out after it.

Mr. P. You stand your ground well, Robert. But, David, let us hear how you intend to manage. What do you think the most important quality to insure success in business?

David. *Honesty*, father. The old proverb says, "Honesty is the best policy," and I shall try it.

John. Well, you don't suppose we mean to be dishonest, do you? A man can be enterprising and be honest too.

Moses. Economical people are generally the most honest.

Rob. Industrious people need not be cheats.

David. That is all very well. But, very enterprising men can not be very punctual men, they depend so much on others. Economical people are often so close that they slide into meanness, and then into unfair dealing, while the industrious, or bustling, seldom keep correct accounts. Every man, who deals with me, shall feel that he can trust me; that my word is better than any bond; that he can never lose by me.

Mr. P. Very well, David, stick to your plan, and you will deserve success, whether you obtain it or not. But, Henry, we must hear what you have to say.

Hen. Well, father, I don't see why all these qualities may not be united in a perfect merchant. I mean to be enterprising as John, economical as Moses, busy as Robert, and honest as David. *But*, besides this, there is one other thing I mean to be.

Mr. P. What is that? You fix your standard high.

Hen. I mean to be a *liberal* merchant. No man I deal with shall ever say I am mean in my dealings. No man in my employ shall ever say he is not well paid for his labor. No good cause shall ever fail while I can help it on. They shall not say on my tombstone, "He died like a Prince," but, they shall say "He lived like a Man."

Mr. P. Well done, Henry! That is the true merchant, — he who works not for himself, but for others, and who never forgets that "it profiteth nothing for a man to gain the whole world, if, in doing this, he loses his own soul, or even contracts and belittles it."

XXXII. THE NEW SCHOOL-HOUSE.

MR. FORWARD AND MR. CONSERVE.

Mr. Forward. Good morning, neighbor Conserve. How do you do?

Mr. Conserve. I should do well enough, if other men would let me alone.

Mr. F. What troubles you now? Has anybody been guilty of helping a neighbor, or benefiting the community?

Mr. C. Have you heard of the doings of the School Committee yesterday?

Mr. F. What doings? They are all men I am willing to trust.

Mr. C. They have been so crazy as to vote to build a new school-house.

Mr. F. They must be raving mad, surely, to do so, when the old school-house only lacks windows and doors,

and is more than half large enough to hold the pupils. They must be crazy to think of giving up such a specimen of Gothic architecture.

Mr. C. You may laugh at their doings, but we who pay the taxes do not find building school-houses such agreeable work. Besides, Mr. Forward, I have associations with that old building that I can never have with any new one.

Mr. F. You may say as much of an old pair of shoes that pinched you, but shall you, on that account, never buy new ones?

Mr. C. You have a knack at turning off an argument, Mr. Forward, but, after all, it is a serious business to build a new school-house.

Mr. F. It is certainly a very serious business to provide for the proper education of the generation that is to succeed us, but I think it is a far more serious business *not* to provide for it.

Mr. C. They have no reason to complain, if they fare as well as their fathers did. I went to school in the old house, and it was good enough for me.

Mr. F. Did your father build the house you live in, Mr. Conserve?

Mr. C. No, he lived in a log house.

Mr. F. Why didn't you continue to live in the log house? He, no doubt, found it convenient, and had pleasant associations with every log of it.

Mr. C. It was not large enough for my family, and I wanted just such a building for my cattle. Besides, father had an idea that the old house was not healthful.

Mr. F. I suppose the fathers of the town thought the old school-house too small for their growing family, and, if too small, of course, unhealthy.

Mr. C. Living in a house is one thing, and going to school is another.

Mr. F. That is certainly true; living in a house is one thing, and staying in that old school-house is another, for this is dying rather than living.

Mr. C. Our fathers did not complain.

Mr. F. Perhaps not, for they had better school-houses,

according to their means than we have, and the laws of health are better understood now.

Mr. C. So you all say, but men are not half so robust now as they were then, and we see ten sickly boys and girls where our fathers saw one. We had to work when I was young, but now the children are too feeble to work.

Mr. F. If children had to work as hard now, there would be less to fear from our poor school-houses. But to come down to common sense, neighbor Conserve, do you really believe that children or men can work as well in a crowded room, as in one not crowded.

Mr. C. Perhaps not. I am a carpenter, and like to have room enough to swing my arms freely, but swinging one's arms and using one's mind are very different things. I could think in a flour barrel.

Mr. F. Very well, could you think in a crowd, as well as when alone?

Mr. C. No, no, I think not, but if children are to be alone, that they may be able to think, we may dispense with schools altogether.

Mr. F. It is not necessary to be alone, if we are so separated as not to be exposed to constant interruption. But, granting, for the sake of argument, that one can do as much work in a crowd, will it be done as well?

Mr. C. That depends upon what it is. Some things can be done in a crowd that can't be done elsewhere. Give me a crowd when you want a good hooraw.

Mr. F. Yes, give us a crowd when we wish to make a noise, or to do any mischief and not be detected. But, neighbor, would a cat live as long shut up in a small box as in a large one?

Mr. C. That depends upon whether it is air tight or not.

Mr. F. Very well, when you went to the old school-house, it was not air tight, for there was a large fireplace which ventilated it. But now, there is a air-tight and no fireplace. We save a ton of coal worth five dollars, and buy a cord of physic which costs nearer five hundred.

Mr. C. Let me ask you one question, neighbor, for you have asked me several. Why is it that you, who have no children to be benefited by the school, are for

having a new house, when I, who have seven children, am opposed to it?

Mr. F. I do not think I am more liberal or more humane than you are, neighbor, but I have been led to study the subject perhaps more carefully. My associations with the old school-house are as strong as yours, but they are the associations of ignorance, and I wish the present race to have purer associations, and do not think they will be any the weaker because they are of a higher cast. I have been a teacher, too, and I know that where the room is large and well ventilated, the furniture neat and convenient, the apparatus simple, but abundant, the school, compared to those we used to attend, is as a railroad car to an old stage-coach, and the difference of progress about in the same proportion.

Mr. C. Will old fashioned teachers be able to carry on your new fangled schools?

Mr. F. Very seldom. You must have skilful engineers for your railroad, and not trust the engine to old stage drivers. When railroads were first introduced, there were not ten engineers in the country, but the demand for them created them, and so it will be with teachers, old things will become new, or the new will take their place.

Mr. C. I believe you are more than half right, but still I can not see why an old bachelor should take so much interest in the welfare of other people's children.

Mr. F. That is a great question, and puzzles me sometimes, but not half so much as the question, why those who have children are so indifferent about their comfort and happiness, their moral and intellectual education

XXXIII. THE STANDING ARMY.

ALEXANDER.

MICAHAH, *a shaker boy.*

GEORGE.

NED, *the largest boy.*

ROBERT.

OTHER BOYS, *to any number.*

Alexander. (*With a sword*) Come, boys, let's play soldier; get sticks, and mind your commander.

George. Yes, boys, this is Alexander the Great, and he'll cut your heads off if you don't fight under him.

Alex. I'll flog any fellow that don't enlist; so get your sticks, and form a line, or look out for your heads.

Geo. I will not serve on compulsion.

Rob. Nor I.

Micajah. Nor I.

Harry. Nor I. (*The rest say the same.*)

Alex. Why, this is rank mutiny.

Rob. There is no mutiny where there is no leader. Will Mr. Alexander the Great please to show his commission.

Alex. Here it is. (*Waving his sword.*) If you don't do as I tell you to, I'll knock you down with it.

Harry. That's what I call despotism, and I will not submit to it for one.

Rob. and others. Nor I! Nor I! Nor I!

(*Alex. advances to seize George, but all the boys protect him, and show fight.*)

Harry. If you strike one, you strike all. (*To Micajah.*) Cajy, you'll stand by us, won't you?

Mic. Yea, I'll stand by thee, but thee knows I never fight.

Alex. I guess I'll make you fight.

Mic. I guess thee will not.

Alex. I'll pound all the thees and thous out of you.

Mic. Then thee will do all the fighting and not I.

Geo. If you strike Cajy, you strike all of us. Don't he boys?

(*All bluster and show their fists and say*) Ay! ay! ay! let him strike if he dares.

Ned. You'd better be reasonable, Mr. Alexander, for you are not at the head of an army as your great predecessor was. Stand back, boys, and face him, and let us have a parley. (*They fall back in a semi-circle.*)

Alex. Well, Master George, you are the leader of the rebellion, what is your objection to joining my army.

Geo. I had no voice in appointing the commander. I fight under no self-created general. What do you say boys?

(*All.*) Never! never! Liberty or death!

Alex. Well, Master Harry, why do you refuse to join my army?

Harry. There is not any army to join.

Alex. Well, why do you refuse to help me form an army?

Harry. I hate standing armies. They enslave the people. Don't they, boys?

(*All.*) Ay! ay! Down with standing armies! Down with military usurpers!

Alex. Bravely done! Now, Micajah Broadbrim, what objection have you to joining the army?

Mic. I hate war. It is the worst trade in the world. I'll die before I'll fight. What do you say to that, boys?

(*All.*) Down with the horrid trade! Down with human butchers!

Alex. Well, Master Ned, what objection have you to joining my army? You are more reasonable than these rebels.

Ned. I never will agree to fight till I know who the enemy is. Christian men never fight those who have not injured them.

Alex. Will none of you enlist? Come to the point at once.

All. No, not one. Down with the usurper!

Alex. There will be two words to that bargain. Now look out, I am going to give it to every mother's son of you. (*He looks round to see which he shall strike first, and all stand firm with their fists raised, except Micajah, who goes behind Alexander and clasping his arms around him, and thus confining his arms, says:*)

Mic. If I can not fight, I can prevent fighting. Now,

George and Harry, ye may take away the sword, and may tie the general's feet and hands with your handkerchiefs. (*They do so.*) Now, friend Aleck, thee must join, not the army, that thee loves so well, but the Peace Society, or we will duck thee in the pond, to cool thy courage. What say? Will thee join, or will thee be ducked?

Alex. I don't like fighting any better than the rest of you. I was'nt in earnest.

Mic. Say thee'll join then.

Alex. Well, I will. Come, let me loose.

Mic. Thee promises not to hurt any of us for what we have done to thee?

Alex. No, no. Let me go, will you?

Ned. Boys, I nominate Alexander President of the Peace Party.

Geo. I second the motion.

Harry. Let all who favor the nomination say, Ay.

All. Ay! Ay! (*They untie him.*)

Ned. Now three cheers for the new President, Alexander, the truly Great.

All. Hooraw! hooraw! hooraw!

Mic. Lead on, Alexander, we'll follow thee, now, and do any thing but fight with thee, or for thee. Give him three more peace cheers, boys.

All. Hooraw! hooraw! hooraw!

XXXIV. THE BOY KING.

JOHN.

SAMUEL.

SOLOMON.

PETER.

GEORGE.

DANIEL.

ROBERT.

BENJAMIN.

WILLIAM.

DAVID.

JAMES.

MOSES.

John. (*Wearing a paper crown.*) Well, boys, now we are going to be a king, a first rate king, and who will be our ministers? Come, who wants office? We are ready to receive applications.

George. I apply for the office of prime minister. I can promise and not perform, turn, twist and deceive, or do any thing of that sort to a charm.

Jno. We are going to be a wise and virtuous king, and will not have a rogue for our prime minister. We banish thee from our presence.

Wm. I should like to be the war minister. I can fight like a tiger.

Jno. We shall have no fighting, and all tigers shall be caged.

Wm. I guess your majesty will get on bravely without an army. Fist logic is the only logic the mass of men understand.

Jno. They have been badly educated. If we have an army, it shall be an army of missionaries or school-masters, and the commander in chief shall be a quaker.

Sam'l. I propose to be at the head of the educational department. I can *commit* like a high constable. I will "put it in" and then "put it on," till it will be remembered, I tell you.

Jno. You will not do for us. Our teachers shall all be practical men, words may be the means, but never the end of instruction.

Dan'l. That's your sort! and if your plan includes agriculture, I will be chief farmer.

Jno. Education, as we understand it, includes every kind of useful business. All school learning shall bear upon actual life. We set you down, Daniel, for our chief agent, and not chief professor, for you shall do more than *profess*.

David. I claim the musical department, if you have one.

Jno. Music is one of the most important points of government. We will support a band of music in every village, and all our subjects shall learn to sing, or play on some instrument. Music belongs to peace and not to war. You shall be chief musician.

Sol. I should like to be chief justice.

Jno. What would you do in the department of law?

Sol. I would always whip both parties, and so stop litigation.

Jno. Would you not sometimes whip the innocent, then?

Sol. Not half so often as they are whipped now, and this will save the expense of courts and lawyers, jurors and sheriffs, and armies to defend them.

Jno. Thou shalt be our chief justice. Who next proposes?

Robert. I will be chief treasurer. I know how to get money, and how to keep it.

Jno. You will not do for us. Our treasury shall not be a trader's shop or a miser's chest. We will aid every useful and benevolent undertaking, the chief end of our government shall be to bless the governed. Some woman or some man with a heart, if we can find one, shall be our treasurer.

Robert. Petticoats, forever!

Jas. I propose for the head of the health department.

Jno. Very important. How will you manage it?

Jas. I will divide all the people among the doctors, and fine every doctor who let's a patient get sick. It shall be high treason for any person to die under three score and ten.

Jno. What will you do if they insist on dying sooner?

Jas. Declare it suicide, and never let them try again.

Peter. I will be head of the church, and take care of creeds and heretics.

Jno. God will do that, and we will not usurp his prerogative. Instead of punishing men for differing, we will reward them for agreeing in opinion. So, Mr. Peter, you may go and tend sheep or catch fish.

Ben. I will be chief of the navy department.

Jno. We shall have none. Our merchant ships shall depend upon their honesty for protection. If men cheat or hurt us, we will not trade with them again, navies and armies promote wars, as learning the art of self defence often makes individuals quarrelsome.

Benjamin. Hooraw for wooden guns!

Moses, (*a very small boy, getting up in a chair, and standing tiptoe, squeaks out,*) We should like to know where our kingdom is situated, and who are our subjects.

Jno. Treason! treason!

All Down with the rebel! Down with him!

Moses. (*Pointing a small syringe at them.*) Come on,

we defy you all. Come on, any one who wishes never to see three score and ten.

Jno. I abdicate in favor of Moses.

Wm. I move that Moses be crowned king.

All. Long live his majesty! Long live Moses the Great!

(They shift the crown to his head, and, being too large, it sinks on his shoulders and covers his face. Then they give him three cheers, and bear him off in their arms.)

XXXV. THE TALENTS.

A MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN, JOSIE AND WILLIE, CHARLIE AND HATTIE.

Willie. Mother, what did our teacher mean to-day, when, after reading the parable of the Talents, in the Scriptures, he told us that God had given talents to all of us, and we must improve them, or meet with his displeasure. I am sure, mother, nobody ever gave me a talent or even a dollar to be improved.

Mother. My dear Willie, your Maker has given you at least one talent, and I think you have improved it very well for so young a boy.

W. Why, mother, I did n't know it, pray, where is it? I should like to handle some of it.

M. O, there are other talents than money, and your talent lies in *Kindness*. I do not know what I should have done, if you had not helped me take care of your brother and sisters, and done a thousand errands for me.

Hattie. O, mother, he is real good to us, is n't he? How often he gives up his playthings to please us.

Josie. (*Kissing Willie.*) There, Willie, that's for riding me and Charlie home on your sled.

Charlie. I lub you, Willie, 'cause you lub me.

M. Kindness or benevolence is a great talent, Willie, and it is clear that you have not wrapped yours up and laid it away to rust.

W. Well, mother, if I have such a talent, I did n't know it, and it is no great merit to do well, when you don't know it. But, do tell me, mother, whether Josie has any talent.

J. O, dear, don't make fun of me, Willie, I am good for nothing, and every body knows it.

C. Why, Josie, you know you help mother all the time. Don't you pick the raisins, and rice, and rock the cradle, and wash our faces, and comb our hair, when mother is sick, and don't father say you are an excellent little housekeeper?

J. O, dear, that is a funny sort of talent. I do all that because I cannot bear to be idle.

M. Your talent is *useful Industry*, Josie, and I don't know how I should get on without you, seeing that we are too poor to hire a servant.

C. Mother, if we all have talents, what is mine? for I don't think I know. I am sure I try to do as you tell me to do, and I mind father, and the teacher, and Willie.

M. Yes, Charlie, and your talent, at present, is *Obedience*. It is a beautiful talent, my dear boy, and the more beautiful because it has become so rare. Now comes little Hattie's turn. Hattie, you know, is lame, and sometimes suffers a great deal of pain.

J. And yet, mother, she never complains.

C. No, Hattie is real good about that. I have seen the great big tears roll down her little cheeks because she was in such pain, and when I cried, too, because I could n't help it, because she was so sick, she kissed me, and told me not to cry because it made her feel worse.

W. When she was very small, and I used to rock her, she used to ask me if I was not tired, and did n't wish to rest. O, she's a darling.

M. Yes, little Hattie's talent is *Patience*. The dear child has sufered a great deal, and I fear her talent will never have a chance to rust.

W. Mother, what shall I do with my talent, when I grow up and the children do not need my help, and you have nothing for me to do.

M. That time will never come, Willie, for the world is full of those who need assistance, and those who are

ready and willing to help the poor and weak, the erring and ignorant, will always find more work than they can do. You need not be afraid that your talent will have to rust for want of objects, Willie.

J. What shall I do, mother, when I can't help you as I try to now?

W. You will keep house yourself, Josie, and have enough to do, as mother has now.

H. O, Josie, may I come and see you, if mother will let me, and I am not too lame to walk.

J. You will be a great girl, Hattie, dear, and will not have to ask mother's consent.

H. O, I will never grow up, then, shall I ma'?

C. But, mother, when we grow up and do not have to mind you, as Josie says, what will become of my talent, Obedience?

M. Children obey their parents when they are young, but when they can understand, they must obey their Heavenly Father, and learn what he expects them to do.

C. What will Hattie do, mother, if she ever gets well, and grows up, and has no pain to bear?

M. She will comfort those who are suffering. No persons are so kind to others as those who know what it is to suffer. But she needs not fear that her Patience will not have full employment, for this is a world of trouble. But, my children, as fast as you are able to use them, God will give you other talents, and I hope you will be as faithful when you have many, as you now are with only one.

W. But, mother, where are the exchangers with whom we must place our talents to make them profitable?

M. You must always do to others as you wish them to do to you, and thus, by doing good, and receiving good, all men become exchangers, and their several talents constantly increase in value. Now give me a kiss and go to bed. (*They all kiss her.*)

H. Ma', you did n't tell us what your talent is.

M. My Heavenly Father has given me at least four talents, and I have named them Willie, Josie, Charlie and Hattie: How can I thank him sufficiently for all his goodness?

XXXVI. THE SCHOOL OF THE WORLD.

FATHER AND SON.

Father. What has happened to you to-day, my son, that you are so unhappy? Have you been punished at school?

Harry. Yes, sir, and scolded too, and I wish I was never to go to school again. I do not love school, and do not learn any thing, and what is the use of going?

F. You do not learn any thing, my son! Why, I learn something every day of my life without going to school.

H. Perhaps I should do so too, if I staid at home.

F. I mean, that, without the advantage of going to school which you enjoy, I learn something, old as I am; and, surely, you, who are but a child, can do the same.

H. Father, did you not once tell me that the world is a great school?

F. Yes, Harry, it is so, and I am one of the scholars. It is a sort of High-School.

H. At your school do you have lessons, that you do not understand, to learn by heart?

F. No; my lessons are about things, and not about words.

H. Then I should like your school better than mine. I wonder what is the use of going to my school!

F. You are sent to school to prepare you to enter the great school of the world, into which you will be admitted when you are prepared.

H. How am I to be prepared? Do you have to sit still all day on hard benches, with your hands folded or behind you, as we do at ours?

F. No, indeed; we are all the time in motion, and our hands are always at work.

H. How does our sitting so still prepare us to run about as you do? I like to sit when I am tired of running, but I do not like to sit till I am benumbed, and too tired to run.

F. You are required to sit still, that you may not disturb your neighbors.

H. Do you never disturb your neighbors by running about? I have read of a great philosopher, who taught a school, and always kept his scholars walking about with him. I wish I could go to such a school.

F. I am afraid you have not behaved well at school I hope you never talk there.

H. No, father, we are not even allowed to whisper. Are you allowed to whisper in your great school?

F. We are often obliged to talk a great deal, and often very loudly, or we should never accomplish any thing.

H. Then, father, I do not see how our being kept so silent prepares us for entering your school where so much talking is required.

F. You study in silence that you may get information, and have something to talk about hereafter.

H. Do you only have to talk about what you once studied in my school? We study *spelling*, and do you talk much about that?

F. No, my son, we talk about business.

H. Business! Do we study that in our school? You sell hats, but I never heard Master say a word about hats, except when he tells us to take them off and show our manners. I never read a lesson on hats; I never ciphered about hats. I know, though, how you make hats, and how you sell them, though Master did not tell me.

F. Your Master teaches you how to read, that you may not only be able to read about hats, but about every thing else. He teaches you to calculate, that you may find the cost or value not only of hats, but of other articles also.

H. I wish we could handle the articles instead of only studying about them. I hate the school so, that I would run away from it if I dared to do so.

F. You would be a truant then, and would be punished severely, and, probably, disgraced also.

H. I know it, father; but do you go to school every day as I am compelled to do?

F. Every day, but Sunday, my child, and then, you know I go to church, which is another sort of High-School.

H. But, father, you stay at home sometimes, when you do not like the minister, and is not this the same as playing truant? But you always make *me* go to meeting, though you do not go yourself. Does the minister whip you for it with a rod, as our master whips the boys?

F. No; no man is allowed to strike another except in self-defence.

H. Why are men allowed to strike boys, then? I must say I like your school best, father.

F. My boy, you have some strange notions on this subject; who has been talking to you?

H. Nobody, father; we are not allowed to talk. But I should like to know, if, when Master strikes me, I have a right to strike back, in self-defence, as you say men are allowed to do?

F. My son, you do not understand this matter.

H. I know I do not, Father, and this is why I ask you so much about it. May I stay at home, father, until I am big enough to go to your school?

F. No, you must go to your own school, and I must see your Master, and have a talk with him about you, for, though I know you must be wrong, I do not see exactly how to prove you so.

XXXVII. THE GOSSIPS.

MRS. PRY,
MRS. SEARCH,

MRS. QUICK,
MRS. GOSSIP.

- SCENE IN THE STREET. MRS. PRY, MRS. SEARCH AND MRS. QUICK, MEETING.

Mrs. Pry. Have you heard any news, neighbor Search?

Mrs. Search. News? no, I am dying to hear some. I have not heard a word since last night, and it is now almost noon.

Mrs. Quick. I heard a piece of news as I came along, and you will hardly believe it, though I received it from a

person of veracity, who was knowing to the fact, and, therefore, could not mistake.

Mrs. S. Pray let us have it. I hope it is nothing short of an elopement.

Mrs. P. I hope it is a murder, or, at least, a suicide. We have not had any news worth mentioning these two months.

Mrs. Q. It is neither an elopement nor a murder, but you may think it something akin to the latter. The truth is, there is a woman down in the village, and they will not allow her to be buried.

Mrs. S. You don't say so?

Mrs. Q. I do. The coroner has positively refused to bury her.

Mrs. P. Do tell! What could the poor creature have done to be denied christian burial?

Mrs. Q. I do not know what the offence was, but they say he has his reasons, and buried she shall not be.

Mrs. P. Where is she lying? I must go and inquire into it. Bless me, Mrs. Search, how could this happen and we not hear of it?

Mrs. S. Did you hear her name, Mrs. Quick? that may give us a clue to the mystery.

Mrs. Q. I did not learn her name, though, if I forget not, it began with a G, — or some such letter. But I have a little errand up the street, and must leave you. In the meantime, as we know so little of the circumstances, it will be prudent not to repeat what I have told you. Good morning. (*She goes out.*)

Mrs. P. Did you ever hear of any thing so strange? One of two things is certain, she has either killed herself or been killed, and is reserved for examination.

Mrs. S. I don't understand it so. Mrs. Quick seemed to insinuate that she had been lying a long time, and was not to be buried at all. But here comes Mrs. Gossip, and perhaps she can tell us all about it, as she comes fresh from the village. (*Enter Mrs. Gossip.*)

Mrs. P. Good morning, Mrs. Gossip.

Mrs. G. Good morning, Mrs. Pry. How do you do, Mrs. Search?

Mrs. S. Pretty well, I thank you. How do you do?

Mrs. G. Indifferent, I'm much obliged to you. I've

had a touch of hydrophoby, I believe they call it, or something else.

Mrs. P. (*To Mrs. S., aside.*) No new complaint. She always hated cold water. (*Aloud.*) How did the dreadful disease affect you, Mrs. G? What dog bit you?

Mrs. G. Dog! what do you mean by a dog? The disease began with a cold in my head, and a sore throat, and —

Mrs. S. O, it was the influenza.

Mrs. G. So it was, I knew it was some outlandish name, and they all sound alike to me. For my part, I wish there *was* no foreign words.

Mrs. P. Mrs. Gossip, did you hear the particulars of the dreadful news in the village?

Mrs. G. No. What dreadful news? I have not heard *nothing*, good, bad, or indifferent.

Mrs. P. What! hav'nt you heard of the woman in the village that they wont bury?

Mrs. G. Not a word. Who is she? What's her name?

Mrs. S. Her name begins with G., and as that begins your name, I hoped you would know something about it.

Mrs. G. Bless me! I never heard a syllable of it! Why don't they bury the poor thing? I could'nt refuse to bury even a dog.

Mrs. P. There is a suspicion of murder or suicide in the case.

Mrs. G. Well, they hang murderers and suicides, don't they? What can be the matter? There is something very mysterious about it.

Mrs. S. I am dying to know all about it. Come, let's all go down to the village, and probe the matter to the bottom. I dearly love to get hold of a mystery.

Mrs. P. I say, let us all go, and here is Mrs. Quick coming back. She will go with us, for she told us the news, and she is dying to learn the particulars.

(*Re-enter Mrs. Quick.*)

Mrs. Q. Good morning again, ladies.

All. Good morning.

Mrs. G. What was the matter with that *air* woman that they wont bury in the village?

Mrs. Q. Nothing is the matter with her.

Mrs. G. Then in *marcy's* name, why don't they bury her?

Mrs. Q. I know of but one reason, but that is a very important one.

Mrs. P. We did not know you knew the reason they would 'nt bury her. Why did not you tell us what it was?

Mrs. Q. You did not ask me, and, besides, it is somewhat of a secret.

Mrs. S. You need not fear our disclosing it. Pray let us have it.

Mrs. P. Pray do. I am bursting with curiosity.

Mrs. G. And I too. Mrs. Quick, you say there is but one reason why they will not bury the woman, and pray what is that?

Mrs. P. What is it?

Mrs. S. Yes, what is it?

(*All, earnestly.*) What is it?

Mrs. Q. She is not dead!

XXXVIII. THE PIONEER.

COLUMBUS, GUZMAN, DIEZ AND HERNANDO.

Guzman. You claim all the merit of discovering the New World, Columbus, and yet every one must see that you are not entitled to any credit, for any body of common sense could have done what you did, and some fool would have blundered into the discovery, if you had not prevented him.

Columbus. The world had gone on more than five thousand years, when I was so fortunate as to make the discovery, but no fool had blundered into it during that long stretch of time.

Diez. It was no great exertion of wit to infer, as you did, Columbus, that, if the earth is a globe, and all the land we know of on one side of it, there must be some

land on the other side, to balance and prevent the world from being one sided.

Hernando. Nay, there is no force in the inference; for, the land above water is now all on the northern half of the globe, and yet the globe does not revolve as if one sided.

Col. I do not claim any particular merit for the reasonings that led to the discovery; and yet, if the existence of the western continent was so evident, it is singular that neither you, gentlemen, nor any one else had any faith in it.

Guzman. It required little faith to believe there was land in the west, when it was known that productions unknown in the east, and even the bodies of men unlike any here seen, had drifted from the west to our shores.

Diez. It required little faith to sail westward on a globe, when you knew that continued sailing must needs bring you to the point of departure.

Hern. It required but little faith, I trow, to do all you did.

Col. O ye, of little faith, why did ye doubt? Why, if the existence of a western region was so certain, and you were so sure of being able to return, why, pray, did you not show faith by your works? It must have been very easy to make the discovery, or I, a very humble man, should never have accomplished it. But to change the subject, and amuse ourselves, let me ask if either of you believes that an egg may be made to stand on end upon a hard table.

Diez. I believe it can. *Guz.* And I. *Hernan.* And I.

Col. So do I, but, if you have never done it, or seen it done, it will amuse you to see how difficult it is. Will you try it, Guzman?

Guz. Certainly. (*He tries and fails several times.*)

Diez. Let me try, Guzman, you will not do it in a twelve-month. (*He tries and fails.*)

Hern. It is very singular that you can not do a thing that is so easy. Let me have the egg. (*He tries and fails, and says;*) I don't believe it can be done.

Diez. Nor I. *Guz.* Nor I.

Hern. You can not do it yourself, Columbus. I defy you to do it. *Diez.* So do I. *Guz.* And so do I.

Col. Now, watch me, gentlemen, for the operation is a very simple one, though such philosophers have failed in it. You see, gentlemen, I take the egg between two fingers, thus. (*He does as he describes,*) then I strike the shell hard enough upon the table to flatten it, thus; and then the egg stands alone, as you see.

Diez. Pshaw! what nonsense. Any body could do so.

Guz. Ridiculous! A school-boy could have done that.

Hern. Poh! A fool could have played that trick.

Col. Yes, any fool could have done it upon one condition.

Guz. What was that?

Col. That some greater fool had shown him how.

Diez, Guz. and Hern. (Together.) Do you mean to insult us?

Guz. Is this experiment intended for amusement or insult?

Col. Neither; but for instruction. The experiment of the egg represents the discovery of America. You all believed that the egg could be set on end, as you say you believe you could have made the discovery. In both cases, all you wanted was somebody to show you how the thing should be done. This it was my good fortune to demonstrate, and all I hope is, that, when you next depreciate my discovery, you will recollect that it is easy enough to set an egg on end, when some one has broken the shell.

XXXIX. DOMESTIC GRAMMAR.

MRS. GRUMPY AND MISS SYNTAX.

Mrs. G. - Sarvant, miss. Are you the school-ma'am?

Miss S. I am a teacher, madam, but I do not claim to be the teacher yet.

Mrs. G. I have heerd a great deal about your school,

though you are so modest about it ; and I have determined to send you one of my *gals*, if you can only satisfy me in regard to one *pint*. They tell me you have some new fangled notions on the subject of Grammar, and I never will have nothing to do with no Grammar but Murray's. I *larn't* that myself, and as I never had no trouble in getting along, I want my children to enjoy the same advantages.

Miss S. My pupils are taught that Grammar as thoroughly as it is taught elsewhere, lest they should be thought ignorant by those who know nothing better, but we do not stop at that system,—we endeavor to go farther, and look deeper.

Mrs. G. That's deep enough. I have no *idee* that any good comes of a *gal's* trying to be too grammatical. In my day, we was all taught alike, and them new-fangled notions of *yourn* was n't thought on. Hepsy, dear, do you want to learn that *air* grammar the school-ma'am tells on?

H. I don't want to study no grammar, mother.

Mrs. G. O, my dear, you must study some grammar, or how will you be able to pass through the world, for the whole object of grammar is *passing*.

H. Mother, I don't want to study *no* grammar, I shall *pass* well enough without it.

Miss S. I shall endeavor, at any rate, to teach her the correct use of language.

Mrs. G. If language is language, Miss-what's-your-name, I don't see why grammar should not be grammar all the world over.

Miss S. Each language must have its own grammar, madam.

Mrs. G. What good does that do? I'd have one grammar for all.

Miss S. But languages differ, madam.

Mrs. G. What do they do that for? What is the use of one man's calling a *gal* a gal, and another's calling her mad — mad — something, I forget what.

Miss S. Mademoiselle.

Mrs. G. Well, what's the use of two names? A *gal's* a *gal* all the world over. Hepsy, dear, how would you like to be called a mad—mussel?

H. I don't care what I am called, if you don't make me study grammar. I don't want nothing to do with *nomitive* cases and *parrotive* moods. I'm sick on e'm.

Mrs. G. O, my dear, you must study some grammar.

H. No, mother, I won't study nothing but dancing.

Mrs. G. O, my dear, you must know something about the articles and the *oppositions*, the *oxilleries* and the *interruptions*, the *modes* and the *fashions* or you will be set down for a dunce. You must commit these, my dear.

H. I don't want to commit nothing but matrimony, mother.

Mrs. G. O, my dear, that's naughty. But, if you are *set* upon not studying grammar, you may let it alone, for I have often *heard* that there is no need of a child's *larn-in* grammar when she don't hear no bad language at home. Good morning, Miss Syntax, Hepsy prefers to be under my care, and I never use no *repulsion* when a child has any choice. Good morning. Come Hepsy, dear, come along.

XL. THE PARTY.

MR. SHOWDEN AND WIFE.

Mr. S. Well, my dear, are all things ready for the party? I begin to be tired of this preparation.

Mrs. S. O, dear, husband, we have hardly begun to see the beginning of it yet. Every minute some new and important question arises, and, when one has done one's best, one can not expect to offend no one, there are
• so many shades of gentility and lines of etiquette.

Mr. S. May I hear some of the questions that you think so important?

Mrs. S. The music has disappointed us, and we can not find any other band that is disengaged. Was any one ever so unfortunate?

Mr. S. Why do you not use your own piano? When bought it, the chief reason you gave for buying it was, at we could have music to dance by whenever we eased, and without expense. Our daughters all play aely, you know.

Mrs. S. That is true, but Mrs. Stickup had six pieces at her party, and what will she say if we have only a piano? Besides, the girls wish to dance, and not to play. Then there is a serious question about Mrs. Cleverly and her family.

Mr. S. Why so? She is an excellent woman, and has two charming daughters.

Mrs. S. Yes, but she was not invited to Mrs. Stickup's party, and what would Mrs. Stickup say, if I invited her leavings? You know she sews, sometimes, for a living, and her two daughters teach the district schools every summer.

Mr. S. This should recommend them. I love independence and industry.

Mrs. S. O dear, how little you know about such things! I should never hear the last of it, if I invited any one to a set party who has to work for her living.

Mr. S. I have to work for mine, and I expect to be invited. I love to work.

Mrs. S. You need not be always telling of it. It is considered vulgar for any one to mention business, especially if it has any thing to do with work. What would Mrs. Stickup say, if she knew you ever helped the workmen you employ?

Mr. S. I should not care what she said, if she did not say I used them ill, and did not pay them. Is this your only trouble?

Mrs. S. O dear, No. That vexatious, creature, Mrs. Upstart, has declined my invitation.

Mr. S. Well, what of that?

Mrs. S. What of that? A good deal of that. She was at Mrs. Stickup's party, and what will Mrs. Stickup say when she hears that Mrs. Upstart refused to accept my invitation?

Mr. S. What will she say, but that there will be more room for those who do attend?

Mrs. S. I wish you were not so set in your way, Mr. Showden. A pretty party we should have if you had the management. My list contains only three hundred names, and Mrs. Stickup invited four hundred, and how Mrs. Stickup could pick up so many, I am sure I cannot tell.

Mr. S. You might let the widow Cleverly and her daughters come, I should think, in such an emergency. But why would you have more than three hundred? I should think that number enough for a room that can not hold half the number.

Mrs. S. Why, what do you think Mrs. Stickup would say, if we did not muster as many as she did? No matter if there is not room for them, they come expecting to be jammed.

Mr. S. To change the subject a little, let me ask how much is this party to cost, Mrs. Showden?

Mrs. S. I don't know or care. When one has a party the cost is of small importance. The thing must be carried through, cost what it may.

Mr. S. It is of some importance to him who has to pay to know the cost.

Mrs. S. You are always throwing cold water on all my plans, Mr. Showden.

Mr. S. My dear, I may as well tell you, first as last, that, this morning I have been obliged to stop payment.

Mrs. S. Stop payment! What do you mean, Showden?

Mr. S. I mean what I say. I have stopped payment, and your party had better be postponed.

Mrs. S. O dear, what will Mrs. Stickup say? I should not care if it was not for her, a proud thing.

Mr. S. We shall find out our friends, for I doubt whether such a party would determine who they are.

Mrs. S. I shall die with mortification, for it is known that I am to have a great party. What will Mrs. Stickup say, when she hears that mine is deferred, when hers went off so gloriously?

Mr. S. Not one of your invited guests would visit one whose husband had stopped payment. The Cleverlies

indeed might come to sympathize with you, and serve you.

Mrs. S. Well they are worthy folks, after all, and I have done them great injustice. But, my dear, what shall we do, if you are ruined?

Mr. S. We are not entirely ruined, my dear. There are many things left to an honest man, after his money is gone. The affection of his family is something, character is something, hope is something,

Mrs. S. That is all true, and, perhaps, after all, it will be for our good. I was becoming too fashionable, too devoted to the world, and began to undervalue the only things that have any real worth. But tell me, how happened this failure to come upon you so suddenly? Why did you stop payment New Year's morning, of all mornings in the year?

Mr. S. Because, having paid all my debts at the end of the year, *I had no more payments to make.*

Mrs. S. Are you serious, Mr. Showden? Have you been playing a trick to frighten me?

Mr. S. I was never more serious. But I am sorry to say that Mr. Stickup has really failed this morning, and will not pay one dollar in a hundred, so there is no particular need of your inviting more than three hundred through fear of what the Stickups may say.

Mrs. S. Forgive me this once, and, instead of having the party, I wish, as you go to the store, you would invite Mrs. Cleverly and her daughters here to tea.

XLI. THE KING AND THE GARDENER.

THE KING IN A CITIZEN'S DRESS, A GUN OR RIDING WHIP IN HIS HAND.

King. Friend, can you tell me how to get to the palace?

Gardener. Yes, you must flatter the prince and despise the people.

K. You mistake my question. I have lost my way and can you set me right?

G. I suppose I *can*.

K. *Will* you do so?

G. That depends upon circumstances. Who *are* you?

K. One of the king's friends.

G. I did not think he had *any* friends.

K. Why not?

G. He loves nobody. It is love that begets love.

K. What do you know of the king?

G. Nothing.

K. Then why judge so hardly of him?

G. *Because* I know nothing.

K. Methinks that should make you spare him.

G. It might lead me to spare my neighbor.

K. Why not the king, also?

G. A king should make himself known, as a common man can not.

K. How so? I am ready to learn.

G. You may be ready, but the king is not.

K. I have the confidence of the king, and will tell *him*, if you will tell *me*, how he can make himself known.

G. By blessing his people; by leading them to virtue, and setting a glorious example of beneficence.

K. He has no money to spare.

G. He should have. But money is not necessary, it does not truly bless men.

K. Right, for the king is not blessed by it.

G. He does not know how to use it.

K. Are you not afraid to speak thus of the king?

G. No. I would he heard me.

K. He might hang you.

G. He would first have heard some truth.

K. Should you dare to say *to* him what you have said *of* him, to me?

G. Surely I should. — I never backbite.

K. I will try you. Fellow, I am your king!

G. I am then your faithful subject.

K. I condemn you to death.

G. No, you don't. I could kill you before you could find an executioner. You do not mean what you threaten, sire.

K. Strange fellow! how know you that?

G. As a *man*, you spared me when I spake; as a *monarch*, you will not disgrace the *man*.

K. I will spare thee only on one condition.

G. Name it, Sire, if it be not dishonorable.

K. You must live with me, and be my counsellor.

G. Your majesty must surely be in jest.

K. I never was more serious. I sentence you — to be my friend, and teach me how to bless my people. Come, shoulder your spade, and follow me to court. Spades shall be trumps henceforth.

G. Your majesty will yet be King of Hearts.

K. Come on, I long to have the game begin.

XLII. ARISTIDES THE JUST.

ARISTI'DES AND THEMIS'TOCLES.

Aristides. The citizens of Athens have deputed me to hear the secret plan Themistocles has formed to raise our city to the height of power and glory.

Themistocles. 'Tis well; no citizen can better judge of such high things, than Aristides, who has done so much to build the name of Athens.

Arist. You flatter me, Themistocles, for, scarce a year has passed since Athens sentenced me to exile. But to the secret plan, for on Mars Hill the assembled citizens await my just report.

Them. The united fleets of Greece have crushed the Persian power, and we no longer dread invasion.

Arist. True, the lesson given at Salamis will not be lost. What then?

Them. The vessels of our allies lie at Pag'asæ.

Arist. They do, and gloriously have they earned repose.

Them. They are our rivals, and in their crowded state may all be burned.

Arist. We must inform them of their danger.

Them. We must burn them !

Aris. Burn what ?

Them. The allied fleet ; and Athens then, the mistress of the sea, will dictate to all Greece. What say'st thou, Aristides ?

Arist. Nought. The thought is monstrous.

Them. Will not the burning of their fleet secure pre-eminence to Athens ?

Arist. Pre-eminence in infamy ! They are our friends.

Them. They are our rivals, and the Gods who watch o'er Athens, have delivered them into our hands.

Arist. The Gods do no injustice, and their wrath would make the crime recoil on Athens with tremendous power.

Them. The crime ! You dare not call it thus.

Arist. What else ? Is not injustice crime ? Is not mean treachery crime ? Is not ingratitude the worst of crimes ? I do protest against the plan, Themistocles.

Them. And will report against it ?

Arist. Most certainly.

Them. Then be thy country's curse upon thy head.

Arist. That I can better bear than her dishonor.

Them. The strategies of war are not esteemed dishonorable, then why forego this great advantage ?

Arist. All war is self-condemned that authorizes or requires a wrong ; but they, on whom you now propose to inflict the wrong, are peaceful all, and lately our companions in the Persian strife.

Them. They may unite against us.

Arist. They may, if we do spare them ; they surely will if we commit the injustice you propose.

Them. The glory of Athens is our highest law.

Arist. There is one higher, — JUSTICE, and to that even Themistocles must bow.

Them. I bow to nothing but the immortal Gods.

Arist. The Gods are just, and Jove's high throne would fall at once, were it not based on justice.

Them. And your Report will stamp me with disgrace.

Arist. Your secret shall be kept, Themistocles, and I shall but report that nothing can conduce so much to exalt the power and glory of the state — but, nothing can be more unjust.

XLIII. THE FAMILY TREE.

MR. RUST, AND HIS SON JOHN

John. Father, why are you poking over those old rusty papers?

Mr. R. To ascertain whom your great grandmother's aunt Jerusha married.

J. Why, father, what do you care about that?

Mr. R. I am anxious to complete the family tree, and her name must not cause a break in it.

J. I should think it was more important to take care of the living aunts, and there's aunt Polly, with nine children and no property. Mother says she pities her.

Mr. R. So do I. But I have the names and ages of all her children, and have nothing more to get from her, except the date of her husband's death.

J. Father, what good does a family tree do, if it bears no fruit?

Mr. R. It affords one a deal of satisfaction to know from whom one is descended.

J. Why, father, didn't we all come from Adam?

Mr. R. Yes, but then I wish to know every step in the ladder.

J. What good will that do us, father?

Mr. R. It enables us to see what great and good men we have descended from.

J. Will it not also tell us what mean and wicked men we came from?

Mr. R. Yes, my son, it does all that.

J. Shall we suffer for their wickedness, or be benefited by their greatness?

Mr. R. No, indeed, nothing they have done can help or hurt us.

J. Father, who is the greatest man on the family tree?

Mr. R. There was a great General, who fought fifty pitched battles, and was killed at the head of his army.

J. O dear! I should not think fighting battles any

credit to him, and being killed is a poor reward for fighting so many, is it not, father?

Mr. R. Killing men is a poor business, my son, but it was once the most honorable occupation in the world.

J. Who was the most wicked man on the tree, father?

Mr. R. Well, there was one who suffered for piracy.

J. How did he suffer father, did the pirates seize his vessel?

Mr. R. Not exactly. He, himself, was suspended, my son.

J. What does suspending mean, father? I have heard of suspending payment, when men fail in business.

Mr. R. He suspended business, to be sure, but he paid —

J. If he paid, he was honorable, and not wicked, I should think.

Mr. R. He only paid — the penalty of the law, my son. He was a pirate himself, and was hanged.

J. O dear, I am sorry there is any of his blood in my veins. But, sir, who was your father?

Mr. R. An honest mechanic, my son, as was my grandfather before him.

J. What was the next farther back?

Mr. R. A farmer, and his father was a minister, and his a shoe maker.

J. How near can you get to Adam, father?

Mr. R. Not within 5000 years of him.

J. If you could get up to him, what good would it do, father, if he was the man who, as Milton says, "brought death into the world and all our woes." It does seem to me that it is better, as mother says, to help the living, that there may be no more pirates on the tree, for we can not help the dead, you say.

Mr. R. No, my son, we can't help the dead, and it is true, as your mother says, that we may spend our time more profitably in looking up the living, than in looking up the dead. What are you thinking of, my son?

J. I was thinking, sir, that, if every old family tree was cut down, and every man planted a new one for himself, we should have some better trees; for it is easier to rear a young tree than to improve an old one, especially

if some of the branches are not only dead, but — suspended.

Mr. R. Your simplicity, my child, leads you to take a better view of the subject than I have hitherto taken. It is a matter of curiosity only to look up one's pedigree, but it is a matter of duty to help our living neighbors. If you will help me, we will plant a new tree this very day, and the first step shall be a visit to aunt Polly. Come, will you go with me?

J. Yes, father, and if the new tree don't beat the old one, it shan't be because I neglected it. We'll have no men-killers and pirates suspended on our tree, will we, father?

XLIV. CRAMMING IS ILL-FEEDING.

MRS. MARVEL; HER DAUGHTER SOPHRONIA-ARAMINTA, AND MISS LEARNARD.

Mrs. M. Are you Miss Learnard?

Miss L. That is my name, madam.

Mrs. M. Your school has been highly recommended to me by some of my friends, and I have concluded to place my daughter under your care, if we can agree upon a suitable course of study. Pray what do you teach, Miss Learnard?

Miss L. Every thing, madam. It will not do to say we teach only what is useful and proper. How old is your little girl?

Mrs. M. She is only ⁶~~six~~, but then she is a child of uncommon capacity.

Miss L. She can not have studied many branches yet, whatever she may intend to do hereafter.

Mrs. M. Indeed, she is not so ignorant as you seem to suppose. She has gone through botany, geometry and astronomy, and her teacher was preparing to put her into algebra, when she married and gave up her school.

Miss L. Did you ever examine her in these branches, madam?

Mrs. M. O yes, indeed! Sophronia-Araminta, my love, tell the lady something of geometry and astronomy. What is astronomy, my love? Ask her a question, Miss Learnard, — any question you please.

Miss L. What planet do we inhabit, my dear?

S. A. Hey?

Miss L. What do you live on, my dear?

S. A. O, on meat, ma'am. I didn't know that was what you meant.

Mrs. M. No, my love, the lady means, what do you stand on now, my love, on what do you stand?

S. A. On my feet, mother, does she think I stand on my head?

Mrs. M. Sophronia-Araminta, my love, you have forgotten all your astronomy, the three days you have staid at home. But now, do say a line or two of your last lesson to the lady, — now do, love, — that's an angel.

S. A. Well "The equinoxious line is the plane of the cliptic stended indefinitely till it approximates the calyx or flower cup, which encloses the antheins, for the two sides of an isuckle triangle are always equal to the hippopotamus."

Mrs. M. There, miss Learnard, I told you she had it in her, only you did not understand the best method of drawing it out. I knew she would astonish you.

Miss L. She does, indeed, madam. (*To the child.*) You speak, my dear, of the plane of the equator, may I ask what is the meaning of the word plane.

S. A. Ugly, ma'am, I should think every body knew that.

Miss L. How many are three times three, my dear?

S. A. Three times three?

Miss L. Yes, how many are they?

S. A. I don't know. Mrs. Flare never taught me that. She said everybody knew how to count.

Miss L. She taught you to read and spell, I suppose.

Mrs. M. No, I forbade that. I wished to have the mind developed without being frittered away in attention to such unimportant elements. Mrs. Flare was a none-such for this, — a real seek-no-further. I fear her loss will never be made up to poor Sophronia-Araminta.

Miss L. Madam, I am sorry to say that I cannot agree to receive your daughter, if I am to pursue the course you seem to approve. Until the mind is able to comprehend, I think the child should be employed upon such exercises as require little or no intellectual effort.

Mrs. M. I see your school will never do for me. I was afraid you only taught the lower branches. Come, Sophronia-Araminta, let us go, my love. Good morning, Miss Learnard, I am sorry you can not teach Sophronia-Araminta, but she is my only one, and it is my duty to see her properly educated. Good bye.

XLV. WAR *vs.* GOSPEL

AN INDIAN CHIEF AND A CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY.

Ind. I see not why you should blame us for taking up the tomahawk, when your people do the same thing.

Mis. We did not begin the war. Your tribe struck the first blow, when we were all disposed for peace.

Ind. If you did not begin this war, it was because the red men got the start of you. When two Christian nations fight each other, one must begin, so that, beginning is not peculiar to savages, as you call our people.

Mis. The Gospel that we bring you, offers peace, and you will not accept it.

Ind. Does your Gospel order you to make war on those who may prefer not to embrace it?

Mis. No. It forbids war, and we are forced to it to prevent what you persist in.

Ind. Then why do Christians make war on each other, as well as upon us? We make war because we love it, and our religion does not prohibit war.

Mis. Our religion authorizes war.

Ind. With whom?

Mis. With our enemies.

Ind. Your holy book requires you all to love your enemies.

Mis. It allows us to punish those who injure us.

Ind. Return not evil for evil are among the words it speaks, as I am told, and you are bound to pray that you may only be forgiven by the Great Spirit, as far as you forgive.

Mis. You take the words too literally. The Great Spirit could not mean that men should never fight, for men are men, and must.

Ind. The Indian takes the word of the Great Spirit as it is spoken, and does not follow only where it suits him. You say the Gospel came by your great leader. Say, was he a brave?

Mis. No, he never fought, and always has been called the Prince of Peace.

Ind. More and more strange! If he did never fight, and ordered all his followers to love each other, and to love their enemies, your people must be hypocrites and disobedient to make war, and yet more blood is shed by Christians than by infidels.

Mis. You understand no other argument than war, and, therefore, we are compelled to fight, or suffer you to do us wrong.

Ind. Our standard rules of right and wrong may differ. You think it right to seize our country without our consent. We think this wrong, and we resist. If rightly I remember words that I have heard, your Gospel orders you to do as you would be done unto. Say, am I right?

Mis. The Gospel orders thus, I must confess, but you are savages.

Ind. And does the Gospel say the rule applies to civilized and not to savage men?

Mis. No, but 'tis plain that civilized men can better cultivate and use the land that savages leave desolate. The Great Spirit intended all the earth to be subdued and cultivated.

Ind. Who is to judge of what the Spirit means. We can not judge what mean our fellow men. The destitute robber who should strip the miser of his gold, might plead his want of it, and the better use he did intend to put it

to, but would this argument excuse him in a Christian court?

Mis. Perhaps not, but the favored race must be the judge.

Ind. The judge should always lean to the weak and ignorant, who can not assert their rights, or do not know them.

Mis. If you had lived in Christian lands you had not reasoned thus.

Ind. I will not live there then. I do prefer the ignorance which can not truth pervert, and make the words of the Great Spirit contradict themselves.

Mis. 'Tis evident the Gospel can not have free course, while every precept thus is nullified by our example. Red man, here is the Bible. Read and study it, and then interpret for yourself. Hold not the Gospel false because we Christians are unfaithful.

Ind. At the last council of our tribes it was agreed that we should missionaries send to teach the white men what the red man thinks, and I have now your presence sought to give you the first lesson. You have heard it so patiently, that I shall not as you do, use the tomahawk (*showing it*) until I lose all hope of your conversion. Tomorrow I shall seek your settlements, and try to make your people reverence the Great Spirit of the Indian's faith, and learn obedience.

XLVI. AMBITION'S REST.

PYRRHUS AND CYNEAS.

Pyrrhus. Cyneas, quit your fears. I twice have met the Roman legions, and have shown myself at least their equal. When I have added to my kingdom certain States that cannot long resist my arms, I shall advance on Rome, whom now it may be well to pacify.

Cyneas. Your majesty then does not yet intend to stop in your career of victory?

Pyr. No, no! I shall pursue the glorious hunt as long as there is game. The world shall own that Alexander is not to be named with the great Pyrrhus, and all the fame of Macedonia's son shall be extinguished in the greater blaze Epirus shall enkindle.

Cyn. The world already thinks that Pyrrhus full enough has done for glory.

Pyr. He has done nothing, while a State remains that does not own his rule.

Cyn. What conquest then does Pyrrhus next propose, now that Tarentum's thine at such a cost, that Pyrrhus said, "another victory like that would ruin us."

Pyr. Your memory retains my darker thoughts. All now is full of hope. What says the Roman Senate to my proposal for a peace?

Cyn. "If Pyrrhus wishes peace, Rome treats not with him till he quits Italia's shores."

Pyr. Then we must fight it out; and, when I have conquered Italy, then Sicily will next invite my arms.

Cyn. And Sicily subdued, what next?

Pyr. Then I shall cross the sea to Carthage.

Cyn. And then?

Pyr. Then all Africa shall bow submissive at my feet.

Cyn. And when all Africa has owned thy power, whither will Pyrrhus turn his arms?

Pyr. To the East. Far as the rising sun, the name of Pyrrhus shall be known and feared.

Cyn. And when the world shall all be conquered, and no spot be left to tempt thine arms; what then does Pyrrhus to himself propose?

Pyr. Then I will rest.

Cyn. May Cyneus ask "What hinders Pyrrhus *now* from taking rest?"

Pyr. There is no rest while glory is in view.

Cyn. Enough of glory is secured, repose may now be sure, but on the future who can safely count?

Pyr. I will create the future. You must own that I more moderate am than Alexander, for, when the world

was his, he wept that no more worlds remained for him to conquer. I now declare that when the world is mine, I'll freely rest.

Cyn. My Lord, the king!

Pyr. Well, what? You would not turn and leave me to advance alone? Cyneas is more philosopher than soldier, but he is no coward.

Cyn. No, Pyrrhus, not a coward; but the immortal gods, — who rule the world, and mark out all the future, not as men wish or plan, but as a sterner wisdom foreordains, — the immortal gods, great Pyrrhus, never smile on glory as an end; and he who has no better motive for extending empire at the dreadful cost all war involves, can hardly hope for heaven's co-operation in the work, or for a moment's rest when it is done. The gods make instruments of men, and throw them by when used, and Pyrrhus——

Pyr. Will think of all thou hast said, when he is a philosopher, and not a warrior at an army's head. Come, let us to the tent.

XLVII. YOUNG AMERICA.

JACK.	SAM.	JIM.	TIM.	FRANK.
BOB.	DICK.	BEN.	TOM.	BILL.

Jack. Hope of the rising generation, I am glad to see you here. We, who have called the meeting, have long been of the opinion that nothing is to be expected from our fathers, and it is high time for us to rise in the majesty of our strength, and show them what they should have done.

Bob. That our consultation may be conducted with decorum, I propose that a moderator be appointed.

Sam. I second the motion, and nominate Jack.

Bob. If it be your minds that Jack preside over this meeting, you will all say, ay.

All—Ay! ay!

Jack. Gentlemen, I am proud of the honor you confer upon me ; and, if the result of your deliberations shall be, as I trust it will, regeneration of the world, I shall ask no other immortality, than to have presided on this occasion. Gentlemen, we have assembled to take into consideration the condition of the world, its grievances and its prospects. It is to be hoped that every gentleman will freely express his mind, that our united wisdom may shake the old walls of conservatism, and level all the old mountains of abuse. Speak freely, gentlemen, the whole subject is before you.

Dick. First and foremost, Mr. Moderator, I move that we do away with all religion. Sir, ever since I came to years of discretion, I have been annoyed by certain persons, who are continually telling us about what is right and what is wrong. I hold all churches to be batteries raised against freedom, and all priests to be common nuisances. Sir, as a man thinketh so is he, and if he don't choose to think, it is nobody's business. I move, therefore, sir, to abolish all religion.

Jim. I move, sir, to abolish all schools. Why, look you, sir, ever since I was born, I have been compelled to waste half my time in the school-room. And what, sir, is the school room? A prison, sir, a prison, where the quiet and obedient are at rest, but where all who have any just idea of the dignity of human nature and the rights of man are oppressed and punished. Sir, if we exercise the right of speech, a right which even savages allow, we are arraigned and punished. If we exercise the power of locomotion, which distinguishes us from the trees, sir, we are flogged and beaten into statues. If we exercise our wills, sir, we are trampled down to slaves. If, exercising our inherent right to avoid pain and suffering, we run away from the school-room, we are called truants, sir, a hue and cry is raised, we are seized as culprits, who have escaped from prison, and are brought back and scourged. Sir, they who like slavery may submit to it, but I say, down with all schools!

Ben. I say, down with all laws. Sir, there is no greater enemy to liberty than what is called law. We are not allowed a voice in making the laws, sir, and yet

we are required to conform to them. Our fathers resisted such oppression, and it becomes us, their sons, to rise as they did, and pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor to resist such oppression. Sir, I cannot drink a glass of gin, I can not smoke my cigar, I can not have a bit of fun and knock a watchman down, without being interrupted by some agent of our oppressors. Why have I a stomach, sir, but to eat and drink? Why have I lungs but to speak and smoke? What is the atmosphere given for, but to fashion words and dissipate smoke. Sir, these inborn rights have been invaded, and I say with the patriot of old, "give me liberty or give me death!"

Tim. Sir, I like the spirit of the gentlemen. I am glad to see these symptoms of returning reason in the rising generation. But, sir, it seems to me that, by touching the pulpit, the schools and the courthouse, we are only trifling with the evils that prevail. Why, sir, what supports all these abuses but the Government. The government, sir, is at the bottom of the mischief, and I move the abolition of all government. Man was made free, sir, and government is an accident, sir, a usurpation, inconsistent with perfect freedom. I care not what the form is, sir, it is all based upon oppression; the many are made subservient to the few, the poor to the rich, the free to what are self-styled the orderly. Where there is no government there is no oppression in the shape of morality and religion, education and law. When every one does what is right in his own eyes, and not till then, sir, shall we have full and perfect liberty, and, therefore, I move, that the first thing we do shall be to put an end to all government.

Tom. I like all the sentiments of my noble companions. I believe there will be no rational liberty till churches are turned into theatres, court-houses into taverns, schools into club rooms, but, sir, it is one thing to propose to point out these abuses and another to put them down. I remember, sir, a story that I have read in Shakspeare or some where else, of a council held by the rats to see how they should get rid of the cat. They all agreed in regard to her oppression, they all agreed to put a bell around her neck, but when the question was, who should put it round, no

one came forward. Sir, Government is this cat, and we are the rats, the oppressed down-trodden rats.

Frank. Mice, Mr. Moderator, but mice, who hope to grow into rats. Sir, if the gentleman here means to insinuate that no one here has the courage to put the bell around the neck of our oppressor, I give him the lie, sir. What man dares do, I dare; — and here I pledge myself to lead the assault if any dare to follow me; or, if unsupported, to go alone.

Bill. I move a mint-julep and a long-nine for each person present, in favor of the noble sentiment of the speaker last up.

Sam. I second the motion.

Jack. If it be your minds, gentlemen, to drink a mint-julep, and smoke a long-nine, in honor of our champion, you will please to adjourn to the bar-room. But, before going, allow me to congratulate you upon the prospect of reform which is opening before us. Allow me to say, that no abuse can stand before such enlightened and determined minds. Young America, sir, will yet deliver the world from bondage, and restore to man his inalienable rights. I would only recommend that no blow be struck until we are fully prepared, and then let a policeman ask us if our mothers know we are out, if he thinks best.

XLVIII. THE TEACHER TRIED.

A SCHOOL COMMITTEE MAN AND A CANDIDATE.

Committee. Pray, Miss, what education have you received to authorize you to apply for the office of teacher of our District School?

Teacher. I have attended the district schools in my own town, and have been two years at academies and normal schools.

C. Do you feel competent to teach all the branches required to be taught in a common school?

T. All, except English Grammar, and this I do not know thoroughly, because no teacher that we have had was able to instruct me. I hope to learn something by teaching others.

C. And you wish to practise upon the children of our district?

T. No, Sir, not unless I am found equal to any one you can procure for the salary you pay.

C. O ho! you think you are worth the money we pay, though not fit to teach such a school as we ought to have?

T. I do not say so, Sir. I hope I am sensible of my deficiencies.

C. What do you know of school government?

T. Nothing, Sir, by experience, except what I have learned by endurance as a pupil.

C. What do you mean by that?

T. I mean that, by reading, and by watching the effect of various methods of discipline upon my own mind, I have formed an opinion upon the subject, and should be guided by it, did I become a teacher.

C. O, you have? Well, what may that opinion be?

T. That I should never strike my pupils.

C. Never? that is a strong word.

T. I believe that a good child needs no whipping, and a bad one never is profited by it.

C. And you wish to introduce such notions into our schools?

T. I must act up to my convictions, until I find them erroneous. I may find myself in error.

C. Your notions are all wrong, utterly wrong, contrary to the word of God, and subversive of all government.

T. I trust not, Sir. Corporeal pain is allowed to be an evil, and so is disobedience, and if I strike a child for disobedience, it seems to me that I return evil for evil, which the Gospel forbids.

C. Pain is not an evil when it is inflicted for good.

T. Then there can be no evil in disobedience, for all

offences are overruled for good, and disobedience among the rest I think the forbearance and long suffering of God are worthy of imitation.

C. Nonsense nonsense! If we may not punish men for crimes, we may as well have no government

T. Do you call school offences *crimes*?

C. They are the germs of crime, and must be treated as crimes, for they will soon bear fruit. Besides, if any thing is clear to my mind, it is, that, so long as man is man, he will need the rod. "Spare the rod and you spoil the child."

T. I prefer to spare the body of the child, and apply my discipline to the mind and heart. I have never failed to overcome evil with good, when I have had patience and self-control.

G. Nonsense, I tell you, this beautiful theory is all nonsense.

T. Are not you a lawyer, Sir?

C. Yes, and I have seen too much of human nature to become the dupe of moral suasion.

T. When a man commits an offence, he is entitled to a trial by jury, I believe; and pray, Sir, why is not a scholar entitled to a similar trial?

C. Children are not men.

T. They are "the germs of men, and must be treated as men." If weak, they are the more entitled to protection.

C. They have no judgment and cannot understand reason.

T. This can be no reason for punishing them. Striking a horse will not put judgment into him.

C. Suppose one of the children should strike you, what would you do?

T. I would try to imitate Him who was smitten and scourged.

C. You would be turned out of school by the children.

T. Not if the child had done wrong. All but the offender would be on my side. If I flogged him, some might pity him, even if he was guilty.

C. They would imitate him, if they could do it with impunity.

T. Does the pardoning of a sinner, increase the number of sinners?

C. The certainty of punishment prevents crime.

T. This is by no means proved, and I think it may, with safety, be said, that forgiveness prevents crime as often as punishment does. The number of times that a man should forgive his brother is four hundred and ninety at least, and I am inclined to think that He who assigned this limit, knew what the effect of forgiveness is upon the human heart. He who is forgiven much will love much.

C. Young woman, you shall have our school, not because I agree with you in this matter, but because you appear to be thoughtful, and to have examined the subject. Most of the young teachers whom I have examined have no opinion upon the subject, and in such I have little confidence.

T. I thank you, Sir. I had no expectation of such a result, but I could not stifle my convictions.

C. Try your experiment, and we will have another talk at the end of the term.

XLIX. THE QUAKER AND THE ROBBER.

Robber. (*Presenting a pistol.*) Stand, stranger, and deliver your purse!

Quaker. Is this the way thou treatest strangers? Methinks thou wouldst do better to protect them.

R. Have done with words. I want your money.

Q. I have not done with my money, and can spare my words better.

R. Give me your money or your life! You understand me.

Q. Thy words I understand right well, but it is because I think *thou* dost not understand them that I hesitate.

R. Your money or your life, this instant!

Q. Dost thou mean, friend, that I may have my choice, and give thee only one, and which I please?

R. Have you any money? Speak the truth.

Q. Thou shouldst have ascertained this fact before thy threat. What if I have money?

R. Then I must have it.

Q. And if I have none? What would my life profit thee, if thou shouldst take it?

R. If you say you have no money, I will not harm you.

Q. I can not say so, it would be untrue.

R. Then instantly deliver it, or I fire!

Q. It is not mine, friend, and therefore do I parley. — Had it been mine, I would have given it to thee, not to save my life, but to save thee from a crime.

R. I must have the money, whether thine or not.

Q. Thou must not. The money is given me in trust, and no pain or peril can make it right for me to give it up.

R. I will not waste more words. Give me the money or I fire.

Q. Then thou mayest fire. 'Twould be as wrong for me to give, as 'tis for thee to take what is not mine or thine.

R. Do you not fear death?

Q. Not half so much as to be called unfaithful.

R. Most men would give up without a word, the loss not being theirs. I knew you had the money and followed you to get it.

Q. Thou didst not know me, friend, or thou wouldst not have followed me for such a purpose. If thou killest me and takest the money, thou committest two crimes, murder and robbery. If I give thee the money of another when I can refuse it, I commit a breach of trust.

R. Well, who cares for that? The money, or I fire!

Q. The money is in my pocket, and thee has power to take it, but I can not give it thee.

R. O, that's the etiquette. Hand over then. *(He puts his pistol under his arm, and stoops to search the Quaker,*

who draws the pistol by its muzzle from under the robber's arm, and springing aside turns it upon him, saying,)

Q. Thee has no money, I suppose, or I could say to thee, Thy money or thy life!

R. I am at your mercy!

Q. I do not take this weapon to harm thee, but to prevent thy doing wrong. Now I have the power and can talk with thee more freely. What is thy need of money?

R. I have no means of living, and am destitute of friends.

Q. Hast thou tried to get honest employment?

R. I have long tried in vain. You were the first man I attacked when mad with misery.

Q. 'T was fortunate I did not fear thee. I knew thou wert a novice by thy manner. The old cat never mews before she strikes her prey. Tell me what sum didst thou expect by killing — nay, I will not say by killing, but by robbing me.

R. I was informed that you had a hundred dollars with you.

Q. And thou wilt be contented with that sum?

R. 'T would make me happy, and would save my family from death, and me from crime.

Q. I'll give it thee with all my heart, but thou must go with me and get it. I have no money here of my own, as I have told thee

R. I dare not go, for you may deliver me to the magistrate

Q. I can compel thee, but thou mayst carry the weapon (*giving the pistol*) for I do not fear thee. It is my duty to relieve thee, and if thy family is suffering, we must lose no time.

R. God bless you!

Q. Does thee pray, too! Then surely thee is not wholly lost. Give me thy hand, and let us hasten home.

L. THE INDIAN, OR RIGHT AND MIGHT.

GOVERNOR — MINGO, AN INDIAN, OFFICER AND GUARDS.

Governor. Prisoner, what have you to say before the penalty of death you have incurred be all enforced. What say you?

Mingo. Nothing. I can not stoop to plead for life, — and right, — there is no right for the red man.

Gov. Why speak of right? You took up arms and failed, and are my prisoner. If I had been your prisoner instead, you never would have spared my life.

Mingo. Use your power. But had my weapons been as true as are the words that I could speak, you never had o'erpowered me.

Gov. Were you not fairly conquered?

Mingo. Yes, and am ready to endure the forfeit.

Gov. That forfeit, by the law, is death.

Mingo. By what law? I own no law but that of force, and that I must submit to.

Gov. You have made war upon this settlement of the French king, and by the laws of France are doomed to die.

Mingo. I never owned the king, and am not holden by his laws. Had I invaded France, established on her coast a colony, attacked the French, and tried my prisoners by the Indian's code, their case had been as mine. You are the offender, and not I.

Officer. Shall I stop his mouth?

Gov. No, let him speak. Say, Indian, why I should not do by you as you have done by us. You show no mercy to your prisoners.

Mingo. If you will promise me no mercy, I will speak, but otherwise 'twill seem as if I plead for the life I fear not to lay down.

Gov. Have then your way, and speak as plainly as you please.

Mingo. Is it French law that he who breaks into a house, and he who invades France, offend alike.

Gov. Exactly so. The house is the man's castle as the State is the king's; no man can enter either without offence.

Mingo. Doth it matter whether the man be high or low, ignorant or learned, polished or uncivil?

Gov. Not at all. The law protects the man as man.

Mingo. Have patience. If a rich man attacks the humble hovel of the poor, and in the affray is killed, what says your law?

Gov. The poor man is not guilty.

Mingo. Bear with me. If the assailant is made prisoner, and the captor fears that others just behind may be deterred from a renewed attack, may he the prisoner slay?

Gov. Yes, if his life endangers his who holds him. But why all these questions?

Mingo. The Indian for uncounted years had made his home on these fair shores. This was his State, his house; but strangers came and took possession, forcing him to yield step after step, till, when no further steps were possible, he turned on his pursuer, who would not retreat, and so was slain enforcing wrong.

Gov. I see the application. The right, you think, is with the invaded man.

Mingo. Hear me. The Indian, being wronged and feeling he was weak, saw no way of escape but to destroy the invader. This he has done; this he had a right to do. But when the invader gets him in his power, he has no right to slay one he has come to injure. Every act done to enforce a crime but deepens it.

Gov. You forget that we have bought your land.

Mingo. Never till you had seized it, and then a sale, like a captive's promise, is not valid. 'Twas understood that what we sold we could not keep from those who held it, and the price was not what land was worth, but what the invader chose to give.

Gov. There is a show of truth in what you say.

Mingo. One word more. You call us ignorant and

savage. We are both, and hence two claims arise. If we are savage, we claim that 'tis unjust to try or judge us by the laws of civilized, enlightened States. If we are rude, we claim protection from the wise and powerful, and every encroachment on their part is doubly criminal. I've done. Now bid your headsman do his worst.

Gov. I can not put to death a man I so respect.

Mingo. I have your promise and shall hold you to it.

Gov. True, you have, but when I gave it 'twas not understood. It would be wrong in me to take your life, for, a promise to do wrong, like one given on compulsion, can never hold the maker. I give you life and wish you for my friend.

Mingo. My country's foe can never be my friend. If I am suffered to go free, I shall not cease to use the means that the Great Spirit may provide, to exterminate the invaders of my country. I give you warning now, that you may not complain when you discover that the red man you have spared, is the invader's stern, eternal foe.

Gov. Still I say go free!

Officer. My Lord, there's danger in this man.

Gov. There's manhood too, and I'll not be outdone. Unbind him. (*He does so.*) You are free. This passport (*handing a card*) will conduct you safely to the forest. Fare you well!

LI. THE TURNED HEAD.

MR. DOLOROSO, DR. KEEN, JAMES AND THOMAS.

James. What could have turned master's head so?

Thomas. I wish I knew. He certainly is not crazy, and yet he acts so comically that I feel ready to burst with laughter.

James. Have you called the doctor?

Thomas. Yes, and expect him every moment.

James. There he is. Do you receive him, and I will go and lead master in. (*The Doctor enters on one side; and James goes out on the other.*)

Thomas. I am glad you have come, sir; master is strangely taken.

Doctor. How long has he been ill?

Thomas. This is the third day.

Doctor. What appears to be the matter?

Thomas. He drank too much, and when he came to his senses, he had adopted the whim that his head had been cut off, and stuck on again with the back in front. We have tried to reason him out of the notion, but all we can say only makes him more stiffly insist upon it.

Doctor. You can never reason men out of such folly. Here he comes. You must fall in with his whims, let him have his way, and do as I bid you.

*Enter Mr. Doloroso and James.**

Mr. D. Ah, Doctor, I am glad to see you, but I fear you have come too late, too late to help me.

Doctor. What seems to be the trouble?

Mr. D. O, I have met with a dreadful reverse. Some robbers attacked me on my way home, and cut off my head, to take out my brains, but I got it from them, and in trying to put it on in the dark, I reversed it, and there is no remedy. You see my face is on the back of my head.

Doctor. Sure enough, you have made a great mistake. You should have sent for a surgeon,* and not have trusted to your own skill. Let me see. (*He turns the head suddenly from right to left, and left to right, as if examining it, and then says*) — It is loose yet, and I think it will not be difficult to take it off, and set it right.

Mr. D. Do you really think so, Doctor?

Doctor. I have no doubt of it, but you must allow me to manage you in my own way.

* Mr. D. may wear coat and vest with the back in front.

Mr. D. Is there no danger, Doctor? It is a dreadful business.

Doctor. I will warrant a cure, if you will let me have my way.

Mr. D. I will be as submissive as a lamb. I shall be willing to suffer any thing but death to be rectified. Only think, Doctor, of always having the cape of one's coat in one's mouth, and one's queue in one's bosom, and of always looking behind.

Doctor. Retrospection is often dreadful; but be of good cheer, I have no doubt I can set all right; but, first, you must let me blind your eyes, that you may not shrink from my preparations.

Mr. D. Any thing. Do as you please, Doctor. (*The Doctor blinds his eyes.*)

Doctor. I think it will be better to remove your coat and vest lest they should be soiled. (*He takes them off.*) Now, James, do you take the left ear, and when I give the word, pull hard to the right, and you Thomas, take the right ear, and pull strongly to the left. In the mean time, I will separate the parts, and adjust the head to the body. (*He puts a small cord around the neck, and holds an end in each hand.*) I will count three, and, at the word three, let all move as one. Now, one, ——— two ——— three! (*James and Thomas pull with apparent violence, and the Doctor pulls the string so as to lead the patient to think he is cut around the neck.*)

Mr. D. O Doctor, Doctor, I am a dead man!

Doctor. You will be, if you speak while your head is off. (*He affects to fix it on, squeezing it on the sides of the neck, and striking it hard on the top.*) Steady, steady. James give me my *Thuringæ-pendente-hypogastri-curente* fluid, for that will instantly stanch the blood, and restore the skin, so that no scar will be left. (*He washes the neck.*) There, there, see how beautifully it heals!

James. I never saw the like Who would have thought it?

Thomas. Mercy on me, what a change!

Doctor. Beautiful operation. I shall beg permission to report it in the Medical Journal. James, run for a glass that your master may see himself, and, Thomas, put on his

garments again. (*Thomas puts them on as they should be, and James arrives with the glass and holds it up before his master.*)

Doctor. There Mr. Doloroso, you may see with your own eyes, that all is right.

Mr. D. Not unless you uncover them, Doctor.

Doctor. True, true. Uncover them slowly, Thomas, lest the light should strike them too suddenly in their enfeebled state. (*Thomas takes off the bandage, and James holds up the glass.*)

Mr. D. Well, upon my word, this is wonderful. (*He feels of the back of his head and cape of his coat; unbuttons and buttons his coat and vest.*) Wonderful, wonderful! Doctor, I am under everlasting obligations to you. James and Thomas I shall never forget you. Do you think I may now eat with safety, Doctor?

Doctor. Certainly, but you must be careful not to eat weather-cocks, for they turn the head, and I should recommend total abstinence from all spirits, for they twist the intellect and put windmills into the brain.

Mr. D. O, I'll never drink another drop of any thing but water, Doctor. I swear I never will.

Doctor. I'll answer for your head then with my own. Come, I will go and dine with you to see how eating affects you.

Mr. D. Do, Doctor, do, for I wish to be sure that all is right, before you leave me. Come, come in.

LII. THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

PRIEST AND STRANGER.

P. Thrice welcome, stranger, to the mystic well!

S. Thanks for thy welcome, worthy priest. There goes
A tale, that when a pair, in happy wedlock joined,
Begin the race of marriage life, which ever
First shall quaff the sacred stream, shall lead

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The other, and precedence gain, and power,
And such control as may not be o'ercome.

P. The legend runneth thus, and the good saint
Who blessed the well, hath thus endowed the water
And each day bears witness to the legend's truth;
For hither come the happy mates, who just
Have sworn to serve each other, and obey,
That, on the virtue of the mystic wave,
And through the merit of our patron saint,
They may annul the vow so late imposed.

S. 'Tis well; I would a draft of this same well
Secure; for, though in love, and meet discretion
I would live, I much do fear there is in her
Whom I have wed, a fiery will, that may
If unrestrained, usurp dominion, and
Me hold in base subjection.

P. Haste then to taste the crystal fount, and know
That, in proportion to the water drank,
Will be the ascendancy, if every glass
Be sanctified by such a gift as noble hearts,
On such intentions bent, do freely yield.

S. I understand the terms, then haste thee quick,
Lest the other party come, and by her arts
Anticipate the cup that now is sure.

P. Drink then, and may St. Keyne thy purpose bless.

(He gives a glass of water, and the stranger, giving money, drinks hastily, calls for another glass, another, and another, paying liberally for each glass. After the fourth glass, the priest says —)

Methinks thou hast acquired an adequate
Control, and need'st not fear the uncurbed will
Of any woman sprung from mother Eve.
But, stranger, now all fear is banished, I
Would fain inquire the general bearing, and
The form of her, whose faithful service thou,
And due submission, by this timely draft
Of the mysterious flood hast well secured.

S. Her form is that of angels, and her air
Angelic too. Her eye bespeaks command;
The robe of azure blue she always wears,
Beseems of heaven.

P. Of azure blue, of such and such a cast?

S. E'en such. You know my charmer then?

P. At early morn, before the sun had gilt
The highest hills, a lady such as she
Did hither come, and full confession make
Of her intent to wed; and, lest her lord,
After the solemn ceremony, should
Outrun her nimblest speed, she bade me fill
A vessel of capacious size, and this
To church she took, that, when the nuptial knot
Was fairly tied, without a moment's loss,
She might the water drink, and thus secure
The power that thou less shrewd, I fear, hast missed.

S. And all my speed is vain! Plague on the water,
Priest!
Bottled, and borne to church!

P. And drained to the last drop ere thou didst taste.

S. 'Twas fairly done. But, worthy monk, do not
My secret tell, and I will give thee thrice
The fee thy hands now grasp, for deeper shame
I deem it to be thus by saints befooled,
Than by a witty woman to be ruled.

LIII. ALEXANDER AND THE SCYTHIAN.

Alex. Whence are you?

Scyth. From Scythia.

Al. Whom seek you?

Scy. Alexander, whom men style the Great.

Al. I am he.

Scy. No. He must be a man.

Al. Ah! What call you a man?

Scy. The king I serve in height, and size, and strength
exceeds all others. Your arms are short and cannot grasp
what Alexander covets.

Al. I am Alexander, nevertheless. What would you
with me?

Scy. Rumor says you march to Scythia. My errand is to warn you of the danger.

Al. Danger would be a motive to go on.

Scy. We have nothing there to tempt your avarice.

Al. You are not subject yet to Alexander, and the world must all be his.

Scy. We live in tents, and have no houses for you to burn and plunder.

Al. Alexander will teach you how to build some.

Scy. We have no wealth but flocks, whose skins do clothe, whose flesh doth feed our wives and children.

Al. We will teach you to weave your garments, and to cultivate the ground.

Scy. We ask for no such knowledge. We are satisfied with what the Gods have given us.

Al. We will teach you what is law.

Scy. We want none. Equity and justice we inherit by nature, and we need no laws to enforce them. You covet our land. We neither covet nor plunder.

Al. Have you gold or silver?

Scy. We have milk and honey instead. Our land is undivided. What all own no one covets. You covet the whole world, and would follow the sun and know where he hides at night.

Al. We bring you arts.

Scy. The gods have given us a sheep, a javelin, and a cup. The sheep supplies our wants, the javelin repels our enemies, the cup rejoices our friends. We ask nothing of Alexander.

Al. We will teach you the sublime philosophy of Greece.

Scy. We reverence the gods, and are just to men, and live contentedly without philosophy.

Al. It will teach you what is virtue.

Scy. We are virtuous through ignorance of vice.

Al. Alexander has conquered all but Scythia, and why not Scythia too?

Scy. It were a greater conquest to spare Scythia. Who can not rule his avarice must be unfit to rule a world.

Al. On what terms then, shall we treat?

Scy. On equal terms or none.

Al. We are not equal. I have a world, and you a wilderness.

Scy. They are equals, who ne'er have tried their strength against each other. What shall I tell my master?

Al. That Alexander will receive him as a friend, and and treat him as a king.

Scy. He will prove worthy of your friendship. (*He goes out.*)

Al. (*Alone.*) And it has come to this! A king of wandering shepherds claims equality with Alexander, and establishes his claim! I have waded years in blood to learn that poverty with sweet content is better far than the possession of a conquered world; and the philosophy of Greece is foolishness compared with the simplicity of nature. I must see this Scythian king, and prove to him that greatness doth not rest in size, nor strength in armies.

LIV. LET YOUR YEA BE YEA.

CHARLOTTE AND HITT.

Charlotte. Do tell me, Hitty, when you expect to finish that endless history. You have been a whole year upon it.

Hitty. I shall be many more years upon it, if, as you say, it is endless.

C. If it is not endless, it must be infinitely dull. I would not read it for the world.

H. I would read it for half the world, and then learn it by heart.

C. I prefer to read novels; there is something magnificent in a good novel.

H. In what does the magnificence consist? I find more of them ridiculous than magnificent.

C. I devoured a horrid good one yesterday, and I will lend it to you, if you will promise to read it soon.

H. I cannot spare the time just now, and besides, I am not fond of horrid things.

C. Why, you simple one, I do not mean that there is any thing actually horrid in it, but only that it is exquisitely delightful. Do you understand me now?

H. I fear not; such books sometimes amuse me, but they never afford me such exquisite delight as you say they do you.

C. O dear! I think there is something divine in a first rate novel, and I adore to read one, it makes your dry histories appear so supremely irksome.

H. I should prefer then not to read such books; for, when fiction renders truth distasteful, it is better to let it alone.

C. My little philosopher, you will never live to grow up; you are too mighty fine to survive your teens. For my part, I worship enthusiasm, and prefer soaring with the sky lark, to creeping with the mud turtle, though, I suppose, you think the tortoise transcendently superior to the lark.

H. I never thought of comparing those animals, but I think each is interesting in its place.

C. O yes, the tortoise is a splendid animal, and so grave that he would make a brilliant historian.

H. I never examined him in history, but I think if he reads any thing, it must be *novel*. But, Lotty, you must agree with me that his gait is exquisitely graceful, and his air infinitely majestic.

C. What!

H. Do you not think his coat of mail magnificent, and his vivacity horrid interesting? Don't you adore his divine caudal extremity?

C. What do you mean, Hi? Are you crazy?

H. Is there not something exquisitely delightful in his physiognomy? and is not his very *flatness* supremely amusing?

C. Mehitable; what do you mean? There, I will call you by your transcendently abominable name, you are so perverse.

H. How am I perverse? Do you not think with me that there is something magnificently grand in whiskers?

something inimitably musical in an oath? (*Charlotte tries to put her hand over Hitty's mouth, while Hitty says,*) is there not something indescribably grand, something perfectly splendiferously superb in a pipe? something —

C. Hold your tongue, Hit, or I'll never forgive you.

H. Excuse me, my dear Charlotte, I only wished to make you sensible of a habit, not peculiar to you, to be sure, but one into which you have inconsiderately fallen, that of using extravagant language to express very common ideas. If my rhapsodies have induced you to notice the fault, I shall, be very glad, or, as you would say, infinitely delighted.

C. Miss Mehitable Dunstan, you are a plague, but I know you love me, and I shall be eternally —

H. No, Miss Charlotte Perkins Mandeville, not quite eternally —

C. Well then, I shall be very much obliged to you, if you will watch me closely until I have corrected a habit, which, I have often heard, is rendering our countrywomen quite ridiculous. Henceforth I will try to avoid superlatives, and believe with the poet, that,

“A simple thought is best expressed
In modest phrase; for, jackdaws dressed
In peacock's plumes, appear to us
Less splendid than ridiculous.”

LV. THE WALKING DICTIONARY.

JOHNSON, WITH A LARGE DICTIONARY. WAGNER AND PETER, HIS SCHOOLMATES.

Johnson. Approximate no farther, caitiffs, you have interrupted my ratiocination.

Wagner. O, rash-y-osh-y-nosh-y-un. Well, Doctor, what is your rash-y-osh-y-nosh-y-tun?

John. Of course you do not comprehend any refinement of phraseology. Ratiocination is profound, intellectual rumination.

Wag. O, is it! I should not think such a little body as yours could hold so many big words. They are as long as tapeworms. I should like to know how you find room for any thing you eat.

Peter. I wonder how he makes himself understood when he asks for any thing. Tell me, Doctor, how would you ask your mother for a piece of bread?

John. I should implore my maternal predecessor to bestow on me a portion of that nutriment for which it is enjoined on us to make diurnal supplication.

Wag. O dear! well what would you do then; hand your maternal predecessor a dictionary?

P. A lexicographical vocabulary, you should say; I should think the Doctor's mamma would need one.

John. I can not perceive what course of ratiocination leads you to treat thus contemptuously my endeavors to express the lucubrations of my encephalon in the most magniloquent terms.

Wag. Do say that again, Doctor, for really it is too great to be swallowed at once.

P. Doctor, what do you mean by your encephalon, if that is the word?

John. Something that does not appertain to the simple. You would not know if I should elucidate my asseveration, for a rap on your cranium would only produce reverberations.

P. Doctor, how would your encephalom direct you to say "How do you do," to a friend?

John. Get out! — I mean — retire to some extraneous locality. I will not submit to indignity though the final cataplasm should supervene.

Wag. The final cata — what?

John. It is enough for me to furnish the language, I cannot translate it for you numsculls.

Wag. Lend me your dictionary, then. You called the end of all things the final cata — something, what was it?

John. Cataplasm, you verdant.

Wag. (*Turning over the dictionary.*) C-a-t, cat, a, cat-a-pl-a-s-m, plasm — cataplasm — a poultice — ha! ha! ha!

P. I have heard of various ways in which the world

is to be destroyed, but this, by a great poultice, is new to me.

John. Let me investigate. (*Takes the dictionary.*) Surely, the lexicographer must have deviated from rectitude.

Wag. O yes, the dictionary is wrong, no doubt, and not our eruditissimus great little Doctor! I think I once heard the flood called a Cataclysm; is not that your word, Doctor?

John. It is. I slipped inadvertently.

P. You will often do so, if you carry your head in the clouds. Now, Dr. Samuel Johnson, in plain English, what is the use of your using such high-flown words in ordinary conversation?

John. How will the ignorant know that I am a student, if I speak as they do?

P. My opinion is, that, where one ignorant person would set you up for a student, twenty ignoramuses would set you down for a fool. Come, give up your nonsense, or I will put a great "cataplasm" on your "encephalon" to restore you to your "ratiocination."

John. I suppose I may as well succumb.

Wag. Suck — what? You had better leave off sucking, and become a man. Take my advice, and don't look in your dictionary again this twelvemonth. Good English is as far removed from high-flown as from vulgar words, as the best manners are equally removed from affectation and rudeness.

P. Come, Doctor, give up the cataplasm style, and adopt the natural.

John. Well, cataplasm shall be flood, encephalon shall be brain, and succumb shall be submit, from this time forth, forever. Come, boys; let us go and have some fun, as we used to do, and let him who speaks a word of more than one syllable be turned out of the play.

LVI. THE BRIDAL.

MARY AND HER MOTHER.

Mary. Dear Mother, while the village bells thus ring
 Their joyous peals, and all the world's astir
 To see the bride, and welcome her and him,
 Who is to be her own, to all the bliss
 That waits on wedded love, — why is it now
 That you alone are sad, and still look on
 As if the wedding were a funeral?

Mother. 'T were better far to be enwrapped at once
 In the white shroud, than to drag out a life
 Like that, which she must live, who only weds
 A mate, and has no good security
 Against the ills, that press on married life,
 And sour the spirit, blight the happiness,
 That promised, on the wedding morn, to be
 Eternal.

Mary. Mother, why should you suspect
 That such a gloom will spread o'er Kate's fair morn,
 When all is now so full of sunny peace?

Mother. I once was young as Kate, as joyous too,
 And innocent; and I too loved as she,
 And was beloved; but love could not avert
 The ills that pressed in quick succession, till
 Hope of relief was banished from the soul,
 And sorrow produced sorrow, till at last,
 Despair triumphant ruled, and love
 Was agony, when it could not relieve
 The objects of its love.

Mary. And have you felt
 The misery you so fearfully describe?
 I oft have noticed that, when I was light
 Of heart, and buoyant with delight,
 The smile of sympathy that lit your brow,
 Was like a rainbow on the weeping sky,
 The pledge of hope, but the memorial too
 Of storms just past, that havoc dire had made
 Of all earth's loveliness.

Mother. In youth I dreamed,
As the young only dream, of earthly Edens,
Where the blight of sin, of sorrow, and the curse
Of poverty ne'er came ; where all the ground
Was strowed with flowers and every breeze loaded
With health. I never since have dreamed such dreams.

Mary. Poor Kate, I almost shudder at the thought
That so much promise can be ever changed
To bitter disappointment ; that the flowers,
Which now thy pathway strow, and perfume shed
To enchant the sense, but cover flints that watch
To lacerate the tender foot, and make
The bed of roses hard and comfortless.

Mother. Thy father, like the youth whom Kate adries,
Possessed a gentle soul, and promise gave
Of excellence. In liberal thought and deed,
In love for me, and tender love for all
The little ones, that God, in seeming grace,
Bestowed, he equalled all that e'er I dreamed
But in our Eden soon a tempter came,
And we were driven out, as with a sword,
More keen and piercing than the flaming brand,
That drove our parents from primeval peace.

Mary. I never heard the tale, but only know
That I had brothers once, and sisters too
Who often lacked the bread, and clothes, and fire,
That other children had. And I remember,
Every now and then, a gloomy hearse appeared
And bore away my playmates, little Sue
And Jessie, Willy, Charley, Jane, and, last
Of all, my father went away, and came
No more ; and then our home began to look
More cheerful, to my childish eye at least,
Though darkness seemed to settle o'er the heart
That still was warin to me, my mother dear.

Mother. O happy childhood, which can not discern
The ills that 'neath the surface lie, and knows
No storm beyond an April shower. 'Tis hard
To cast a shade o'er thy bright hopes of morn,
And yet 't were cruel not to speak, when those
We love approach the pitfall, and prepare

In ignorance to make the fatal plunge.

Mary. Dear mother, what can mean the mystery
That hangs o'er your discourse. If danger lurk
In Kate's bright path, but point it out, and I
Will warn her off, or watch in her defence.

Mother. There is no cure for the evil I deplore.
The cup once tasted, all the ties of love,
All hope of honest fame, all fear of shame,
All tenderness, and decency are lost.
The tears, the broken hearts, the pallid corse
Of loved ones, e'en still loved when reason reigns,
Waigh not a feather when the tempter comes.
Kate knows that he she loves, and who no doubt
Loves her, has touched the cursed thign, and will,
If tempted, trespass on ; for, appetite,
When unrestrained by principle, is like
The mountain torrent that doth glide along
The level spots with gentlest current, but
Is sure to plunge adown each precipice,
And ruin bear, not verdure, to the vale.

Mary. But, mother, will not he, when hers, be held
In such restraint, that he will ne'er o'erstep
The line of rectitude ?

Mother. It is an axiom,
That the man who dares to drain the cup
While but expectant, can not trusted be
When in possession. And the maid who hopes,
In wedlock to reform him who defied
Her power before, is ignorant or mad.

Mary. But, mother, now the bells are ringing all,
It seems too late for us to interpose.

Mother. It never is too late to save the sinner,
Never, sure, to save the tempted. Tell your Kate,
That every chime, that now rings in her ears,
Will toll a dirge ere she has travelled far
In matrimony, and the pledge to love,
Serve, honor and to cherish, until death
Dissolve the bond, is nought, nought, nought,
Without the pledge of total abstinence.
Tell this to Kate from one who knows too well
The dreadful truth, and warn her to beware.

LVII. SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

MR. AND MRS. CAUDLE.

Mrs. C. Do I understand you to say, husband, that you forbade the teacher to flog the scholars?

Mr. C. How can I tell what you understand, my dear?

Mrs. C. How can you tell what I understand! You know well enough what I mean, Mr. Caudle.

Mr. C. That would be to know more than you know, which you never have been willing to allow.

Mrs. C. Caudle, you *know* that you told the teacher not to flog the children any more.

Mr. C. Well, supposing, for the sake of harmony, that I do know it, what then?

Mrs. C. What then! why, you ought to be whipped yourself.

Mr. C. I am going to be whipped, it seems.

Mrs. C. Going to be whipped! with what, pray? it ought to be with a cat-o'-nine-tails.

Mr. C. It is one, in the shape of a lady's tongue.

Mrs. C. In the shape of a lady's tongue! Do you mean to call my tongue a lady's tongue, Caudle? Just let me hear you say that again, if you dare.

Mr. C. I beg pardon; either you mistook my remark or I did yours.

Mrs. C. No mistake about it, Caudle. Look me in the face, if you dare to face the truth.

Mr. C. Is your face a mirror?

Mrs. C. Is my face a mirror! What do you mean? that you face the truth when you see yourself in the glass. Caudle, you dare not look me in the face. You know you dare not.

Mr. C. Well, taking that for granted, what then?

Mrs. C. You know you told the teacher not to lick the scholars.

Mr. C. She never *licks* them, though she sometimes washes them.

Mrs. C. You know what I mean, only you catch at words.

Mr. C. I suppose to lick, means to flog with the tongue, as females, who deny that they are ladies, flog their husbands.

Mrs. C. Caudle, how you twist every thing I say! Now, answer me point-blank, did you or did you not forbid the teacher to flog the scholars any more?

Mr. C. Yes.

Mrs. C. What do you mean by yes? Yes you did or yes you did n't.

Mr. C. I answered point-blank, as you directed.

Mrs. C. Caudle, you are enough to provoke a saint. Did you not forbid her to strike a child?

Mr. C. Yes.

Mrs. C. Yes! what do you mean by yes?

Mr. C. I meant an affirmative answer to your negative question.

Mrs. C. Caudle, do you understand English? Answer me that!

Mr. C. Sometimes.

Mrs. C. Sometimes! what do you mean by sometimes?

Mr. C. You seem not to understand English.

Mrs. C. You know what I mean, you provoking creature, you know I mean to ask whether you understand me.

Mr. C. I think I do thoroughly. (*Smiling.*)

Mrs. C. Caudle, I should like to beat you within an inch of your life. Forbid the teacher to strike the children! I guess you had better do so.

Mr. C. I am glad you approve of my course. The Committee also thought I had better do so.

Mrs. C. How you pervert every thing I say! Why did n't you consult me before you gave your orders?

Mr. C. I did not know you were on the School Committee.

Mrs. C. On the Committee, no, it's well I am not. I would have proved that you are all madmen or fools. Not whip the children! A pretty pass we are coming to.

You might as well tell me not to feed them. Have n't children been whipped six thousand years?

Mr. C. Yes, and we concluded that, as children grow worse and worse, it is time to try some other method, and when we have tried the new plan as long, if it succeeds no better, we will go back to the old one.

Mrs. C. Well, Caudle, there is some wit in you, after all, but it never comes out till I have given you a basting. I should like to see the man or woman that would strike one of *my* children.

LVIII. THE TWO QUACKS.

MR. SLENDER, AND MR. BOLDEN, HIS BROTHER IN LAW; DR. BOLUS, AND DR. RHUBARB.

Mr. S. Do not say another word, brother. You may depend upon it that it is all over with me, and I beg you not to persist in your opinion. I have sent for the doctors, and shall do as they may order.

Mr. B. Very well, but why send for two physicians, when one is enough to send you to the other world.

Mr. S. I thought it would be safer to have two, and then nothing will be done rashly.

Mr. B. But if they disagree, what then?

Mr. S. I must call in a third, or use my own judgment, and mediate between them. But they will come separately.

Mr. B. Very well. There will be fine work. Here they come together. (*Enter Dr. Bolus and Dr. Rhubarb.*)

Dr. B. Good morning, Mr. S., how do you find yourself?

Mr. S. Almost gone, Doctor. I do not know that you gentlemen can help me, but I thought it my duty to send for you both.

Dr. B. Both! Is this gentleman a physician?

Dr. R. I have that honor, sir, but did not know this was to be a consultation.

Dr. B. Nor I. Let us proceed, then, in our examination, and confer together afterwards. Will the patient be good enough to show his tongue?

Dr. B. Bilious, uh!

Dr. R. About as bilious as my cane. Let me feel your pulse. Feverish — hem! hem!

Dr. B. About as feverish as my whip handle, uh! Do you feel any pain any where?

Mr. S. No pain, but a dreadful weakness all over.

Dr. R. Lungs, lungs, I suspected as much, hem!

Dr. B. Liver, undoubtedly. Uh! Please to take a long inspiration. (*The patient does so.*) Any pain, Sir?

Mr. S. No, Sir, never had any pain in the lungs.

Dr. B. No, I thought not; there, Dr. Rhubarb!

Dr. R. (*Punching the patient on the right side.*) Any pain there, Sir?

Mr. S. None, but what you cause, Doctor.

Dr. R. (*Punching him in the chest and putting his ear to his heart.*) About as much pneumonia as there is in my boot. Hem!

Dr. B. About as much bile as there is in my hat. Uh!

Dr. R. Go on, Sir.

Dr. B. Go on, yourself, Sir. You know as much about the prognostics and diagnostics of this case as my horse does.

Dr. R. The horse knows more than his master.

Mr. S. Gentlemen, I did not send for you to witness a quarrel. You see a dying man before you, don't let him suffer from your discordant feelings.

Dr. B. You did wrong, Sir, to send for that fellow.

Dr. R. You did wrong, Sir, to send for *that* fellow.

Dr. B. Which shall prescribe for you, Sir?

Mr. S. Both of you, gentlemen, I will take any thing you order. Do n't quarrel, gentlemen.

Dr. R. I shall order you Sal. Pynch. Cal. half a drachm, twice a day.

Dr. B. It will kill you, Sir, in twenty-four hours. You must take Ac. Regis. Con. Spic. two drachms every hour.

Dr. R. It will kill you in half an hour.

(*Each Doctor takes out a phial and pours his medicine into a large spoon.*)

Dr. B. Take this, Sir.

Dr. R. There's death in it. Take this, Sir.

Mr. S. Which shall I take, gentlemen? I wish to obey you both.

Dr. B. Take this, Sir, or I will not answer for your life another hour.

Dr. R. Take this, Sir, or you are a dead man in five minutes.

Mr. S. Suppose I take both, gentlemen, will not one prevent the other from harming me?

Bro. You may as well take neither.

Dr. B. That fellow, (*pointing to Dr. R.*) knows nothing of your case, Sir.

Dr. R. Take that, Sir, (*throwing his medicine in his face,*) since the patient will not.

Dr. B. Take that! (*throwing his mixture in Dr. R's face.*)

Mr. S. Gentlemen, what will be the consequence of thus wasting the medicine at this crisis?

Bro. Your life will be saved, if there is any truth in the Doctors.

Dr. R. Who are *you*, Sir?

Dr. B. Yes, Sir, who are *you*?

Bro. One who neither loves your physic, nor fears your anger.

Dr. R. How dare you step, Sir, between the patient and his medical advisers?

Dr. B. Yes, Sir, how dare you interfere, in a case of such moment, Sir?

Mr. S. Brother, how can you interrupt the gentlemen, when I have but a moment, perhaps, to live?

Bro. (*To Dr. R.*) What is the matter with the patient, Sir?

Dr. R. It is a strong case of peri-cogno-mena-ignotha, Sir.

Dr. B. A strong case of *ninguna cosa*, Sir. Sir, the man is as well as I am.

Dr. R. And much more honest.

Dr. B. You have taken my liquid, now, Sir, you may take the solid. (*He strikes Dr. R., who chases him out of the room*.)

Bro. Now, brother, if you will let me prescribe for you, I will insure your speedy recovery.

Mr. S. Well, brother, what shall I take? I will obey you.

Bro. Take of *Sensus Communis*, half a grain, of *Fortitudinis Vulgaris*, quantum suf. and you may laugh at the doctors.

Mr. S. If you will mix it, brother, I will take it instantly. O dear, how much precious time we have lost by this quarrel!

LIX. THE MARRYING MISER.

SKINFLINT, *the miser.*

TRIMMER, *his neighbor.*

JAMES, *his cook and coachman.*

BRINDLE, } *servants to Skinflint.*
FINCH, }

Skinflint. You say your daughter will marry me without compulsion.

Trimmer. To be sure she will; she dares not do otherwise.

Skin. I am overjoyed, but what dowry does she insist on.

Trim. Twenty thousand.

Skin. Too much, too much, when she brings nothing.

Trim. You do her injustice, she brings more than you give her.

Skin. How so? I did not know that she brought me anything.

Trim. She is but twenty, and you are sixty at least, and she gives you forty years, which you may set down at five hundred a year or twenty thousand.

Skin. Eh, eh! Is that all she brings?

Trim. She is prudent and frugal, and will save you at least five hundred a year, that any other wife would spend.

Skin. Eh, eh!

Trim. She hates gaming and pleasure, and will not lose you five hundred a year, as most fashionable wives do, at the gaming table or the theatre.

Skin. Eh, eh! go on, go on, Mr. Trimmer.

Trim. She has no poor relations, and you will save five hundred more by not having to entertain them.

Skin. Eh, eh! but there is no real estate in all this.

Trim. Is not marriage an *estate*?

Skin. Yes, marriage must be called an estate. Well?

Trim. Well, is there nothing *real* in having a young wife who sacrifices forty years? nothing *real* in economy and frugality? nothing *real* in abstaining from expensive pleasures and from ruinous play? nothing *real* in saving you from the incumbrance of nobody knows how many poor relations?

Skin. This is all negative property, or at best, promissory notes never payable. But you are sure the girl will have me?

Trim. Certainly, and as she is to dine with you, I will go and see that she is ready. (*Trimmer goes out.*)

Skin. Brindle, come here! You must dust all the furniture, but don't rub it for fear of wearing it out. At dinner you must be butler, but, if a bottle is missing or broken, I shall take it out of your wages.

Brin. Very well, sir. (*Aside.*) Such pay is better than none.

Skin. You, Finch, must hand round the wine, but only where it is called for; and don't provoke the guests to drink as some impertinent servants do, when, if it was not offered, they wouldn't think of drinking a drop. Sometimes you needn't hear them call, and be sure always to carry a pitcher of water on the waiter with the wine.

Brin. My clothes are ragged, master, and have a great rent behind.

Finch. And mine have a great grease spot there as big as your hand.

Skin. You must both keep your backs to the wall, and always face the company. There, be good boys, and go to work. (*They go out.*) James, come here!

James. Is it James the coachman, or James the cook you call?

Skin. Both.

James. But which of them first?

Skin. The cook.

James. Wait a minute then. (*He puts on a cook's apron.*) Now, sir, your orders.

Skin. What can you give us for dinner, James?

James. That depends upon the money you give me to purchase it.

Skin. The deuce it does! It is always so with you. I never mention dinner but you cry money! money! Any body can provide a dinner with money, but the great art consists in providing a good dinner without money.

James. How many guests will there be?

Skin. Ten, but you must only provide for eight. When there's enough for eight there's enough for ten, all the cook books allow.

James. I understand. To be decent, we shall need three dishes.

Skin. Villain! you will ruin me.

James. Soup; — fish; — beef; — (*Skinflint puts his hand over his mouth.*)

Skin. Traitor, stop, you will eat up all my property.

James. Puddings; — pies; — (*He puts his hand over James's mouth again as he says*) nuts; oranges; grapes —

Skin. Do you wish to kill the company, — to kill them by repletion? Go and read the Physiology, or ask the doctor if any thing is so prejudicial to health as such excess. "We must live to eat, and not eat to live," as the great man says.

James. (*aside.*) He has only misplaced the words.

Skin. What, are you muttering, fellow? Now, mind me, get only such things as are least likely to be eaten; such as soon cloy; such as the guests will not take the trouble to eat. Let them peel their own oranges; crack the nuts badly. Be most officious with what costs least.

James. You may rely upon me. Now, sir, (*while he*

speaks he takes off his apron and puts on a coachman's great coat) what orders for your coachman?

Skin. Clean the carriage, and put in the horses to bring "my future" over.

James. One wheel of the carriage is smashed, sir, as you know, and the poor horses would be on the litter, if they had any. They are better than the Pharisees, however.

Skin. What do you mean, blasphemer, why are they better than the Pharisees?

James. Because they fast more than twice in the week.

Skin. They are eating up all my substance, you villain.

James. And losing their own. They are only shadows of horses.

Skin. They have had nothing to do.

James. And nothing to eat. They can do without work better than without food. So far from drawing the carriage, they can't drag themselves.

Skin. Silence, impertinent! You are proving that what everybody says of you is true.

James. So are you proving the truth of what they say of you.

Skin. What do they dare to say of me? Tell me frankly. Speak out!

James. They say you have an almanac printed for your own use, in which you have no holidays and many fasts; that you always quarrel with your servants just at Christmas and New Year, so that they may expect no presents; that your coachman caught you one night stealing the grain that he had placed in the crib for your own horses, and, pretending not to know you, he gave you a sounder thrashing than the grain ever had, and you said nothing about it; in fine, everybody says that you are an old fool to expect to marry such a young wife, and that you cannot see with spectacles what a blind man could see in the dark.

Skin. Hold, slanderer, or you shall be hanged the moment the dinner is over. I'll serve you as they serve mad dogs.

James. It will be a late dinner, if you wait for me to serve it. Farewell, old fourpence half-penny.

LX. DAVID AND GOLIATH.

SAUL. DAVID. GOLIATH, (*the latter armed.*)

Saul. My noble boy, I cannot but perceive
In every movement, and in every word,
That 'tis not thou alone that goest forth
To meet Gath's champion. Israel's God
Inspirits thee, and therefore art thou strong.
Thy foe advances. I would gladly strive
Beside thee, with thee live or die. Far more
I need encouragement than thou. Farewell! (*He goes out.*)

Goliath. (advancing.) Israel has accepted, and I come
To meet her champion, but the knight
Has fled and left this stripling in his room.
Go call thy master, boy, and tell him I,
Goliath, the great champion of Gath,
Await him. Speed thee quick, or, by the gods
Of great Philistia, I will toss thy corpse
To the vultures, who would hardly thank
Me for the meagre banquet. Hence, I say!

David. My master is the living God, and I,
His servant, and my country's chosen one,
Do in that country's name, and in the name
Of great Jehovah, meet thy bold defiance.

Goliath. Thou! and does the king abet the insult,
And expect that I shall spare in pity
What 'twere little fame to slay. Begone, I say!
Or I will treat thee as the worm on which
I tread to rid the earth of vermin. Go,
And bid thy mother keep her boys at home.

David. The deer is larger than the dog, and yet
The dog can worry him. The battle is not
With the strong or to the bulky; for, a bear

Once smote my flock ; a lion once, and yet
I tore the victims from their jaws, and both
With these hands slew. I do not heed thy size,
Which makes my aim more sure.

Goliath. Thy words provoke
My wrath, and yet I know not whether most
To laugh or to avenge. I hoped a foe
Would venture forth, whom it were not disgrace
To kill ; but thou ! — I counsel thee, vain boy,
To seek thy home, and watch thy tender sheep,
If any are entrusted to such hands.

David. The God I serve works not by instruments
Like those men use. A woman with a nail
Did silence Sisera, and put to flight
The host of Canaan ; and my God to-day
Will give thee to my hands, and I shall smite
Thy head from off thee, and the mighty sword,
Which thou art girdeth with, my weapon be.

Goliath. By all the gods I worship, this is more
Than flesh and blood can bear. Where, rash shepherd,
Is thy armor, where thy sword ? 'Twere base to strike
A boy unarmed.

David. Thou com'st to me with sword
And spear and shield, but in the awful name
Of Israel's God I come, and with this stone
And the same sling that simple shepherds use,
The Lord whom thou defiest will now give
A lesson to Philistia, who hath dared
To lift herself against Jehovah.

Goliath. Now
Will I stop thy prate, although my sword
Would rather rust than soil itself to drink
Such feeble blood. Curst for a coward king
Is he who sent thee forth, and cursed thy God
Who moves thee now to mock Gath's champion thus.*

(While he speaks these words, David swings his sling, Goliath instantly strikes his hand upon his forehead, reels and falls.)

David. Great is the God of Israel, and henceforth,
Let all the people bless his holy name !

* The dialogue may end here or be finished as follows.

LXI. DOES LEARNING INCREASE HAPPINESS?

A CONFERENCE. (*Five Characters.*)

A. To me there appears to be no room for any difference of opinion upon this subject, for who can doubt that knowledge gives increase of happiness as well as power.

B. The case is by no means so one sided as you suppose, and I am prepared to maintain, that, in most cases, increase of knowledge is increase of pain, or that, as the wise king expressed it, "all knowledge increaseth sorrow."

C. How can that be, since knowledge enables us to remove pain.

B. Much depends on what you call pain, and I believe that, oftentimes, the happiest are those who endure the most. The martyr has embraced the stake with joy. The knowledge of the physician may quiet the heart-burn, but it will not cure the heart-ache.

A. Surely you will not pretend that the educated are more afflicted with the heart-ache than the ignorant and humble minded.

B. I surely do mean this. The ills of life are multiplied by the refinements of education. The sensitiveness to emotions that give pain, increase with this refinement.

A. May we not grant this, and still maintain that education fits the mind to bear this increase of ill, and who denies that cultivated taste opens new inlets to delight, sources of pleasure that the ignorant must lack.

D. If we may judge of human happiness by outward show, I think that I have seen more perfect happiness in the cellars of poverty, and even in the hovels of the slave, than I have seen in polished and refined saloons.

C. We must determine what is happiness before we can proceed with certainty to say who has it in the largest measure. It seems to me the happiness of the slave resembles that of the lower animals and nothing higher.

B. You will not surely say that knowledge always elevates and refines the mind. I have been led to think it oftener sharpens the animal instincts, and makes refinement to consist rather in delicate vice or splendid evil, than in true elevation of the soul to the great heights of virtue.

D. I knew a learned man who spent his life in educating three fair daughters. No expense was spared to give them such instruction as would make them ornaments to the lordly halls of wealth, and to the classic bowers of learning and refinement. All that could purify the taste was cultivated without stint, and the fond father had the pleasure to behold his daughters all that he had imagined.

A. Well, they were happy then in their capacity for enjoyment, and he was happy in his great success.

B. Not so. The minds thus cultivated lacked the means of exercise. The father had impoverished himself on their account, and they had wishes that could not be gratified, and aspirations that were not fulfilled. Inlets to happiness had been opened and multiplied, but all their tastes were far above their means of gratification. Envy and disappointment soon began to sour the temper and embitter life, until no beings could be more unhappy or less fitted to enjoy the pleasures within reach. They even taunted their fond parent for the care that he had lavished on them, and declared that they regretted he had not neglected them, that they might love what the poor love, and take delight in what the ignorant admire.

C. 'Tis clear that the instruction was defective, and when we are asked whether learning increases happiness, it is important to determine not only what is happiness, but what is learning, too.

B. Will you name the points in which the education of the daughters was defective?

C. In proper views of life. They had not learned the virtue of self-denial and the grace of resignation.

D. 'Tis true, and these defects so frequently are found that a person of what oft is called a finished education, who comes down to poverty with grace, and does not

repine, and wince, and rail at fortune, is a rare exception and remarked by all.

B. Besides, 't is well to notice that the defects just named in finished education are the first lessons of the poor and ignorant. Their daily work is self-denial, and resignation is an early habit. What to the learned and refined is keenest torture, has no terror for them; and God has well ordained it so, since wealth and ease, knowledge and nice taste must be denied to the greater part of men.

A. If it be true that ignorance is bliss, as you pretend, then must the child be happier far than the adult, for though the adult may little know, even that little will be much, compared with childish ignorance.

D. Who that ever saw the innocent playfulness of infancy can doubt that the happiest hours of life are those which, having no past, know no regrets, and, seeing no future, know no fear. The present is their world, and that is always full of sunshine.

A. Not always, for their tears fall easily and constantly, I think,

B. But they are April showers, that last not long, and but refresh the earth, and leave no gloomy clouds behind. I think no one can doubt that childhood is the happiest part of life.

C. The argument is specious but not sound, for all the joys of childhood cease to be joys when the mind is more mature.

B. I grant it, but the question is not whether the happiness of knowledge is of a higher kind than that of ignorance, but whether the highly educated man is, on the whole, more happy than the untaught.

E. As I have heard the conference thus far, and have not taken sides, may I be now permitted to remark, that, were the world what it should be, and what it might become, if all were wise, then every word of truth, and all that can deserve the name of knowledge, would conduce to the happiness, not only of the possessor, but of all around him. The difficulty is, that men "get knowledge" as the wise man bids, but disregard the rest of the command, "with all thy getting, understanding get."

Knowledge with understanding is what we call wisdom, and no one can be made less happy by possessing wisdom. If we allow the soul to be more excellent than the body, then must its pleasures be superior, too. The daughters who were admitted to a higher sphere and fell from it, would not have fallen from happiness, had they but used their knowledge as they might, instead of mourning over it. There was a world around them, and they had the means of doing good to others, but their selfishness made them repine at their loss, and rest in idleness. The first and chief ingredient of happiness is innocence, the next is active goodness. These, poor men may all possess as well as the rich; and when to these is added knowledge of the right kind, this knowledge confers power, and makes the possessor happier by the means it places in his hands to bless mankind.

LXII. THE GABBLER.

SQUIRE FLIT AND MESSRS. JONES, BAYLEY AND BARNEY, HIS NEIGHBORS.

Flit. How are you, Jones? Is that you, Bayley? and Barney too? How strange that I should kill, — hit, I mean, three birds with one stone. Talking of killing, did I ever tell you of that gunning affair down at the Cape?

Jones. When your gun kicked you over, and you—

Flit. False, Jones, every word of it. By the way, how did your boy get out of that frolic at Brighton? Made him pay well, hey? I'll tell you what—

Bay. Have you heard the news?

Flit. News, no, what news? There was no news an hour ago, except the loss of the Constitution at Barbadoes, and every body expected that. Why, when she was at anchor here, I went on board and told the captain she was unseaworthy, but nobody will take advice now—

o'-days. They know too much, they know too much.

Barney. That's what they sometimes say of somebody not a mile off.

Flit. They do? Who does? The mischief with me is, I never speak my mind. I should save the State millions of dollars if I spoke out, and told half I see. By the way, Bayley, why does your wife wear that shocking bonnet? I would not let my cook wear such an unbecoming affair —

Bay. She thinks —

Flit. Poh, no matter what she thinks, — it's a fright.

Bay. People's opinions differ in matters of taste, and —

Flit. Taste, what's taste? Barney, what are you going to do with that boy of yours? He is a plaguy smart dog, and ought to be employed. Why don't you send him to sea?

Barn. The sea is a bad school of morals.

Flit. So is the land, not a cent to choose between them. When I was a boy just fourteen years, three months, and five days old, I remember my age, because that day, General Washington died, — as I was saying — what was I saying? — gracious, how a man forgets what is at his tongue's end. What on earth *was* I saying? Jones wake up! what's the matter with you?

Jones. Nothing's the matter, I was hearing you run on.

Flit. Run on! what do you mean by running on? I'll talk with any man on any subject for a wager. Do you know that the other day, at town meeting, I was suddenly called on to speak. I had n't an idea in my head, and had n't heard the previous speakers. No matter, says I, here it goes, — and I plunged right into the debate, and —

Bay. Did not say a word to the point, of course.

Flit. Who says so? Now look here, I'll prove to you that it is all false. You see, the town had concluded not to make the road by the great swamp; well, the object was to make them change their determination.

Bay. They did n't do it.

Flit. No, but they ought to have done it, and I told

them so, and one of these days, if not sooner, they'll see their mistake. (*He sits with his back to Jones and the others.*) You see there is but one way to manage a town, and that is, to seem to want what you do n't want, and then they'll oppose you, and grant the opposite, which is just what you do want.

Jones. Wisdom will die when you do, Squire.

(*Jones goes out.*)

Flit. You may say what you please, but there must be somebody to take the lead in public affairs, or nothing will be done.

Bay. You ought to go to Congress, Squire. They want some men there that know what's what.

(*Bayley goes out.*)

Flit. It is not for me to say any thing on that subject, but, if I were in Congress, I believe I could save the country millions of dollars that are now wasted.

Barn. You ought to go, Squire, and who knows but you may be President yet.

Flit. Stranger things have happened. Why there was Bill Jinnison, an old school-mate of mine, so far below me that I could not see him without a telescope — (*Barney goes out.*) — well, he married a woman with property, and got into a bank, and then into a rail road, and then into Congress. Talking of Congress, do you know, Bayley, that the Common Council have concluded to light the streets with gas? Now, you see, gas is well enough, but what shall I do with my oil? I've laid in enough to supply the town a year. Now do n't interrupt me, and I'll tell you how I came to buy such a lot of it. You know the Sperm Works failed; well, I told the assignees, — you understand, the assignees, — now Jones do n't you interrupt me because your brother happens to be one of the assignees; — Barney, who was the auctioneer when your things were sold? — do n't you remember? well, no matter. He sold the Sperm Factory, and I laid in with him (*He turns his chair round, and sees that he is alone*) hooraw! all gone. Well, it is about time for me to go, too.

LXIII. POVERTY AND CRIME.

DIVES AND LAZARUS.

Dives. What say you? Have I caught you in the act?

Lazarus. You have, and I can but submit.

D. You do confess the theft?

L. I do. I will not hide the truth.

D. If truth you speak, say why you stole at all.

L. I needed food, and needed means to purchase it.

D. The State will find you food and work besides, when you are sentenced and confined.

L. 'T were better to have found me both before.

D. If you had been disposed to work, you had not thus been driven to theft.

L. You, who abundance have, know not the trials and temptations that beset the destitute, and sway their better will.

D. You had no right to steal.

L. I had a right to live. My children—

D. You have children, then?

L. Five, till two were taken.

D. How taken?

L. By disease, induced by destitution and exposure.

D. And you did steal to save the rest?

L. Even so. Would I had done it sooner for their sakes. I did not yield till every hope was lost, and then the sacrifice was vain.

D. 'T was a hard case. How came you destitute to this degree?

L. I worked too hard, fell sick, and found no friends. My wife then overtoiling, fell a sacrifice for those she loved.

D. How was your boyhood passed?

L. In poverty. My parents died while yet I was a child, and I had none to guide me.

D. Somebody was to blame. Did you not ask assistance?

L. Often, and sometimes found it, but no one cared enough to take me by the hand and save me.

D. Did you e'er tell your case to any one ?

L. Yes, often.

D. To whom ?

L. To you. I well remember your reply, — "I've heard that tale before. You beggars are impostors all."

D. I have been oft imposed upon. Does not the city or the State provide for such as you ?

L. Not till we break the law. It leaves us free till then.

D. You knew the law ?

L. I did, but did not make it ; never gave it my assent. Had poor men made the law, it had *prevented* crime, or been more mild and just in punishing.

D. How *just* ! It cannot sure be wrong to punish theft !

L. The poor man's law had looked to motives, not to acts ; it would have weighed temptations, circumstances, and, mayhap, have laid the penalty on those, who, having more than they could use, imparted not to those who sorely lacked.

D. Then you think me more guilty than yourself. Is it not so ? Speak out. Be plain.

L. I say not so ; but, if the blessed rule of doing as we would be done unto had been observed, I had not stolen ; and if none but he who is without offence may cast the stone —

D. You do not mean to impeach my character withal !

L. The world has said that you were hard.

D. Hard, but most just. I never took a farthing not my own.

L. Your shrewdness all allow. Your bargains all are *good*, as those are called which often are unequal.

D. Yes, they are always good. "I often shave the flats." (*Exultingly*.)

L. And take what, had they equal knowledge, equal skill, they had not lost. In God's just balance, this may be called theft without the excuse of want. I never thus have wronged the ignorant, and never stole when I had means to live.

D. The world does not call shrewdness theft, and a sharp bargain is applauded oft.

L. The wretched look on life with other eyes than the successful. I have sometimes thought when I have seen the judge condemn the criminal, whom ignorance and temptation caused to fall, that, had their circumstances been exchanged, their fate had been reversed.

D. You would make all men thieves !

L. O, no ; I would make all men merciful.

D. What would you have me do, were you now in my place ?

L. Do as you would be done unto. Forgive as you would hope to be forgiven.

D. 'T will do no good thus to forgive, if the temptation or necessity to repeat the offence be not removed.

L. 'T is true — I must submit.

D. Not so. The lecture you have read me shall not so be lost. I will forgive the offence, and freely will supply what you most need to save your little ones from want, and to enable you to begin a course of honest industry ; — and God forgive my trespasses as I do yours.

LXIV. THE "SHOOTING OF YOUNG IDEAS."

[Characters. MR. JOHN RATHRIPE, almost *eight* years of age, and his brother, MR. ROBERT, just turned of *nine*. Their father sitting, unnoticed by them, behind a screen. The boys have cigars in their mouths.]

Robert. (*Gaping.*) Horrid long days these, Jack, though we see so little of them. I should die if I had to get up before dinner. How do you feel after the ball ? (*Gaping.*)

John. (*Gaping.*) Done up, I am, confound the stupid thing. I could n't see it through, and came home soon after day-break. (*Gaping.*)

R. I could have staid till noon. What was the matter ? Would not Fanny dance with you ? I had a glorious romp with Kate ; waltzed with her every time ; worshipped her all night, and dreamed of her ever since. But, tell me, who cut you out in Fanny's eyes, I thought you were the light of them, Who is your rival ?

J. That sneak of a Bill Daisy. By the powers, I've a mind to challenge the rascal for interfering. She was mine by all the laws of honor.

R. I'd sue her for breach of promise, if you have proof. How do you know she loves you, Jack?

J. She has said she did a thousand times. I never gave her a lot of sugar-plums without receiving a vow of eternal constancy in return. And I love Fan, and have no idea of being cut by her, or cut out by Bill.

R. You must shoot Bill, that's clear, and then perhaps Fan will lapse to the survivor. She's a pretty girl, that's a fact, but growing old. More than eight. Too old for you, Jack.

J. Not eight, by Jupiter! If any body else had called her eight, I'd have called him out. But she shall not have Bill Daisy, that's plump. I'll kill him and blow out her brains first.

R. You are a boy in these matters, Jack. Let me give you a little of my experience. I go with the poet, and if a girl won't have me, and I can't make her, I say, "the Devil take her," and there's an end on't. You are no philosopher, Jack, not a bit of one.

J. No. I'm sick of the world, sick to death of it, and mean to turn hermit right away.

R. You had better turn nun, for hermits have beards! But how long have you been so sick of the world?

J. Almost twenty-four hours, by gracious! Job could not have stood such misanthropy so long.

R. But to change the subject; are you going to the fancy ball to-night? I should go, if I were you, and flirt with some girl merely to vex Fanny. Nothing will bring her to her senses so soon.

J. I'll go, that's poz. But, Bob, what is to become of our lessons, and the school? We have both played truant to-day by oversleeping ourselves.

R. Better do so than play the fool. I'll tell you what, Jack, I've come to the conclusion that "all knowledge increaseth sorrow, and all study is weariness to the flesh." Dr. Johnson found it so, and let the truth out, and I'll have none of it.

J. I think it was Solomon said so, but whoever it was,

it took him half a century to find it out, and I am going to save half a century of my life by adopting his experience. I know of no greater bore to a sensible man (*stretching himself upward, and pulling up his dickey,*) than what is denominated study. Solomon is the boy for me. I go for Solomon in the matter of education.

R. Hooraw for Solomon! I go for him, too.

Father (*coming forward with a heavy switch in his hand.*) So do I. Solomon recommends the rod for the fool's back, and I am going to try his recipe. Come, (*to John*) venerable hermit, take off your jacket. And you, (*to Robert*) veteran of nine years, ten days and some hours, minutes and odd seconds, take off yours.

J. Oh, Father, I'll never play truant again, nor stay out all night, — oh! nor lie abed all day, — oh! nor fall in love; — oh! nor fight a duel, — oh! nor turn hermit, — oh! — nor — nor — (*Before each oh! the father raises the rod, without striking.*)

F. Very well, I will begin with Robert then, who being comparatively a patriarch, must have led you astray. (*Raising the rod.*) Come, prepare!

R. Oh Sir, you never told me it was wrong to do as I have done.

F. (*Dropping his arm.*) It is true, boys, I never did. Accidentally overhearing your conversation, I saw that I was to blame for not watching better over my children, and saving them from the follies that are turning boys and girls into men and women, before they have done sucking their thumbs. On the backs of the parents the rod should be laid with a heavy hand. My twigs are sadly bent, but they are not trees yet, though inclined to think themselves fully grown. If I had taken half as much care of them as of my worthless poplars, they would not have been so deformed. But come, boys, go to bed and sleep off your dissipation, and, in the morning, I will go with you to school, and consult with your teacher about your future studies. If I had done my duty, I should have consulted him long ago.

LXV. CITY SIGHTS WITH COUNTRY EYES.

MARY AND HER AUNT RACHEL.

Mary. Well, Aunt Rachel, tell me what you saw in the city. Did it equal your expectation?

Aunt. O dear, ask me no questions, child, it has made me so dizzy that I shall never recover my senses again.

M. That would be a great misfortune, Aunt, to us as well as to yourself. But do tell me something about it. What did you see there?

A. What did n't I see there? Houses so thick you could not see between them, and people so thick you could not pass between *them*. Every body in motion and minding nobody but themselves, and every body in every body's way. O dear, I should go distracted to live there a single day!

M. Would you not get used to it, Aunt? Surely those who live there have learned to bear it.

A. I could as soon get used to suicide. And how the people do live there nobody can tell; and where they get enough to eat is beyond my ken.

M. Mother says they live by eating each other up.

A. Well, I believe they do, and they do say there are legions of doctors who kill folks to make *monotonies* of them.

M. What are *monotonies*, Aunt?

A. Skiletons, they are called now, my dear, but they were always called *monotonies* in my day. And, O dear me, such doings!

M. What did they do to you, Aunt?

A. What did they do? Rather ask what did n't they do to me?

M. Did you buy the dress you wanted?

A. O dear, I can't say what I bought. I only looked into a shop, and a young man asked me very politely to walk in. I told him I was looking for a first rate muslin *de laine*, and he told me that he had some that were beautiful. So I stepped in, and he took down some calicoes. I wish for muslin *de laines*, said I. Those are muslins, what we call muslins, said he, better than the article

you inquired for, and only half as dear. But I want something dark, said I, and not such light and brilliant colors. No you do n't, nobody, now, wears dark colors, and you would not wish to be singular. Will these colors wash? said I To be sure they will, said he, and so I did just as he told me to do.

M. And just what you ought not to have done, I dare say.

A. Exactly so. I tried a piece of the calico on my way home, and it did wash with a vengeance. Every grain of the colors washed — out, and left the bare white cotton.

M. Was that all you bought?

A. O no. I heard a man, as I passed another shop, crying at the top of his voice, going! going! a watch worth a hundred dollars going for one! who'll buy? "Madam," said he, calling right out to me, as if he was an old acquaintance, "will you see this watch, a gold watch, patent *liver*, sold for nothing, thrown away?" Is it good gold, said I. "I sell no bad gold," said he. Will it go, said I. "It is going," said he, "shall it go for nothing?" A fellow, who was standing by, said he would give ten dollars, — if he had them, — and so I gave the dollar and now they tell me the watch is only *Calvinized*, I think they call it, and only goes — when it is carried.

M. What is *Calvinized*, Aunt?

A. I don't know, dear, but I mean to ask parson Spintext.

M. Did you visit any place of amusement?

A. O yes. I went to see the *Dire* — something.

M. The Diorama, you mean, I suppose.

A. It was *dire* enough, for it was 3,000 miles long, I believe, and I sat through the whole of it. I broke my back, I was so tired, and then I went to a Phrenologist, one who tells *fortens* by feeling of one's head.

M. What did he say of your head, Aunt?

A. O, he said I had Philopropotatoes large, and was too indulgent to my children and grandchildren, when, mercy knows, I never had a child or a grandchild in the world. He told me also, that I must know a thing or two, for "my form was large and my language decent;" a

rascal! to sneer at my form because I was a little bent, and to say my language was decent, as if I did not know what *periphrasty* and grammar *was* as well as he did.

M. Well, you got home safe and sound, notwithstanding your adventures and alarms.

A. I am not so sure about that; for, if the sights and noise of the city did not utterly craze me, I thought the cars would. O dear, did you ever! Such a puffing and wheezing and whirling, I wonder any head is left on my shoulders. "The Lord made man upright, but he has sought out many inventions."

M. Well, what do you design to do about it, Aunt?

A. Do about what? I mean to have an early cup of tea and go to bed. O dear! how wicked men must be to provoke the Lord to pile them up in cities.

M. Do you think the people are more wicked there than here in the country?

A. O yes indeed! and I was afraid, all the time I was there, that it would sink and swallow me up.

M. Do you mean, dear Aunt, that your being in the city made you afraid it would sink, when it did not sink without you?

A. Very well! very well! very smart on your poor old Aunt. Now go and steep that tea, or I shall be affronted with you. A cup of good hyson will build me up again.

M. You shall have it, Aunt Rachel, immediately. (*Laughing.*)

A. What do you laugh at, niece? at my infirmities, I suppose.

M. No, dear Aunt, the naughty idea crossed my mind, that if a cup of tea will build you up, you are not quite demolished yet.

A. Go away! go away! or I shall have to apply the rod, that was spared when you were spoiled. But now I think of it, I will steep it myself, lest you should spoil it. Come, see how I do it, and try to behave more respectfully.

LXVI CITY AND COUNTRY; WHICH IS
BEST?ANNIE,
BESSIE,
CLARA,JESSIE,
KATE,
MARY.

Annie. I must confess that I prefer the country because it is so quiet. The bustle of the city so excites me, that I seem to be always in a hurry, and such a state of mind is unfavorable to reflection.

Kate. That is the very reason why I love the city. O dear, I should become a tortoise or a snail, if I were condemned to live here where nothing moves, and nobody makes a noise.

Bessie. I agree with Annie, and after having visited the city, I always come back to the woods and fields with increased delight.

Jessie. Why, what do you find to do here, where there are no theatres, no concerts, no lectures and no frolics? I should prefer to leave vegetation to the trees and the shrubs, that have neither eyes nor ears.

Clara. You undervalue our rural pleasures. We have our theatre, and the scenery is the natural landscape; the actors are the elements; the audience, all who have hearts to feel and admire the perfect works of the Creator.

Mary. Yes, and you have concerts also. I have attended some of them, where the chief performers were the crickets for treble, the grasshoppers or locusts for tenor, and the bull frogs for double base. O the music is exquisite, and the sentiment delightful!

A. It is all that to one whose ear has not been turned from the simple love of nature to the refinements of art. I should even claim that we had our lectures too, for we find "Books in the running brooks" that it would be hard for you to find in city gutters; sermons in stones," such as you do not often find in "city bricks";—and there is so little temptation here that we may finish the remark of the poet, and say, we find "good in every thing."

K. Well done, Annie! You innocent little creature,

how much more learned your books from the brooks must be than those in our great libraries. And your sermons, too, how eloquent they must be compared with those we have from living preachers. I wonder if you always remember the text.

J. And then only think of the little rural innocents finding good in every thing, and laying up goodness as bees do honey. It is really affecting, isn't it, my little Betty Beeswax. (*To Bessie.*)

B. You may laugh at our innocent pleasures, but this will not lead me to undervalue them. Did you ever think, my dear Jesse, that when man was perfect he lived in a garden.

J. Yes, dear, and I wish you would tell me how he happened to be turned out of it, when there was no city influence to corrupt him.

C. We do not pretend that those who live in the country are naturally better or purer than those brought up in the city; but only that the influences which surround them are more favorable to virtue.

M. The most you can say of rustic virtue, then, is, that it is untried; untried virtue is no virtue. I prefer that which has been tried and has overcome.

A. That is a very romantic sentiment, friend Mary, but I think it is a very dangerous one. No one pretends that we are not surrounded by trials and temptations enough to give a character to our virtue.

J. I suppose you find so much occupation in making butter and cheese that you do not find time for reading and music, or do you muse over the milk pails, and make inspiration come with the butter.

K. I dare say you little innocents all write *Pastoral* poetry, as the milkmaid called it. Now I have tried my hand at that, and, if you will imagine me to be a singer, you shall have a song. (*She sings.*)

O, love in a cottage is fine,
Though pork is its favorite meat,
And milkmaids look all but divine,
And smell of the barn and the heat.
A nap in the bower is sweet,
If bugs do not enter your ear,

And a walk in the grass would be neat,
If the dew would forget to appear.

O, life in the country for me!
To labor, to eat, and to sleep;
O, life in the country must be
Sublime — to intelligent sheep!

B. I have heard of a city lyric of the same order. It runs thus: (*She sings.*)

O, life in the city I sing
Where nothing of nature is seen;
Where riches, not birds, take the wing,
And only the dandies are *green*.

O, life in the city is great,
Where ladies have nothing to do,
And faint, if they walk at the rate
A tortoise may leisurely go.

O, life in the city is brave,
Where he who can't cheat is a dunce,
And dyspeptics go down to the grave,
Who eat a whole cherry at once.

O, life in the city for me,
Red bricks, smoke, and noise I adore;
O, life in the city must be
A sublime and ineffable — bore.

C. But we do not allow that because we work we are unfitted for intellectual enjoyment. You may smile at my simplicity, but I must confess that my mind is more expanded by the unobstructed view of the heavens in the country, than by the view of streets and houses, which, not being transparent, prevent any wide range of vision, to say nothing of the impurities of the atmosphere, which are not favorable to enlarged views of any description.

J. Well done, Clara! You study Astronomy, you little philosopher, do you? Now, I can hardly conceive of any thing more dreadful than to try to imagine a great bear or any other figure drawn round a few stars that do not look half as much like a bear as they do like a milk-pan. I know of no greater bore than Astronomy.

K. I think Botany a greater one. O dear, I sometimes feel disposed to faint when I see a rural philosopher analyzing a dandelion or something like it, and talking about the *pistols* and *stam* — some things, that surround the *corollary*. I despise affectation.

A. My dear Kate, I am no friend to affectation or pedantry, but I am surprised to hear you speak so disparagingly of Astronomy and Botany. We find much pleasure in both; and as they can be best studied in the country, we sometimes spend a leisure hour upon them. I sometimes envy you your city libraries, and lectures, but it is not large libraries or learned lecturers that make profound scholars.

B. After all that has been said, it must be confessed that the happiness of a city or a country life depends, in some degree, upon habit. We might have been satisfied with a city life, if we had never known any thing better.

M. Well done, Bessie! the compliment you pay to a city life reminds me of the ant who was so tickled because Solomon sent the loafer to her, that she owned he was a pretty sensible fellow — for a man.

C. Our discussion seems to have ended where it began. The truth is, I suppose, that each has its advantages, and all that is needed to make the city or the country a desirable and happy residence, is a disposition to improve every opportunity to get knowledge, and to avoid whatever is injurious to mind or morals.

M. The only fair judgment of city or country must be based upon the true character and objects of each, and not upon their abuses.

LXVII. WORTH MAKES THE MAN.

MR. STATELY AND HIS SON JOHN.

Mr. S. My son, I don't like to see you so much with young Allwell. It will hurt you.

John. Hurt me, father? Why, there is not a more exemplary young man in the city.

Mr. S. Poh, poh, you greening! I did not allude to his morals, they are well enough, for aught I know, but he can't help you.

John. He has helped me, sir. If I ever am a man, I shall owe it to his advice and example.

Mr. S. Poh, poh, poh, poh, poh! I tell you, if you wish to rise, you must drop him.

John. I do not see how dropping him will make me rise.

Mr. S. I dare say you do not. Do you not know that he has no friends, no influence, and, if you rise, you must carry him with you, and you may as well tie a millstone around your neck at once.

John. I confess, sir, that I do not see the reason on which your fears are based.

Mr. S. Reason has nothing to do with it. If a young man wishes to rise, he must beware of all clogs.

John. But, sir, the acquaintance of such a young man cannot but elevate my character.

Mr. S. Elevate a fiddlestick. What has character to do with rising in the world?

John. Sir!

Mr. S. Sir! Why one would think you a puppy dog whose eyes were not yet open. Look here, sir — if you expect me to help you, you must give up all such notions, and look to the main chance.

John. I should wish to be guided by you, sir, in every thing that does not touch my conscientious discharge of duty.

Mr. S. Conscientious discharge of nonsense. If you persist any longer in such opposition to my will, I'll disinherit you,

John. What is your will, sir? it has never been clearly revealed to me.

Mr. S. Hear me, then. Young Allwell's friends are poor, and can not aid you. You must drop him, therefore, and seek some friends whose families are more respectable.

John. It will be difficult to find such. Allwell's

family are virtuous, intelligent, amiable and philanthropic to a fault. They have every thing but money.

Mr. S. They may as well have nothing. If you wished to get up a new bank, how could they help you? If you wish to save and to accumulate, how will their philanthropy assist you? Philanthropy is to wealth, what a leak is to a ship. It will sink you; sir, if you listen to it. The president of our bank has two sons and you must secure their friendship; he has a daughter, and you must endeavor to secure her hand.

John. Sir, the young men are profligates, and the young lady is —

Mr. S. A fortune, sir, and you are a fool. As to the sons, I know they are said "to live freely," but what has that to do with the matter?

John. Every thing, father. I can not number such men among my friends, I have too much self respect. Nor can I marry a woman I despise.

Mr. S. Then you would sacrifice all for such sentimental nonsense. I tell you, sir, there is but one thing needful, and *that* you must be willing to obtain, or give me up.

John. What is that one thing, sir?

Mr. S. Money, sir, money. Your sentimentality will say, "a man is a man without that," but I tell you, sir, that without money an angel could not rise in the world. Money, sir, brings influence, rank, respect, every thing worth having. Money is the chief end of man.

John. I own it is, sir.

Mr. S. Own it is, then why do you object to the means that lead to it?

John. Wealth is the chief end of man, sir, but, in my opinion, it ought not to be.

Mr. S. What, sir! Do you flinch again?

John. No, sir, I do not flinch, but hope to be as firm as the adamant rock.

Mr. S. You then will reject Allwell?

John. Never.

Mr. S. You then renounce your father?

John. Never, — I only cleave to truth and justice.

Mr. S. Begone, sir, I now cast you off for ever.

John. I submit, but can give up the fortune better than the father. Farewell, sir.

(*He goes out.*)

F. There's something in the boy, and I would do as he does, were I he. There must be something wrong when noble thoughts like his, must be condemned. Here comes Allwell, I'll have a talk with him.

SCENE II.

MR. STATELY AND ALLWELL.

Mr. S. Allwell, you are my son's companion and his friend. Is it not so?"

All. I trust it is, sir. I have no reason to distrust his friendship.

Mr. S. I wish you to renounce him utterly.

All. A father's wish is sacred, if its grounds are just. May I presume to ask these grounds, ere I accede.

Mr. S. Your friendship thwarts my views, and will a deadly breach create between my son and me.

All. How can this be? I always have enjoined on him obedience and filial love.

Mr. S. Still it is necessary to his peace that you should separate. You will not, sure refuse to benefit your friend.

All. Does he request the sacrifice?

Mr. S. No, he refuses to submit, and hence the application to yourself. You love him?

All. Better than myself.

Mr. S. Then you will give him up for his best good.

All. Make this appear, and I will do it, however terrible the sacrifice.

Mr. S. My son was born to fortune, and has a right to rank with princely men.

All. He has, and by his friendship could ennoble the noblest of them.

Mr. S. What if his intimacy with yourself prevented his reception where he has a right to look?

All. Then let me fall at once.

Mr. S. 'Tis nobly spoken. The moment that the

bond 'twixt you is severed, ten thousand pounds are yours, I'll freely give it.

All. O, no, I do not sell affection. I can make any sacrifice of it for your son's good, not for mine own. If I must give him up, let it be freely done. I can accept no bribe, and no reward.

Mr. S. And are you sure you love him for himself, and not for the aid his fortune may afford you?

All. Your son sought me, not I your son. Would he were destitute, that I might show how free from selfishness my friendship is.

Mr. S. You have your wish. Be it known to you that he is disinherited, and not a cent that I possess can e'er be his.

All. Farewell, sir. The only circumstance that marred our friendship was the different hope that wealth held out. Now, we are equals, and our union perfect. Farewell, sir. You have lost a son unequalled for his worth, and I have now secured him for a friend.

(He goes out.)

F. It cannot be that I am right to sever such a union. If wealth is the chief end of man, it only can be so, when it is used to make men happy. I have wealth enough, and, if it can not be that my son stoop to his friend, that friend shall rise to him. My daughter's hand can never find a hand more worthy. Be it my care then to unite them. The friends have met ere this, and I must find them, and bestow my daughter upon one, my blessing upon both.

LXVIII. THE DOCTOR IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

[*Altered from Molière.*]

Note. The Author supposes a rustic who was at first mistaken for a Physician, to be compelled to act as one. The patient, the daughter of a gentleman, to avoid a disagreeable marriage, pretends to be dumb.

DOCTOR, FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

Rustic. Well, what is the matter with you ?

Daughter. (*Pointing at her tongue.*) Han, hi, hoo, how, han, hi, hon.

R. What ?

D. Han, hi, hon.

R. What the deuce does that mean ?

Father. That is the trouble, sir. She has become unaccountably dumb, and this circumstance has delayed her marriage ; for he whom she is to marry wishes her to be cured first.

R. What a fool ! I wish my wife had the same disease, I would take care not to let any one cure *her*. Does the disease trouble her much ?

F. Yes, dreadfully.

R. So much the better. Does she suffer much pain ?

F. Shocking pain.

R. That's right. (*To the daughter.*) Give me your hand. (*To the father.*) Her pulse indicates that she is dumb.

F. Yes, that's the trouble. You have hit it the first time.

R. Ay, ay. We doctors know things at a glance. An ignoramus would have been embarrassed, and you would have been told this thing, and that thing, but I come to the point at once, and tell you that your daughter is dumb.

F. Yes, but I should like to have you tell me how she came so.

R. Nothing is more easy. It comes from her having lost her voice.

F. Very well, but what made her lose her voice?

R. All our best authors will tell you that it arose from some obstruction in the action of the tongue.

F. What can the obstruction be?

R. Aristotle, on this subject, says ——— some very fine things.

F. I dare say he does.

R. O, he was a great man, that Aristotle.

F. No doubt.

R. A great man, every inch of him; a Goliath of a man. But to return to our reasoning. I hold that this hindrance or obstruction to the action of the tongue, is caused by certain humors, which we knowing ones call peccant humors, that is to say, humors peccant, not unlike vapors, formed by the exhalations of influences, which rise from the region of diseases, coming, if I may say, — to —. Do you understand Latin?

F. Not a word.

R. You don't understand Latin!

F. No, not a syllable of it.

R. *Cadricias arci thurum, catalamus, singulariter nominativo, hac musa, bonus, bona, bonum. Deus sanctus, nostrum panem quotidianum, etiam, quiry query quory substantive concordat in generi numerum et casus.*

F. Gracious! why did n't I study Latin!

R. So these vapors, of which I spoke, passing from the left side, where the liver is, to the right side, where the heart lies, it happens that the lung, which we call *ramram* in Latin, having communication with the brain, which we call *masmas* in Greek, — do you understand Greek?

F. Not a syllable of it. I wish I did.

R. No matter. The vapors I spoke of fill the ventricles of the breast-bone — and —. Now understand the chain of reasoning, I beseech you, because the vapors have a certain malignity, — that — you understand me — that is caused by the aforesaid humors, so that *ossabundus, nequa, nequam, quipsa, milus*, and that's all the trouble with your daughter.

F. That seems to be clear enough, only I do n't understand about the place of the heart and liver. It seems to me you have placed them wrong, and the heart is on the left side, and the liver on the right.

R. It used to be so, but we have changed all that, and now administer accordingly.

F. I did n't know that, and must beg pardon for my ignorance.

R. There is no harm done. You are not expected to know such matters.

F. Just so. But, sir, what do you think must be done?

R. What do I think must be done?

F. Yes.

R. My advice is to send her to bed, and give her a little toast dipped in gin and water.

F. What for, sir?

R. Because there is in the toast and gin, when united, a certain sympathetic virtue which makes one talk. You know they never give any thing else to parrots, and they learn to speak by eating it.

F. That's true. O, what a man! Here, servants! servants! Bring some bread and gin! (*He goes out.*)

R. That heart on the right side was a sad mistake! I must stick to my Latin, and then my blunders will never be discovered.

LXIX. REGULUS.

REGULUS AND A LEGATE FROM THE ROMAN SENATE.

Leg. The Roman Senate, honoring the name of Regulus, and pitying his misfortunes, invite him now to enter Rome, and meet them in the Capitol.

Reg. I am no longer Regulus. A Carthaginian prisoner, come to proffer terms of peace, that, but for his mismanagement, had ne'er been asked, I may not enter

Rome, but here, without her walls, will wait the Senate's answer.

Leg. The Senate have decreed peace upon any terms, that will redeem her Regulus from chains.

Reg. It must not be. Carthage, reduced by our success, must unconditionally fall, and Regulus can never find a better time to die for Rome.

Leg. Think of your wife and children.

Reg. I think of Rome, whose glory shall advance, let who may fall.

Leg. Your family must plead with you.

Reg. I shall not see them, lest affection's pleadings may unman me. I have resolved to counsel Rome to reject the peace that Carthage claims by virtue of my capture. 'Tis better far that Regulus should die than Rome surrender the advantage gained. Say this to the Senate, and ask them to forget that Regulus has lived.

Leg. Regulus will not leave his wife and children and return to prison and to death, when he can now command his freedom.

Reg. I gave my word, good Legate, that I would return when I had borne the message of the Carthaginian senate to our own.

Leg. A promise wrung by force can never bind.

Reg. Then it should ne'er be made. Death should be rather borne, if that is the alternative.

Leg. The senate have judged otherwise, and Punic faith, that is a bye-word, holds such promise vain. Were Regulus a Carthaginian —

Reg. He is a Roman! The promise to return was freely given, not forced. It was my fear that Rome, remembering the service I had done her, might be thus moved to embrace the offer of the enemy, and yield up her advantage to preserve my life, and I came in person, to protest against such weakness.

Leg. Is there no motive that can win you from your purpose?

Reg. None. My word is given.

Leg. The holy Pontifex will leap with joy to loose you from your promise.

Reg. He hath no power. My word once given, no

power on earth, above, or under it, can offer absolution.

Leg. The Senate by a solemn embassy may induce the Carthaginian to release you from the promise.

Reg. E'er that can save my honor, I must return and place me in his power, as when I gave the pledge.

Leg. Your death awaits the unsuccessful issue of your embassy.

Reg. Not so, good Legate. If no peace is made, the embassy will prove successful. To that end I came.

Leg. Thy death is certain, then.

Reg. It always was, and never comes too soon to him who meets it in his country's cause.

Leg. And I must tell the Senate —

Reg. To grant no peace to Carthage, and to think no more of Regulus.

Leg. What message shall I bear to —

Reg. Name them not. I have served my country they are hers.

Leg. But you will leave them destitute and poor.

Reg. No, — rich, rich, rich.

Leg. In what?

Reg. In honor. The wealth I might bequeath would soon be lost, but now I shall bequeath a lasting heritage. The memory of him who kept his word, at such expense, will live, and grow more glorious as the world grows old. Farewell. The ship that bears me back to prison is in motion. Commend me to the Senate, and to —, O God! (*He goes out.*)

LXX. THE CHARM OF WOMAN.

ANNA,

DORA,

EVA,

ADA,

IDA,

LAURA,

CLARA.

Anna. 'Tis clear, my friends, that woman has no hope
If BEAUTY is denied; — all other charms,
Wealth, learning, grace and all domestic skill
Are worthless, if the form and face but lack

That something indescribable, which men
Call Beauty, and bow down to with a worship,
More sincere than usually is paid
To Him who beauty gives.

Dora. No one denies that Beauty has some power,
And often catches those who trust the eye,
And disregard the judgment ; but, no charm
Attracts mankind, and fastens them so sure
As WEALTH. The needy beauty long may wait,
While one almost deformed may captivate,
And bear away the young and fair, if Wealth
Has gilded o'er the unlucky blemishes,
That stand 'twixt her and beauty.

Eva. I confess the charm of Beauty, and the power,
Of Wealth ; but what are these without a mind
With LEARNING stocked. Beauty, with Wealth combined,
Is but a marble statue, gilded o'er,
And destitute of life, the intelligence,
That, whether stolen or not, came down from heaven.
Beauty can only charm the eye of fools,
And Wealth can only catch the miserly ;
But learning in the fair secures to her
The homage of the soul, and well atones
For superficial charms that pass away.

Ada. The worth of Knowledge all men will confess,
But learned women are a source of dread,
And rarely catch a husband ; while the maid.
Who only understands the useful art
Of HOUSEWIFERY, the art of making home
A place of comfort, neatness, order, thrift,
Is sure to find a mate, and, what is more,
To keep him long. Beauty, with Housewifery
Becomes slipshod, and Wealth too often trusts
The house to menials. Learned women, too,
Forever at the book, all household care
Neglect, and slatterns grow so oft, that men,
In search of wives, the stockings blue avoid.

Ila. The charm of Beauty I shall ne'er deny,
And that of Wealth must ever be allowed ;
Learning has also charms that all must own,
While Housewifery must still essential be

To a happy home ; — but Beauty without GRACE
 Will soon disgust ; Wealth without Manners turns
 To dross, and Learning, oft unneat, without
 The aid of Dress must fail to please. And who
 Knows not that Housewifery too oft degrades
 The wife to the drudge, and renders her unfit
 To live out of the kitchen. Manners make the man,
 And woman too ; and, destitute of Grace,
 And graceful manners, no one can sustain
 Respected rank in good society.

Laura. The need of Manners and of Grace to all,
 Who seek to gain the esteem of man, must be
 Confessed ; but, after all, 't is but the dress
 Of other charms, whose power it may assist,
 But not supply. There is one charm that forms
 The basis of all others, without which
 No Union can be safe, no happiness
 Secure. VIRTUE alone can Beauty make
 Of any worth ; and, without Virtue, Wealth
 Is not esteemed. So Learning, unrestrained
 By virtuous thought, is but for mischief armed.
 Good Housewifery, apart from Virtue, delves
 In vain ; and all the Grace and Manners,
 That adorn the vicious are a lure to catch
 And to destroy. Against the charms you name
 Exist objections ; but, to Virtue none
 Can well be made, and all men will confess
 That Woman, without virtue, can not bless.

Clara. I would not seem a judge between my friends
 And yet it seems to me that all are right,
 And all are wrong ; for, in the character
 Of perfect woman, every charm you name
 Is necessary, and no one alone
 Can stand. 'Tis true that Beauty, from the first,
 Has held a sway unequalled, and all men,
 Of every age and clime, have bowed them down,
 And worshipped her ; but Beauty is so frail
 She hardly is possessed ere she decays,
 And then neglected pines in vain regret
 Of what can ne'er return. 'Tis true that Wealth,
 If well employed, is not to be despised,

For many ills arise from poverty,
Embittering life, and clouding every scene.
But Wealth is transient too, and oft destroys
The peace to which it should administer.
'T is true that Learning gives a goodly charm
To female worth, when it is meekly worn,
But when displayed, as savages display,
The gaudy trinkets, which but few obtain,
The female pedant fills men with disgust.
'T is true that Home must lose one half its charms,
When neatness, order, management and thrift
Are absent; but, all these administer
To the animal wants, and can not feed the mind.
'T is true that Manners give a Grace and charm
To social intercourse, but they are oft
So artificial, when a study made,
That they lose all their influence, and rough
But natural manners are preferred, because
The simple and sincere live nearest truth.
'T is true that Virtue is the only sure
And lasting element of character,
But it is also true, that Beauty lends
A charm to Virtue; Wealth a jewel is
On Virtue's brow, and Learning that confers
Intelligence on Virtue, furnishes
A light to walk by and a law to guide.
A virtuous Home, ill managed, may become
Intolerable; and when Virtue grows
Morose, unmannerly, 't is not allowed
A decent rank amongst the elements
That should the perfect character compose.
Therefore, my friends, I said you all are right,
As far as you go, but all are wrong to think
That any excellence alone can stand,
When each upon the others rests, and all
Are bound together by affinities,
That render separation almost death.
May we in youth these various charms combine,
And say, at last, — this character is mine.

LXXI. THE POET IN SEARCH OF A PATRON.

CRACK, *the Poet.*

PUSH, DRIVER, SCRAMBLE, SPRING, BANKS, *five live Yankees.*

Crack. Sad times, when a poem like mine must go a begging. No publisher would touch it, and now that I have printed it at my own risk, no man will buy it. This nation is so absorbed in speculations and inventions, that it has no time to spare for any thing else. But there comes a yankee, in a hurry, as they always are. I will cross his path, and try to sell him a book. (*As Push attempts to pass, Crack calls out*) How do you do, Sir?

Push. What is that to you? Do you want one of my washing-machines? Prime, first rate, cheap, too, as dirt; — wash without soap or labor, wear and tear, or —

Crack. Or water, I'll be bound. But look here, my friend, here is my new poem, which I should like to sell you. Only one dollar. An epic, equal to Homer, all in hexameters.

Push. What is it about? I never need poetry. There is more invention and poetry, too, in one of my washing machines than in all the poetry that ever was written.

Crack. You have not read my poem.

Push. I never mean too. If it was about soap-suds, I might swap for a copy; but I suppose it is about something more frothy, so, stranger, good luck to you, farewell, good-bye. (*Goes out.*)

Enter Driver.

Crack. (*Stopping him.*) Here, friend, a word with you.

Driver. Let it be a monosyllable then, for I am in pursuit of a fellow that has dodged me. What do you want?

Crack. Here is a copy of my new poem that I wish to sell you.

Driver. A copy of what?

Crack. Of my new poem. Did you never hear of my poem?

Driver. No, nor of you, either.

Crack. Friend, ———

Driver. You go to grass, as Nebuchadnezzar did, for you must be as crazy. I've lost two minutes on your nonsense. (*He goes off.*)

Enter Scramble, in haste.

Crack. Here! I say!

Scramble. Well, what do you say? Speak, I'm off.

Crack. I've something of importance to show you.

Scram. What is it, a gold mine?

Crack. Better than that, an intellectual mine, — my poem.

Scram. You get out! What is a poem good for? I never read any one but "Now I lay me", and that was too long. I would n't give ninepence for a ton of poems.

Crack. My poem has the soul of poetry in it. All who have souls recommend it.

Scram. Let 'em buy it, then. I'll tell you what, friend, you'd better sell blacking or matches. What on *airth* could I do with a poem?

Crack. Read it, and elevate your soul.

Scram. Elevate a pig's tail. The only way to elevate a man's soul is to fill his purse. That's my notion about it. So good bye to you. (*He goes out.*)

Enter Spring, walking rapidly.

Crack. My friend! ———

Spring. Well, who are you? Speak quick.

Crack. I have something I wish to say to you.

Spring. Well, why the deuce don't you say it?

Crack. This is a copy of my poem.

Spring. What do I care for that?

Crack. I wish you to buy it.

Spring. What is it about, what is it good for? I could n't wrap a sausage in a leaf of it.

Crack. It is about — my subject is —

Spring. Poh, what's the use of a subject. I deal in provisions, and would n't give a crossed four-pence ha'penny for a barrel of poems, salted and saltpetred.

Crack. My poem is full of Attick salt.

Spring. Liverpool is better. I'll tell you what, friend,

money is money, and provisions are cash, but poems are —

Crack. Mine is food for the mind.

Spring. Poh, I reach the mind through the stomach. Good luck to you. You'll never grow fat on poetry. (*He goes out.*)

Crack. Why didn't I write a cook-book!

Enter Banks.

Sir — er!

Banks. Get out of the way.

Crack. Sir, I have a poem here, my poem, that I should like to show you.

Banks. What is it about, Interest or Discount?

Crack. It is about mind, immortal mind.

Banks. Then it is below par. I'll tell you what, friend, fancy stock is poor stuff. Stick to mortgages or real estate.

Crack. My poem is on the sublime subject of —

Banks. Air-castles, and nobody buys them. My friend, let me give you a word of advice. Sink the poet, and buy a hand-cart or a wood-saw and go to work. (*He goes out.*)

Crack. (*Holding up his book.*) "Is this a dagger that I see before me?" (*He strikes his bosom with it, and goes out.*)

LXXII. THE REHEARSAL.

JOHN, *a sly rogue.*

GEORGE, *a small boy.*

WILLIAM, *a tall boy.*

HENRY, *a sober boy.*

THOMAS, *a slender boy.*

JOSHUA, *a stout boy.*

THE MASTER.

SCENE — *The schoolroom after school, the boys only being present.*

Hen. Now leave off play, and let us proceed to business. To-morrow is exhibition day, and, before Master returns, you know, we must rehearse our pieces, and be ready to recite them for the last time to him.

Wm. I move that we take turns in speaking our pieces, while the rest criticise.

Josh. Agreed, and the youngest shall begin, poorest first, you know, while the people are coming in. So, Master George, make your bow, and go ahead.

Geo. No, no. Let us do the thing decently and in order. I move that every one considers himself as somebody.

Thos. (*Squeaking.*) Well, is not every body somebody?

Geo. I mean, some one of the company that is to be present to-morrow, and then we shall have something like a decent audience to speak to. I will be Parson Humdrum, that you may have some one to keep you in awe.

John. Good. I'll be Squire Nicks, and *commit* you all at one lesson, if you are uproarious. Harry, you may be Dr. Vermifuge.

Hen. Done! And all who misbehave shall chew aloes or sip Elixir Pro.

Wm. The exhibition will be dose enough without your aloes. I shall represent Deacon Grump, for he is a solemn man, and a terror to evil doers. Who will you be Josh?

Josh. I will be Farmer Carrott, and woe betide all who do not walk in a straight furrow. Tom, you shall be the master, the honorable particular, perpendicular, Jeremiah Sneak.

All. Good, good!

Thos. Give me a switch, then. A master without a rod, is like a rowdy without a cigar; there is no life in him, and no feeling in his pupils.

Wm. Well, now to business. Take your seats all, and go it, George, you are the youngest.

Geo. Then, let me come last, and have the benefit of your sage example.

Thos. Begin, sir, instanter, or I shall ferule you

Geo. Well, I'm not set about it, though I do n't know my piece at all. No matter, you must prompt me. Here it goes. (*He recites.*)

"My name is Normal on the Grammar Hills."

John. Well, what is it on other hills?

Geo. You get out ! Now be still, and don't interrupt me.

"My name is Normal on the Grammar Hills, my father feeds his flock."

Josh. All nonsense, boy ; the hills have nothing to do with the name. The boy's father fed his flock on the hills.

John. The Lord have mercy on the sheep, then, for none but sheep could live on Grammar hills.

Wm. Go on, Georgy, don't mind the hills. Begin again, and take a fair start.

Geo. "My name is Normal on the Grammar Hills
My father feeds his flock of sheep,
A frugal swine."

Thos. There must be some mistake.

Josh. There never was a frugal swine.

Wm. (*Who has been looking in the book,*) Ha, ha, ha !
Hark now, and hear me read it.

"My name is Norval ; on the Grampian Hills

My father feeds his flock ; — a frugal swain," &c.

There, try it again, Georgy, now you have cut Grammar, and got your father out of the sty.

Geo. Well then —

"My name is Norval. On the Grampian Hills
My father feeds his flock. A frugal swain,
Whose only care was to enlarge his store,"—

Hen. Young man, what does enlarging a store mean ?

Geo. Building a kitchen end to it, as our storekeeper did last spring.

John. Young man, let me ask —

Geo. Well, ask and welcome. You may speak yourself, if you want any more speaking.

Hen. Well, it is not fair to interrupt one so, if he does forget his name and stumble over the hills into a pig-sty. Come, Will, now give us a taste of your quality. You are the tallest weed in the company.

Josh. Yes, now go it like a young steer.

Wm. (*Speaking.*) —

"You'd *skerce* expect one of my age"—

Geo. Young man, how old may you be ?

Thos. Don't interrupt the child, it is n't fair. Now,

my little fellow begin again, and they shan't interrupt you.

Wm. "You'd *skerce* expect one of my age
To speak in public *on* the stage,
And if I chance to fall" —

John. You must not lie.

Geo. No, young man, it is naughty to lie. You must always live to the truth.

Hen. Parson, it is too bad to interrupt him so.

Geo. He interrupted me. Come, Deacon, begin again, as near the end as you can, and go through like a streak of lightning.

Wm. I'll not speak another word if it thunders. Let Josh try, and see how he likes it.

Josh. (*Standing with his toes turned in.*)

"It must be so" —

Thos. No, it must n't. (*He rises, and turning out Joshua's toes, says,*) — It must be so.

Josh. Very well, —

"It must be so, then

Pluto, thou reasonest well."

John. Young man, Pluto was the god of the infernal regions, and Plato was a Grecian philosopher. Now, which do you think reasoned best, the God or the Philosopher?

Josh. The God, if he was a lawyer, as they say all are down there, (*pointing downward.*) Now be still, and let me go on.

"It must be so" —

Thos. Not unless you turn out your toes.

Josh. Well then, (*Turning them out,*) — if

"It must be so, Plato thou reasonest well

Else why this pleasing hop,"

Wm. Pleasing what?

Josh. Hop, do n't you know what a hop is?

Wm. Yes, but the word is hope.

Josh. No it is n't. Give me the book. (*He opens it and pointing to the word, says*) — there, h-o-p, does n't that spell hop?

Wm. Yes. (*looking on.*) Yes, but do n't you see some fellow has scratched off the e. John, this is some of your mischief. Go on, Farmer Carrot.

Josh. I'll not hop another inch. I'll tell you what; we have only five minutes left before the master returns, and the sooner every one speaks the quicker, as Paddy said.

Hen. He ordered every one to speak his piece at least once before he returned, and now for it, my hearties, let us see who will get through first.

(All six begin as nearly as possible together, hurrying on, and speaking louder and louder, to drown each others' voices.)

Geo. "My name is Norval, on the Grampian Hills

"My father feeds his flock, a frugal swain,

"Whose only care was to enlarge his store

"And keep myself his youngest son at home.

"For I had heard of battles, and I longed

"To follow to the field some warlike lord, &c.

Thos. *(Squaking.)* "My voice is still for war,
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?
Let us arise at once, and at the head
Of our remaining troops, attack the foe, —
Break through the thick array of his thronged
Legions, and charge home upon him." &c.

Josh. "It must be so. Plato, thou reasonest well,
Else why this pleasing hop — hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality.

Why starts the soul back on herself,
And shudders at destruction. 'Tis the divinity
That stirs within us, 'tis Heaven itself,
That points out an hereafter, and intimates
Eternity to man."

Hen. "Friends, Romans, countrymen, I come
To bury Cæsar, not to praise him. The evil
That men do lives after them, the good
Is oft interred with their bones: so let
It be with Cæsar. Brutus hath told you
Cæsar was ambitious; if it were so,
It was a grievous fault, and grievously
Hath Cæsar answered it."

Wm. "You'd scarce expect one of my age
"To speak in public on the stage,
"And should I chance to fall below

"Demosthenes or Cicero,
 "Do n't view me with a *cricket's* eye,
 "But pass my imperfections by.
 "Tall oaks from little fountains *grow*,
 "Large streams from little acorns *flow*," &c.

John. "To be or not to be, that is the question ;
 Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or, to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them. To die — to sleep
 No more ; and by a sleep, to say we end
 The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to." &c.

(*When each has spoken about six lines, the Master suddenly enters, and all instantly stop.*)

Master. Well, boys, have you finished your rehearsal ?
 You seem to be doing it at wholesale.

Hen. Pretty much, sir.

Master. What have you selected, Henry ?

Hen. Anthony's Speech, sir, on the death of Cæsar.

Master. Well, don't kill it, as Brutus did Cæsar.
 What do you choose, William ?

Wm. "You'd scarce expect one of my age."

Master. I hardly should expect it, I confess. What is
 your piece, Joshua ?

Josh. "It must be so."

Master. If it must, you must make the best of it.
 Well Thomas, what do you give us ?

Thos. (*Squeaking.*) "My voice is still for war."

Master. It would do better for piping times of peace,
 but no matter. What have you, John ?

John. "To be, or not to be," sir.

Master. Well, make up your mind immediately, for
 we have no time for hesitation. What do you propose,
 George ?

Geo. My name is Nor — , Nor — , Nor —

Master. Well, *gnaw* away, till you master it. You
 may go and study your pieces now, and, this afternoon,
 I will hear you recite them.

LXXIII. THE BROKEN CHAIN,

"OR, LET BY-GONES BE BY-GONES."

SQUIRE DUST, (WITH A FAMILY TREE BEFORE HIM,) AND
FARMER OLDBUCK.

Dust. (Alone.) What would I give if I could supply the lost branch in my family tree. I can go up to Ichabod Dust of Littleton, who married Mehitable Weakly of the Slenderpools, and I can descend from the Original Dust to Benajah, who was slain at Deerfield, but there a link in the chain is lost, and all my industry and research can not connect Benajah with Ichabod. O, here comes neighbor Oldbuck, he is remotely related, and perhaps, can help me. (*Enter Oldbuck.*) How are you, Mr. Oldbuck? I am in trouble, and want a little of your assistance. My family tree has a stump in it that I can not get over. What shall I do with it?

Oldbuck. Burn it, that's the way I do; or root it out, if it is decayed.

Dust. You don't understand me. The stump is in my family tree, and not in my field.

Oldbuck. It is all one. Saw it off, and graft it, if there if any life in it, that's the way I treat my fruit trees.

Dust. Poh, poh. You see, I can trace my pedigree up to my great grandfather, and can't get a step farther.

Oldbuck. A step-father, what do you want of a step-father?

Dust. Pshaw, I can't find out who the father of my great grandfather was.

Oldbuck. Well, what of that? You know he had one.

Dust. To be sure I do.

Oldbuck. Well, what do you want more? If you had no great great grandfather, it might be a circumstance worth looking up.

Dust. You are enough to provoke a saint. I have spent days and months in trying to supply the link in my family chain, and —

Oldbuck. I'll tell you what, friend Dust, this looking up old ancestors who never did enough good or evil to save their names from oblivion, is like looking up old debts that are outlawed; the time spent in the search may be better employed. You may earn ten dollars for one you will get in that way.

Dust. Yes, I may earn ten dollars, but I can't earn ten grandfathers.

Oldbuck. True, you can not, but you can prevent yourself from becoming useless and unknown to your great grandchildren. You have a son, friend Dust.

Dust. Yes, I have, I am sorry to say.

Oldbuck. He has given you trouble.

Dust. Well, I know it, what then?

Oldbuck. He is to hand down your name, Dust to Dust, as the burial service has it.

Dust. Well, what of that? I know he is a bad fellow, and does not promise much, but you need not twit me of it.

Oldbuck. You have neglected him. If you had bestowed half as much time upon him as you have wasted on that old stump of an ancestor, he might have honored the family, and been a blessing to the community, though, as it is, there is a certain kind of elevation (*putting his hand under his ear, where the halter goes*) which may keep his name from oblivion.

Dust. I feel obliged to you for your sympathy, and plainness of speech.

Oldbuck. (*Solemnly.*) Friend Dust, I do not wish to hurt your feelings, but you have provoked me to tell you a truth, which every one else knows, — that your neglect of your son has brought him to the brink of ruin. You can not help your great grandfather, nor can he help you; but you can help, and may yet save your boy. Leave your great grandfather with the worms that perish, and save your son from that worm which never dieth.

Dust. Well, well, I am sure I did not expect to have the lost link supplied in this way; but, really, friend Oldbuck, there may be truth in what you say, and, instead of delving among the bones of my ancestors, I will look a little to my successors.

Oldbuck. Do so, and, if it is important that you should know who your great grandfather was, you have only to be patient a few years, and Death, who, no doubt, has had the pleasure of his acquaintance, will introduce you to him.

LXXIV. THE NEWSMONGER.

PETER BRIGGS, *the Newsmonger.* MESSRS. CANDID AND PLAYTON, *his neighbors.*

Peter. Good morning, young gentlemen, have you heard the news from Turkey? Great news, great news.

Mr. C. What is it Peter? I saw nothing in the morning papers.

Peter. It has not yet been published. The papers are behind the times.

Mr. P. Pray let us know it, then.

Peter. What will you give? Come, let us see what value now you set on knowledge, knowledge that is knowledge.

Mr. C. I never buy a pig in a bag, Peter. Let us hear the news, and we will pay the worth of it.

Peter. Well, Baron Von Dunderdrum informs me by letter, that after a hard fought battle, the Dutch have taken Holland.

Mr. P. You don't say so! What will the wretched Hollanders do?

Peter. He said they had all emigrated to the Netherlands.

Mr. P. Let us see the letter, Peter.

Peter. No, 'tis strictly confidential, and must not be exposed.

Mr. C. In what language is it written? tell us that.

Peter. In Arabic, the language of those parts.

Mr. C. As we do not know Arabic, there will be no exposure.

Peter. I have a rule, and can not make exception, even for you.

Mr. P. Have you any other news?

Peter. Yes, I have a letter from the Dragon-man of the Spanish ambassador at the Persian city of Moscow, which assures me that the Sultan has formed a league with the Grand Turk to take Constantinople.

Mr. C. No! 'Tis dreadful. Is that in Arabic too?

Peter. No, that's in Sanscrit. But I must go and translate the letters for the daily press. *(He throws the letters into his hat, and in putting it on they fall to the ground behind him.)* Good bye, bless me how I have tarried. *(He goes out.)*

Mr. C. *(Picking up the letters.)* See, he has dropped his correspondence. Now, for a good feast. Here is the Arabic letter. Hear it. *(Reads.)*

MR. PETER BRIGGS,

SIR — Enclosed is your bill for that load of hay, and if not immediately paid, I shall put you to some trouble.

Yours,

SAM. SALTMARSH.

Mr. P. I don't wonder Peter thought the Dutch had taken Holland. But let us hear the Sanscrit letter from the Dragon-man.

Mr. C. *(Reads :)*

SIR — Your Cow has been picked up in the road, and you will find her in the pound. Fees, one dollar.

GEORGE LOCK, Pound Keeper.

Mr. P. The Sanscrit sounds more like English than the pound looks like Constantinople. But here comes Peter in search of his letters.

(Enter Peter, in haste.)

Peter. Young men, have you seen any thing of my letters?

Mr. C. *(Handing them to Peter.)* We found them on the ground, after you left us.

Peter. You have not opened them of course.

Mr. C. It would have been in vain, for we are ignorant of Arabic and Sanscrit both.

Peter. Not one person in a thousand would have been so honorable. Good bye once more. *(He goes out.)*

Mr. P. Well, he has got us now, as surely as the Dutch have taken Holland.

Mr. C. Yes, he has beaten the Dutch. He knows that we are guilty, and I'm sure I feel so. I can not but smile at his affectation of superior knowledge, but we had no right to open his letters, knowing they were his.

Mr. P. They must be Arabic and Sanscrit still. We have convicted him of vanity, but we stand self-condemned of base dishonesty. Let us atone by paying for the load of hay, and taking from the pound the poor fool's cow.

Mr. C. It is the only retreat left to us. You shall write him a letter in Sanscrit as from the Dragoman, enclosing the receipt for the pound-keeper's fee, and I will write in Arabic as from the Baron Dunderdrum, enclosing a receipt for the load of hay. While we wipe out our faults, we may correct his folly. Come, let us lose no time. If he don't understand the Sanscrit, he will the receipts.

LXXV. CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

MASTER HICKORY AND HIS PUPIL, JOHN SMITH.

[Part of this dialogue is attributed to Wm. Jerdan, but an addition has been made in order to exhibit more fully the danger of requiring concessions and acknowledgements from penitents, whose pride or conscience revolts at the humiliation.]

Master H. John Smith!

John. Here, sir.

Mr. H. Come from your 'here' hither. (*John moves slowly and reluctantly up to the desk.*) John Smith, you have been guilty of throwing stones, which I forbade. (*John hangs his head disconsolately.*) John Smith, it is of no use to look sorrowful now, you should have thought of sorrow before you committed the offence, (*reaching down the cane.*) You are aware, John Smith, that those who do evil must be punished; and you, John, must, therefore be punished. Is it not so?

J. Oh, sir, I will never do so again.

Mr. H. I hope you will not, John ; but, as you forgot the prohibition when left to your unassisted memory, the remembrance of the smart now to be administered will be the more likely to prevent a relapse in future. Hold out your hand ? (*Whack.*)

J. Oh, sir ! oh, sir ! I will never do so again.

Mr. H. I hope not ; hold out your hand again. (*Whack, and a screech from John.*) Now, John, you begin to perceive the consequence of disobedience.

J. Oh, yes, sir, — enough, sir, enough, sir !

Mr. H. By no means, John. You are somewhat convinced of your error, but yet not sensible of the justice of your punishment, and the quantum due to you. Hold out your other hand. (*Whack and a scream.*)

J. Mercy, sir, I will never — (*Blubbing.*)

Mr. H. It is all for your good, John ; hold out your left hand again. Even handed justice ! Why don't you do as you are bid, sir, eh ? (*A slash across the shoulders.*)

J. Oh, oh !

Mr. H. That's a good boy ! (*Whack on the hand again.*) That's a good boy ! (*Whack.*) Now, John, you feel that it is all for your good ?

J. Oh, no, sir, — oh no ! It is very bad, very sore.

Mr. H. Dear me, John. Hold out again, sir. I must convince you that it is justice, and all for your good. (*A rain of stripes on hand and back, John bellowing all the while.*) You must feel that it is for your good, my boy.

J. Oh, yes, sir, — oh, yes-s-s-s-s.

Mr. H. That's a good lad ; you're right again.

J. It is all for my good, sir ; it is all for my good.

Mr. H. Indeed it is, my dear. There ! — *Whack, whack.*) Now thank me, John. (*John hesitates — Whack, whack.*)

J. Oh, oh ! Thank you, sir ; thank you very much. I will never do so again ; thank you, sir. Oh, sir, tha-a-a-nks.

Mr. H. That's a dear good boy. Now you may go to your place, and sit down and cry as much as you wish, but without making any noise. And then you must learn your lesson And, John, you will not forget my orders

again. You will be grateful for the infliction I have bestowed upon you. You will feel that justice is a great and certain principle. You may see, also, how much your companions may be benefited by your example. Go and sit down; there's a good boy, John. I might have punished you more severely than I have done, — you know that, John? (*Holds up the cane.*)

J. Oh, yes, sir.

Mr. H. You thank me sincerely for what I have given you? (*Holding up the cane.*)

J. Oh, yes, sir, — no, sir, — I don't know, sir.

Mr. H. You don't know, hey! (*Whack, whack!*) I'll teach you. Take that. You don't know whether you thank me, hey? (*Whack, whack!*)

J. Oh, yes, sir, I do! I do!

Mr. H. Do what?

J. Do know, sir.

Mr. H. Do know what?

J. Oh, sir, my Sunday school teacher tells me never to lie, and you wish me to say I thank you, when —

Mr. H. When what? Speak out, sir. When what?

J. When I don't, I can't, I won't, if you kill me.

Mr. H. You have lied, then, John; for you told me just now that you did thank me. I must punish you for lying also. (*Raising his cane.*)

J. O, sir, I was so frightened I said anything, sir.

Mr. H. John, do you know how sinful it is to lie?

J. O, yes, sir, my Sabbath School teacher tells me it is.

Mr. H. Then, John, you must be whipped till you are sensible of the awful nature of your sin. Take off your coat. John, you will thank me one of these days for my care of you, John.

LXXVI. MANNERS MAKE THE MAN.

MR. COMPLACENT AND MRS. TRUELOVE.

Mrs. T. Are you the Principal of the United States Manners Reform High School?

Mr. C. I sustain that interesting relation, madam. May I be permitted to know to whom I owe the honor of the inquiry, which I have just answered in the affirmative.

Mrs. T. That will be of little consequence to you, sir, until I have made a few more inquiries. Allow me to ask what branches you propose to teach.

Mr. C. I shall at least enjoy the happiness, madam, of worshipping the unknown divinity. The branch, madam, to which my attention will be solely and exclusively, and, let me add, conscientiously devoted, is deportment. This has been the study of my life, and, as a prince once said, this is my birthright, the *poeta nascitur* of my being. (*Smiling complacently.*)

Mrs. T. May I inquire on what system of deportment your lessons are based?

Mr. C. I use no text books, madam, preferring, if you will excuse the egotism to which your question drives, — nay, I should rather say, invites me, the egotism of remarking, that I propose to teach deportment from a living text book, which, if it is not unbecoming, I trust it will be unnecessary to name with more particularity. I have spent my life, madam, in the study of deportment, frequenting the best company; appearing at all places of fashionable resort; attired always in the latest style, and studying diligently the difficult art of killing time. Deportment is the whole of education.

Mrs. T. There can be no doubt of the importance of good manners, sir, but I have been accustomed to consider morals of more importance, and I am sorry to say, that the neglect of manners and morals too, in most of our schools, indicates that some importance is attached by the world to intellectual pursuits, also.

Mr. C. A mistake, madam, a serious mistake, I will

not say (*bowing*) on the part of the lady who confers a charm and distinction on this interview, but on the part of the world, which has long wandered from the true theory of education. We are not, and by using the pronoun *we*, of course I cannot offend one whom nature and art have made an exception to my rule; yes, we are not what we used to be in point of deportment.

Mrs. T. Without excepting more than one of the present company, I may be allowed to say that I am not aware that the general manners have deteriorated.

Mr. C. Always begging pardon for any apparent difference of sentiment, I would venture to say, that the present race has sadly degenerated, a levelling age being very unfavorable to deportment. It developes vulgarity, and true deportment is so rare a virtue, that, as I have passed, I have often heard gentlemen and ladies do me the honor to inquire of each other, Who can he be? How happens it that I do not know him?

Mrs. T. I trust that the race of gentlemen and ladies will not become extinct with the present — generation.

Mr. C. Our number is small, madam, but it must be perpetuated. All that can be acquired I shall endeavor to impart; but, madam, you must have discovered that there *are* things, which may be worn, by those whom nature clothes, but which can not be imparted or acquired.

Mrs. T. I trust your efforts will not fail to stop the downward course of manners.

Mr. C. Woman, lovely woman, may be allowed to fear; but, when example is to be the precept, failure becomes impossible. Example, madam, is omnipotent.

Mrs. T. It has great power for evil as well as good, and if the world are wrong, and their example seen, it may be difficult for one or two, by the most perfect example, to make all go right again.

Mr. C. In true deportment there's a perfect charm, which wins the soul ere it is well aware of the enchantment. Polish, perfect polish, subdues the rude, and smooths the rough and coarse, as, if I may apply the remark in the present case, it doth refine, assimilate, and charm —

Mrs. T. Sir!

Mr. C. Yes, madam, you can not but have felt an in-

fluence passing over, and, as it were, compelling you to harmonize and imitate, and even aspire to equal the model I may not refer to freely, as my argument requires. Excuse me, madam, if I venture on the bold asseveration that your daughter, under the influence that will be exerted here, will so far excel her by whose patronage I now am honored, that —

Mrs. T. You mistake me, sir, and my intention. My daughter is not yet your pupil, and may I be excused if I declare, that she can never be subjected to any system of deportment, from which, and from the example by which it is taught, *modesty*, the greatest charm of manners, is excluded. I am sorry you have lost a moment of your time.

Mr. C. Excuse me, madam, what is loss to me may prove a gain incalculable unto one who can appreciate and apply it.

Mrs. T. I am bound to thank you for the lesson, though it be not what you intended. Good morning, sir.

Mr. C. It can not be otherwise, madam, and he who gives, will, as our poet says, be doubly blessed. I wish you a good morning. (*She goes out.*) What can she mean by my excluding modesty? It is the basis of deportment, and the grace that I have practised most, and do most highly prize. She surely lacks discernment and excites my pity. No modesty in my example! I fear there is too much, and self-distrust may ruin me. (*Looks in the mirror admiring himself, and then goes out affectedly.*)

LXXVII. LIFE INSURANCE.

[*SCENE.* An Insurance Office. Enter an unaccustomed female.]

Female. Are you the man of this office, Sir?

Clerk. (*Seeing a paper in her hand, and supposing it to be a subscription paper for some charitable purpose.*) I am a man only, and not the mau.

F. Sir, I am sorry to interrupt you, but a gentleman told me you are the man that I want.

C. I shall be happy to listen to your proposals.

F. If you are the man for me, I wish to say a few words to you.

C. (*Smiling.*) We do not transact matrimony here, ma'am, and it is not leap year, but I will hear you, if you will be brief and to the point.

F. I am a single woman, sir, with a little property and without a relation in the wide world, and I have been reading a circular, — here it is, — which was issued from this office, and I have come to have my life insured.

C. O, is that all? Then, I *am* the gentleman to attend to you. How old are you, madam?

F. (*Surprised.*) Sir!

C. Your age, if you please, — miss.

F. Sir, is this the way you treat an unprotected female? No gentleman would ask a lady her age.

C. A mere matter of business, madam, it is necessary that we should know your age, or we cannot determine the *rate*. But, apart from your age, what amount do you wish insured?

F. Amount! I wish my *life* insured, though it seems very much like tempting the Lord, in whose hand our breath is.

C. That is your look out, madam. We can do nothing till you determine what amount you wish to insure.

F. Amount, amount! What has the amount to do with it? I wish to have my *life* insured, for our Doctor tells me the cholera is expected again, and I wish to feel safe.

C. To whom do you wish to make the policy payable?

F. Policy, policy! They tell me it is good policy to insure one's life, when one is feeble and unprotected, and without a relation in the wide world.

C. Yes, madam, but the debt arising from your demise must be paid to some one.

F. I don't see that there is any debt about it. Death is the debt of *natur*, to be sure, for "it is given unto all men once to die," and I don't see how you insurers get over that *Scriptur*!

C. Madam, if the Office, by your demise, becomes indebted to the amount of the policy, to whom shall the amount be paid?

F. To me, to be sure, if any thing is coming from the insurance.

C. You will not be here, probably, to receive any thing after your death.

F. What do you mean? I wish to have my *life* insured, and then, if your insurance is good for any thing, there will be no death about it.

C. You are in an error, madam. We do not insure against death.

F. Then what do you call it life insurance for? Pretty life insurance, if a person can die after it is made. I suspected it was all humbug, when I first *heard* of it.

C. Let me explain, madam.

F. Well, Sir. You may make white black, and black white, but if you insure my life and I die, you cheat me, and I'll prosecute you as long as there is any law in the land.

C. If you wish to be insured against death, you must go over to the apothecary's opposite, and he will sell you a bottle of The Elixir Vitæ, (*any popular medicine may be named,*) and then, if nothing happens, you will live forever.

F. That is what I want. Where is the apothecary's?

C. Just across the street, madam. He is *the* man you want.

F. Good morning, sir, you had better take your sign down. Life Insurance with a vengeance!

C. Good morning, madam. When you obtain immortality, please remember that I put you in the way to obtain it.

LXXVIII. THE REFORMED WIFE.

MRS. IPHIGENIA MYRTILLA FLORETTA TIP, AND MRS. HOMESPUN.

Mrs. T. O dear! I suppose I am to be bored to death with one of my husband's relations. Ah, hum! She is going to spend a week with us, and, as husband is most of the day at his store, I shall have the supreme felicity

of entertaining her. I wish he would entertain his own relations, and take her down to the store with him. (*Enter Mrs. Homespun.*) Good morning, Mrs. Homespun.

Mrs. H. I am very happy to see thee, for, although I have not had the pleasure of thy acquaintance, I can not but love one who is dear to my cousin.

Mrs. T. (*Aside.*) Altogether too warm, I must give her the pitch. (*To Mrs. H.*) My husband is always happy to see his friends.

Mrs. H. And is not *thee* happy to see them too? I love every one my Barnabas loves.

Mrs. T. Such simplicity is not always convenient in the city, where fashion and custom are often more imperious than affection, and often supersede the common duties, as you would call them. It is impossible for a lady, who makes any pretensions to gentility, to pay any attention to her husband or children, to say nothing of his relations.

Mrs. H. So I understand, but surely thee does not run into such an unnatural error. I find my chief delight in attending to the education of my children, and in providing for the comfort of Barnabas.

Mrs. T. I let my Barnabas take care of himself; and as for my children, I hardly see them once in a week. I can not always recall their names. It is as much as I can do to take care of little Platonetto.

Mrs. H. Is that the name of your infant? I had not heard it before.

Mrs. T. No, it is the name of my little dog. He's the dearest creature you ever laid eyes on; and his face is sometimes so thoughtful, that I have named him Platonetto, after the philosopher Plato.

Mrs. H. And thee leaves thy infant with the nurse, and nurses the dog thyself! I like little animals, and always treat them well, but —

Mrs. T. You need not finish the sentence. I never would let a brat send me to bed before sunset, and drive me up before sunrise. I could afford to be broken of my rest for such a little dear as Platonetto, or Plat, as we call him, but I desire to be spared the trouble of quieting a bawling child.

Mrs. H. Perhaps thee does not love to rise early, as I do.

Mrs. T. I never rise till noon, and always take the last novel to bed with me.

Mrs. H. Is dinner thy first meal?

Mrs. T. O no, I take my coffee in bed, I don't know how it would taste in any other place. My husband, poor drudge, gets up early enough, but I never see him till dinner, for it takes me from noon till dinner time to dress.

Mrs. H. Do thy children go to school?

Mrs. T. O yes, I suppose they do, for Susy has the care of them, and they have an excellent teacher. I should make fine progress if I had to look after them.

Mrs. H. Friend Myrtilla, does thee make good progress by neglecting them?

Mrs. T. I find time to attend to myself and to my visitors. It is impossible to receive company and be interrupted by children.

Mrs. H. Thee sews, perhaps, while thee is conversing with thy friends.

Mrs. T. O dear, no! I have not had a needle in my hand so long that I should hardly know one from a bodkin.

Mrs. H. How does thee provide for dinner? Thee directs the cook, I suppose, if thee does not help in the nicer matters; I frequently make the cake and pastry, and always direct the preparation of every thing my husband sends home.

Mrs. T. You are literally tied to the spit. I never go near my kitchen, and the cook would dare as soon die as ask me a question about cookery. She knows better.

Mrs. H. Does thee never eat any thing? I have heard thy husband say, thee is satisfied with the wing of a pigeon or "the superior portion of a partridge's nether limb." I understand I must not call it the thigh.

Mrs. T. It would be very vulgar to do so, I confess. But the truth is, I do eat a great deal, and always lay in a stock of ham and eggs, or some other substantial, before I go to dinner, especially if I dine out. Mercy on us! a lady's eating has almost become a test of gentility. I do sometimes taste of the soup, and eat half a chicken's wing, but Lady Dribble beats me, for I have seen her

faint over one pea, and Lady Cowslip almost died the other day of an overgrown strawberry.

Mrs. H. This amuses me, and yet I am pained at such — such —

Mrs. T. Folly, — why don't you say what you evidently think.

Mrs. H. I would not willingly offend thee, Myrtilla. But, my dear, if thee has no family cares, thee has much time to devote to the great cause of humanity and benevolence.

Mrs. T. O don't, Mrs. Homespun, don't mention that threadbare subject. If there is any thing I supremely hate, it is cant.

Mrs. H. Myrtilla, I trust thee has not ceased to be a woman and a Christian.

Mrs. T. I would not be a woman any longer, if I could help it, and as to being a Christian, I sometimes go to church half a day, when I have a new bonnet or a new dress. Besides, Sunday is the only time I find to practise.

Mrs. H. I should think thee might find opportunity to practise on week days; for the poor are not sick and needy on First day only.

Mrs. T. Excuse me for smiling at your simplicity, I referred to practice on the harp and guitar.

Mrs. H. I did give thee credit for a *different* practice, I will not offend thee by saying, — a better.

Mrs. T. You may say what you please, it will not alter fashion.

Mrs. H. Do you mean, my dear, that you do certain things because they are fashionable, and not because they are right?

Mrs. T. I do mean to say, that a lady may as well be out of the world as out of fashion.

Mrs. H. I need not say to thee, that I am no votary of fashion, and yet I am not out of the world.

Mrs. T. Out of the fashionable world you certainly are.

Mrs. H. Will thee excuse me, if I say that the fashionable world is not the world God made, and just as far as we advance in the one, we depart from the other, (*Solemnly*) Myrtilla?

Mrs. T. Why do you address me so solemnly?

Mrs. H. Myrtilla, is thee happy?

Mrs. T. Happy, no, I don't know by experience what the word means.

Mrs. H. Why does thee persevere in a course of unhappiness, when thee can leave it at any moment?

Mrs. T. I would give the world to leave it.

Mrs. H. It will cost thee nothing. Go home with me, and I will insure thee a cure, and charge thee nothing. Thee may yet save thy husband from bankruptcy.

Mrs. T. What do you mean?

Mrs. H. Your husband tells my Barnabas what he is afraid to tell thee, his own wife. His affairs are deeply involved, and the world says —

Mrs. T. Says what? — Let me know the worst.

Mrs. H. It lays the blame on thee. Thy husband loves thee, but he thinks thee find pleasure in the life thee leads, and though he cannot participate in it, nor afford it, he can not bear to pain thee with the truth.

Mrs. T. What can I do? I would do any thing, for I am as sick of it as he is.

Mrs. H. Do what your heart and reason dictate. Come home with me, and see the other side of the world. We can then lay a plan that will not only avert the pecuniary ruin, but save thee from that mental and moral ruin, which are just as near, and far more dreadful.

Mrs. T. I will go. Do not say a word to my husband of my motive for making you the visit, and, in your quiet village, we will prepare an agreeable disappointment for him in the shape of — a reformed wife.

LXXIX. THE TWO POETS.

AN EDITOR, MR. SPONDEE, AND MR. CADENCE.

Cad. (*To the Editor.*) Sir, you will excuse my intrusion, I did not know that my friend, Mr. Spondee, was here.

Sp. My business is unimportant. I merely wish to have a piece inserted in the next Gazette.

Cad. My friend is a master both of prose and verse. I also have brought a few lines of which I should like to have your joint opinion.

Sp. Your verses have beauties unattained by others. By the way, have you seen a sonnet to the queen, that is going the rounds?

Cad. It was read to me yesterday, at a party.

Sp. You know the author?

Cad. No, but I know that he must be a dunce, to write such nonsense.

Sp. Many persons think it admirable.

Cad. That will not save it. Many persons think the moon more beautiful than the sun, because their eyes are weak.

Sp. Few persons are equal to such a sonnet.

Cad. Heaven preserve me from writing such!

Sp. I maintain that the sonnet is perfect, and the chief reason for my opinion is, that I am the author of it.

Cad. You the author of it!

Sp. I.

Cad. I don't know how that could happen.

Sp. I was unfortunate not to please Mr. Cadence.

Cad. My mind must have wandered while I was listening to it, or else the reader spoiled it. But, no matter, let me read my ballad to you.

Sp. A ballad is a small affair, in my judgment; it is no longer fashionable, and smacks of by-gone things.

Cad. A ballad, however, delights most folks.

Sp. That does not prevent its displeasing me.

Cad. It is none the worse for that.

Sp. It has wonderful charms for the pedantic.

Cad. How comes it that it does not please *you*, then?

Sp. Begone, you spoiler of white paper.

Cad. Avaunt, you waster of black ink.

Sp. Get out, you thief that steals from other writers!

Cad. Get out, you dunce, from whom nobody steals!

Editor. Gentlemen, what are you doing?

Sp. (*To Cadence.*) Begone, and restore your stolen goods.

Cad. My immortality is secure, you cannot touch it.

Sp. There is an immortality of infamy.

Cad. I commend you to it.

Sp. The satirists have lashed you, but they never touch me.

Cad. They can not see what is so small.

Sp. My pen will teach you what I am.

Cad. It has already taught me that you are an — ass.

Sp. That ass your master is, as you shall feel.

Edi. Gentlemen! gentlemen! it seems to me, that, as I am to be the purchaser, you take strange means to recommend your goods. The better way will be to leave your poems in my keeping, and it may be well to be reconciled, and pray that my poor judgment may not be like yours.

Cad. The wretch was never on Parnassus.

Sp. The scribbler never had a draft from Helicon.

Cad. One line of my ballad would outweigh a dozen of his sonnets.

Sp. Dulness is heavy always.

Cad. Nonsense is always light.

Edi. Gentlemen, I shall only deal with you when each the other's work shall recommend. If you are judges, you no poets are; and if you are poets, you no judges are.

Poets are born, not made, 't is said,
And you seem neither born nor made.

LXXX. THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

MARY ROBY AND HER AUNT RACHEL.

[NOTE. — By varying a few words, this Dialogue may be spoken by two males.]

M. Good morning, aunt, I am glad to see you looking so well.

A. Well! what do you call well? I never was so ill in my life. I wish no one to say I am well, when I am almost dead.

M. I knew you were indisposed, dear aunt, but I thought I would encourage you as far as I could.

A. I want no encouragement that is based on falsehood. I am a very sick woman, and must not be deceived by any false representations of my condition.

M. Dear Aunt, I had no wish to deceive you, for I knew you were very, very sick.

A. Very, very sick? Who told you that I was so very sick? I think people had better mind their own health, and let mine alone. Who told you that I was so very sick?

M. I heard Goody Gossip say that she feared you were in a decline.

A. She did, did she? Very well, what else did you hear?

M. I heard Madam Babble say that you could not stand it much longer, you had such a complication of diseases.

A. Could n't, hey! I guess she'll find I can stand it as long as she can. Well, go on, what else did you hear?

M. I heard Polly Prattler say that you ought to be preparing for another world, and not waste any more time in preparing nostrums.

A. The wretch! A nasty meddlesome spinster! She had better be thinking of matrimony, if ever she means to be respectable. Pretty well, if nobody can be ill without being sent to the other world in this fashion. Well, what else have you heard?

M. I have heard a great many say, that it is a gone case with you, if you are a woman of veracity, and suffer half you say you do.

A. What consummate impudence! Is that all you have heard?

M. No, aunt, for Mrs. Blab said she thought you could not live more than a century.

A. What did the woman mean? More than a century! well who expects to live more than a century, I should like to know?

M. Aunt, do you not like to be told that you are sick? You reproved me just now for saying you looked so well.

A. I hate hypocrisy.

M. It was not hypocrisy, but a desire to please you that led to my remark; and, in the case of the ladies I have named, there was no hypocrisy, for they did not speak in your presence, and never supposed you would know what they said. But, dear aunt, are you sick or well?

A. That's none of their business. I am better than some folks wish me to be.

M. I am glad you are better, aunt. I have heard mother say you were not so sick as you supposed.

A. Hey day? She said that, did she? That is just as much feeling as she has for me. If I were dying, she would not think there was any cause for alarm.

M. She loves you so well, I do not think she would ever neglect you; but she is not alone, aunt, in her remark, for I have heard father say that you would live to bury most of us.

A. Yes, and to *kill* you, too, I suppose; did n't he add that?

M. No, aunt, though he sometimes says he thinks your whims give the family much unnecessary trouble.

A. I'll never complain again, if I am so sick as to be motionless and speechless.

M. You could n't complain then, aunt. But you must be very sick, though you will not own it, for father says "you have made your will, and folks do not *make* wills, while they can *have* them, as you do."

A. What does he mean by that?

M. When he said so, cousin John remarked, that "you had not only made your will, but proved it."

A. A villain, he'll come to some bad end, yet. Made my will, have I!

M. Dear Aunt, do tell me whether I must consider you well or ill. If I say you are well, you say you are ill, and if I say you are ill, you declare that you are well. What is your will in this matter?

A. Made my will, have I?

M. Aunt you can't be angry with me, I know you can't.

A. I have not made my will, Mary, but I'll now make it, and you shall know how I dispose of my property.

M. Well, aunt, I hope you are not offended, we never mean to hurt your feelings.

A. First and foremost or *imprimis*, as the wills run, I give and bequeath all my whims to the winds, —

M. O dear, Aunt, the winds will be more changeable than ever.

A. Next, I give all my physic to the dogs, —

M. Mercy on us, I hope they will take it, though I shall pity them.

A. I give my ill-temper to —

M. Don't aunt, don't give that to any one, I pray you,

A. Would you have me keep it, Mary? No, I give that to — oblivion, because that always loses what is given to it.

M. That sounds like yourself, aunt, before you were accustomed to be so sick.

A. Well, dear, I have only one thing more to give away, and that is my — forgiveness.

M. And that you will give to me, aunt, will you not?

A. Yes, and to your father and mother, and Mrs. Blab, and Mrs. Prattle, and Goody Gossip, whose remarks have cured me of a foolish habit of complaining that has made me a nuisance to my friends. I have made my will. (*Offering her hand.*) There is my hand; and (*kissing Mary,*) there is my seal.

M. The will, then, is duly signed, sealed and delivered.

A. Yes, and (*turning to the audience*) all these ladies and gentlemen are the witnesses.

LXXXI. WILLIAM TELL AND THE CAP.

WILLIAM TELL, *the Swiss peasant.*

GESLER, *the Austrian governor.*

OFFICER *of the tyrant and several guards.*

[Tell is looking with derision at a cap elevated on a pole, to which every Swiss who passed was required to bow.]

Officer. Bend, fellow, 'tis the governor's cap, — 'tis Gesler's.

Tell. 'Tis bad enough to bow to Gesler's self. I am no worshipper of images.

Off. Gesler has given strict command that every man, who enters Altorff, shall do homage to this symbol of his power.

Tell. The fault is in the order. I bow not unto *things*.

Off. Death awaits disobedience.

Tell. 'Twere greater death to bow.

Off. How so, rash stranger?

Tell. To him who hath a soul, 'tis a small matter to put off the husk that it inhabits; for, to him who is not free, such death is sweet release, to be in every advent welcomed.

Off. You will taste it soon.

Tell. It can not come *too* soon. But there's a death more terrible, and he, alone, who can cast down the image of his God incarnate in himself, doth truly die.

Off. What mean you? Will you — dare you refuse obedience to the law, the high command of Gesler?

Tell. I dare, and do.

Off. There's no appeal from Gesler's dread decision.

Tell. (*smiling.*) Oh, yes.

Off. To what? to whom?

Tell. To Heaven; to God. I feel within my soul a law that tyrants never framed, and cannot supersede.

Off. You will not, then, salute this representative of power supreme?

Tell. Never, so help me God to stand erect.

(*Enter Gesler.*)

Off. This mountaineer, though ordered oft, refuses still to bow himself and own subjection.

Ges. Who dares to trifle thus with life?

Off. He will no name disclose.

Ges. Traitor, where dwellest thou?

Off. (*After a pause.*) Speak, fellow, speak, or die a traitor's death.

Tell. He is the traitor who betrays, not he who fain would save.

Ges. Load him with chains! Nay, stop!—Villain, there stands the ensign of my power, I give thee yet a chance to pay it due respect.

Tell. Such scarecrows only frighten wrens; the mountain eagle never heeds them. Thus do I show respect to tyrants. (*throwing down the pole.*)

Off. (*Drawing his bow.*) Shall I shoot the traitor down?

Ges. Not so. Let torture wring from him his name and his accomplices. He does not act alone.—Say, villain, who is leagued with thee in this revolt?

Tell. Heaven, whose alone is vengeance. The hour is hastening on.

Ges. You shall not live to see it.

Tell. Switzerland will; and Liberty looks not to me or any man for life.

Ges. Lead him to prison. We must now invent some horrid penalty for such audacious crime.

(*The officer lays his hand on Tell, who throws it from him, and, pointing forward, says:—*)

Tell. Lead on; I'll follow thee.

(*The officer goes out, Tell haughtily following him, and the guards closing up the rear.*)

LXXXII. THE MANLY VIRTUES.

A DISCUSSION.

MR. A., *Honesty.*MR. B., *Courtesy.*MR. C., *Prudence.*MR. D., *Perseverance.*MR. E., *Courage.*MR. F., *Economy.*MR. G., *Liberality.*MR. H., *Caution.*PRESIDENT, *Cheerfulness.*

A. Mr. President, I understand the question to be, "Which of the manly virtues conduces most to success in life?" If I am wrong, Sir, you will please to set me right.

Pres. You are right, sir; we shall be happy to hear from you.

A. I should prefer, sir, to be called on to say, what union of manly virtues should be formed to create a perfect character, for I believe that no *one* is sufficient of itself to elevate and support its possessor; but, sir, as I must make a choice, and am only called on to show the superiority of some one over others, and not its ability to perfect character without their aid, I shall, without any hesitation, select HONESTY, for, without this sterling virtue, I do not see how there can be any worth of character, or any foundation for success in any business or profession. The maxim that "Honesty is the best policy," has been universally accepted, time out of mind; and who can wonder at this? For, the dishonest merchant is a robber; the dishonest lawyer is a villain; the dishonest physician is a murderer; the dishonest clergyman is a hypocrite; the dishonest politician is a nuisance. I consider honesty and truthfulness one and the same thing, honesty being only truth in action, and, as there is nothing so sacred as truth, I feel safe in declaring that there is nothing so important to success in life as honesty.

B. Mr. President, I feel very much disposed to adopt all the sentiments of the gentleman who has just spoken, for I believe, as strongly as he does, in the worth and

importance of honesty, but, sir, the question is not, how much more valuable is honesty than other virtues, but which will conduce most to one's success in life? If men were what they ought to be, there would be more reason in my friend's arguments; but, sir, who does not see that the honest merchant is rarely the prosperous one; and who does not know that the maxim, "Honesty is the best policy," has reference rather to the next world than to that in which we live. The maxim now is, that "it is hard for an honest man to get a living." I will not undertake, sir, to prove that all unsuccessful men are honest men, for this would be undertaking to prove that nine tenths of mankind are honest, which I do not believe. The truly honest physician, sir, would often have nothing to eat but his own pills, and as these would not be bread, like those of the more cunning, he would lead a hard life of it. So the truly honest lawyer will have few fees and few cases, for the larger part of cases would be quashed by an honest lawyer, and most of the others would be such as an honest man could never soil his hands with. An honest clergyman, sir, always has more enemies than a time-server, and as for an honest politician; why, sir, this is an impossibility. Every one knows that all is fair in politics, and that honesty is never required in candidates for office. It is vain, therefore, for the gentleman to preach up Honesty as a means of success, and I shall propose COURTESY. This may seem to you, sir, a tame sort of virtue, but, you will recollect that "Manners make the Man," and even the great Apostle of the Gentiles found it to be his true policy "to become all things to all men." He, who treats all men with respect, carries with him a letter of recommendation, that rarely fails to give him currency; but who does not know that a man of rough manners, and unprepossessing exterior always appears to disadvantage, and has to remove a prejudice before he can make any progress. It is true, that some bores have succeeded in acquiring wealth, and power, and rank, but so few have done this, that they must be set down as exceptions to the rule, and not its illustrations. Courtesy, sir, is a substitute for almost every other virtue. He who has it, is presumed to have

all the rest; and he who has it not, will hardly obtain credit for the virtues which he really possesses.

C. Mr. President, I wonder not a little at the confidence with which the gentleman, who has preceded me, speaks of courtesy and good manners as aids to success in life. Nobody will deny, I suppose, that pleasing and gentlemanly manners are preferable to coarse and vulgar deportment; but, sir, it would not require much skill to show that manners are but the trappings of character, and have as little to do with the real worth of the man as his dress does. Nay, sir, I should not be afraid to assert that dress has more to do with success in life than courtesy can pretend to. Why, sir, who does not know that a poor man, badly dressed, however courteous and polite, would stand no chance of success in any profession or in any important undertaking. Such, I believe, is the general impression, for who will deny that most of our rich men, our profound scholars, and most distinguished citizens, are not remarkable for elegance of manners; who will deny, that, with the fair sex, dress is the great object of desire, and he, who would win their favor, stands little chance of success, unless he attends to the quality and cut of his coat, and is liberal in his contributions to the toilet of his dulcinea. I venture to assert, sir, that there is one virtue transcendently more important to success in life, and I think I shall need to say little by way of argument, when I have named PRUDENCE. It does appear to me, sir, that, nearly all the failures that we see in business, and in professional and political advancement, arise not from the dishonesty or the ill-manners of men, but from their lack of Prudence. Prudence, I need not say to this learned audience, is a contraction of the word Providence, which comes from a Latin verb meaning "looking ahead," or "seeing in advance." Now, sir, this is the key to success. He who looks forward, and thus becomes prepared to meet the events that are foreseen, will seldom be surprised by great misfortune. Sagacity is but another name for prudence, and what higher compliment can be paid to a merchant, a professional man, or politician, than to say, he is sagacious. I do not think, that, if I should speak an hour on this subject, I

could add any thing to the evident fact, that, success depends on Prudence, and ill-success may almost always be directly traced to Imprudence.

D. All that has been said by my predecessors, Mr. President, may seem very specious to a superficial observer, but to one who looks at the question a little more profoundly, it must be evident, I think, that there is but little judgment in their choice of virtues, and little solid argument in their defence of them. Why, look, sir, at the vaunted Prudence of which the gentleman has just spoken so confidently. What does it amount to? The day of prophecy, like that of miracles, is past, and human foresight is almost a bye-word. The best of us does not know what a day may bring forth; and if he did, what good would it do him? I assert, without fear of contradiction, that if we could foresee what is to happen, instead of being strengthened for the conflicts of life, we should generally be weakened and unmanned. While there is doubt and uncertainty as to the future, there is hope; and while there is hope there will be Perseverance, and, sir, I maintain that PERSEVERANCE, the virtue I have just mentioned, is altogether more reliable than any virtue, that has been named, or can be named by any one who hears me. "Constant dropping of water we know will wear away the hardest stone," and what is this but an emblem of perseverance? The cause of failure in human undertakings, sir, does not arise so much from ignorance of the future, as from want of faith and confidence in the present,—in ourselves. He who undertakes a task should not consider an ultimate failure possible; and if you look, sir, at the list of successful men, in whatever department of human enterprise, where will you find one, however honest, however courteous, and however prudent, who has not withal been persevering? The French proverb says, "It is the first step only that costs," but, I believe, sir, that the first step is of little importance, if it is not followed up by a steady and unfaltering succession of steps. I think it must be evident to all who hear me, that, although a sudden and single effort may occasionally remove an evil or avert it, or may even secure a positive good, the mass of men are entirely unfitted for such efforts, and, if

they ever succeed in their undertakings, must do it by dint of Perseverance. I rest my case here, sir.

E. Mr. President, I shall not deny that Perseverance is essential to success, but, sir, who has lived to any purpose, if he has not observed that the persevering diggers and delvers seldom become any thing better than diggers and delvers. Men who are remarkable for perseverance, are also remarkable for narrow views and limited undertakings. You seldom see any enterprise among those who tell you that "the constant dropping of water will wear away the stone." Well, suppose it does wear it away, what does it get by that? Who is the better for that sort of labor? No, sir, he who would succeed in the world, must not only be willing to work, but he must have the courage to go ahead. COURAGE, sir, is more essential to success than any other mental quality. In that greatest or all human concerns, the selection of a partner for better or worse, who does not know that "a faint heart never wins a fair lady?" What sends the ships and sons of America to the hiding places of the sun, or to the regions that defy his power? Is it not that indomitable courage, which is increased by obstacles, and which fears no danger? "While we were holding a Council," says an English officer, "and discussing the question, whether it was possible to force a passage through the ice of Wellington Sound near the North Pole, the Yankees had gone thither without holding any Council." While the powers of Europe were sending tribute to the pirates of Algiers, to redeem Christian men who had been made slaves, the Yankees sent a fleet, and blew the wretches who dealt in white slaves sky-high. While Dr. Lardner, the great scientific philosopher, was proving, to the satisfaction of the scientific of the old world, that no steamship could ever cross the broad Atlantic, a Yankee steamship was entering the port of Liverpool. Nay, to go farther back, when the Puritans were persecuted in England, did they persevere and trust to the final success of their principles? No, sir, they waited for no dropping of water to soften the flinty hearts of their persecutors, they waited for no rust and no friction to wear away their chains, but they dashed across the wide ocean, and laid the foundation of a free empire

in the wilderness. When they were again oppressed, did they wait, as the amiable non-resistants pretend they ought, until the tyrants voluntarily and gracefully yielded the rights which they could no longer withhold? No, sir, they declared themselves free and independent, and did the work of centuries in a day. It is well, sir, for a man, who knows he is right to persevere, but how shall he persevere? Shall he go on in the same routine of duty, like the tanner's horse, who moves in a circle, or shall he boldly rise from one right to another, and not rest, until, by his courage, he has acquired all that nature ever intended for his portion, all that she ever fitted him to acquire? Courage, sir, moral Courage, is the key to advancement, and the pledge of success.

F. Mr. President, my friend has just drawn a glowing picture of Courage, but I think you and this intelligent audience must have perceived, that, like most pictures, it is a work of imagination, pleasant, but not truthful; specious, and yet very deceptive. It seems to me, sir, that he did not do justice to Perseverance, which certainly is a perpetual exercise of the Courage he recommends, and he said nothing of the countless failures, which arise daily from what he calls Courage. Look, sir, at the Merchants; we are told that more than nine tenths of them fail in business, and pray, sir, what leads to these failures but this very Courage that prompts them to go beyond their depth, and to attempt what is impracticable.

E. Mr. President, I am sorry to interrupt the gentleman, but I would suggest that it is the *lack* of courage that leads to these failures. If the merchant had the Courage to live within his means, and not to do wrong because others did so, he would not fail.

F. I still think, sir, that what the gentleman calls Courage in the merchant, who has no enterprise, is only Perseverance, but I shall not take up your time in discussing this point, for my object is to propose a virtue, which will insure success, without the risk which is inseparable from Courage, I mean Economy. Now, sir, as far as my observation goes, the trouble with all our merchants who fail, and with most of our unsuccessful professional men, is, that they lack Economy, or, as the homely old proverb

has it, they save at the spigot and spill at the bung-hole, I lay it down as an axiom, that the economical man must succeed. If he spends less than he earns, he must amass ; and what but death can prevent his becoming rich, if he is always adding to his store. This is so self evident, that I presume no one will deny it. Of what use is Honesty without Economy ? Whither would Courtesy lead, without proper economy of time and money, both of which it is apt to waste ? Prudence is very well so far as it walks by the side of Economy, but Perseverance without Economy may be eternally laboring in vain. As for Courage, I have already shown that its tendency is to lead men into expenses, or into difficulties, which must result in ruin. Our great countryman Franklin was the personification of Economy, and I present him as an example of its tendency to secure the highest and best results.

G. Mr. President, I am somewhat surprised to hear Economy proposed as a high and elevated means of success in life, for, sir, who does not perceive that Economy has reference only to the saving of dollars and cents ? and Dr. Franklin, whom the gentleman has named as a model man, to my mind is only a walking and talking interest-table. The burden of his songs and his sermons is "Get money." All the maxims of Poor Richard, which have made Franklin world-renowned, are comprised in the command, "Get money." Now, I am willing to allow that money has its uses, but I am not willing to allow that it is more important than every thing else, or that, as some pretend, it can procure every thing else. I dare say, sir, that the economical man may become rich, if no accident, no misfortune happens to him ; but, sir, unless success in life always means getting rich, the end of economy is very limited, and its aid only a secondary concern. The economical man is almost invariably a mean man, and it rarely happens that his family or his friends, his workmen or his fellow citizens feel any of that enthusiastic regard for him, which is always felt towards the man who is distinguished for his LIBERALITY ; and this quality or virtue is what I feel bound to propose as the surest means of success in life. He who deals liberally in business is sure of customers ; and the aspirant

to honor, who pours out his money freely, is sure of friends. "It is the liberal soul," the good book assures us, "that is made fat," and, for this reason, probably, we always connect the idea of a razor with a miserly or very economical man. Lean and sharp they are apt to be, and of but little use except for *shaving*. Liberality is always popular. There is something in the human heart which leaps with delight at every act of generosity, and it is not to be wondered at, that liberal men so often become favorites. In considering this virtue, sir, I would not, however, restrict it to the too free use of money. True Liberality may be shown in thoughts, words and deeds, as well as in money transactions, and the man who "thinketh no evil" of others, who speaketh kindly to all, and who maketh a proper allowance for the actions, and even the failings of others, in addition to a generous distribution of his wealth, cannot, I think, fail to secure the esteem and love of his fellow men, and, of course, succeed in life.

H. Mr. President, I am not disposed to deny, that true liberality is an ornament to character, but, that it leads to success in life may, I think, admit of a doubt. The truth is, sir, it is hard to distinguish between true and false liberality. The spendthrift is an example of one kind of liberal man. He never lacks friends while the money lasts, but, when he comes, as he often does, to long for the husks that the swine do eat, he can hardly be called a successful man. The atheist too, and the infidel are usually liberal men, but it is the kind of liberality men feel, when, being wrong or in disgrace, they think it as well not to condemn their neighbors, whose forbearance they need. One fact is beyond dispute, I think, and this is, that the greater part of successful men, I care not whether they be kings or statesmen, professional men or merchants, the greater part of them are *not* liberal men. It is a fair conclusion, therefore, that liberality has not conduced much to their acknowledged success in life. We therefore, must look for another motive power, and I propose CAUTION, or, as some prefer to call it, CAUTIOUSNESS.

C. Mr. President, I have no objection to receiving the gentleman as an ally, but it seems to me that he does not

perceive that the Caution he proposes, and the Prudence, which I advocate, are about the same thing, and operate in the same way.

H. By no means, Mr. President. Prudence, if I understand it, always looks ahead, but Caution deals with objects around us. The prudent man lays up a stock of provisions for winter, but the cautious man buys the lock that is to keep them from the thief. The prudent man prepares to meet the coming evil, the cautious man avoids the evil altogether.

C. I still think that Caution is included in Prudence, Mr. President; for, although Prudence may look ahead and regard the future, as the gentleman says, it only looks to the future to know what to do with the present. The prudent man avoids temptation and danger as much as the cautious man.

H. I believe that Caution may arise from fear, or from past suffering, and the very meaning of Prudence or Providence, as the gentleman has told us, implies the opposite of looking back.

C. Not at all, Mr. President. The prudent man looks back to past experience, and then looks forward that he may profit by it.

Pres. I am sorry to say that the hour allotted to the discussion has expired. In summing up the various points that have been presented by the speakers, the first thing that strikes me is, the relation between all the virtues that have been proposed, and the great evil that must arise from their separation. No one can ever doubt the importance of Honesty in word and deed, but what a charm is thrown around it, when honest words are Courteously spoken; and when honest deeds do not, as is too often the case, involve a breach of good manners. Who does not feel the necessity of Prudence and Caution, which I think are sisters, if not identical, and how blind and fruitless would be the labor of Perseverance without them. How essential is moral Courage to all the virtues. We must have Courage to be honest, to be civil, to be prudent, to be persevering in unpopular concerns, to be economical in an extravagant community, and we must have Courage to be liberal when our liberality is sure to

reduce our wealth, to produce envy, and to incur the sneers of the parsimonious and narrow-minded. Economy too, though not a very showy virtue, is a very useful one; and the disposition to prevent waste, and to use all things to the best advantage, must not be confounded with that meanness or parsimony, which pinches, and spares, and grudges even what is necessary and convenient. If I might be allowed to add one to the goodly company of virtues that you have named, I should name **CHEERFULNESS**, which, although not always conducive to what is called success in life, certainly adds much to the happiness, not only of its possessor, but of all with whom he has to do. When I see teachers severe and solemn, set and precise, in whose presence even the spirits of a child are frozen; when I see parents morose and sour, and curdling thus the bounding blood of their offspring; when I see professors of religion frowning upon sportive childhood, and giving the hateful name of sin to innocent amusements, I feel the importance of a cheerful spirit; and, as you have named but eight, I will propose **Cheerfulness** as a ninth, that the number of the Virtues may equal that of the Graces; and, that, through the influence of my favorite all the rest may be uniformly clothed with smiles. — The discussion is now ended.

LXXXIII. NATHAN AND DAVID.

Nathan. (Kneeling.) All hail, the Lord's anointed!

David. — Lift thee up.

It ill becometh me, an erring man,
To see a servant of the Lord of Hosts,
Faithful and true, as thou hast been,
Upon his knees before me. Say, what would'st thou?

N. Justice, my lord the king. I come to lay
Before thy throne a case that cries to heaven.

D. Speak, then, that no waste of words may lengthen out

The impunity of him, who thus has dared
To affront high heaven. Let the tale be brief,
And to the point, as thou knowest well to shape it.

- N.* My lord, in the same city, near each other, lived
Two men, the one exceeding rich in flocks
And herds, the other destitute of all
Save one pet lamb, which he had bought, and which
Had nourished been, and reared with his children.
It did eat from his hand, drink from his cup,
And lay its head upon his lap, as if
It was to him a daughter.

D. Well, go on.

- N.* There came a traveller to the rich man's door,
And he to entertain him, spared to take
Of his own vast flocks and herds, but subtly seized
The poor man's lamb, and dressed it for the stranger.

D. As the Lord liveth, he who this hath done
Shall surely die.

- N.* Thou art thyself the man !—Thus saith the Lord :
I thee anointed king over Israel,
And saved thee from thy foes, and gave thee wealth,
And wives, and countless subjects, and to these
I would have added all thou should'st have asked,
And yet thy lustful eye fell on the wife,
The loved one of Uriah, thy tried friend,
Whose all she was ; and thou didst send him off
To fight thy battles, while thou staid'st at home ;
And didst so station him, that thou wert sure
His very virtue would his ruin seal.
Uriah fell as thou ordain'dst, and thou,
With many wives, and a wide world, from which
To choose at pleasure, took the one pet lamb
Of thy poor friend and neighbor.

D. Servant of God, forbear ! I feel the weight
Of mine offence, and restitution
Manifold will make.

- N.* To whom ? To him
Who fell for thee, by thee betrayed and slain ?
There is no restitution for such wrongs,
And retribution stern awaits thee now.

D. Let me know any penance that can clear

My sinful soul, and I will pay, or bear
It all, so heaven be reconciled again.

N. Thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel:

The child Uriah's wife hath borne to thee
Shall die in infancy, and blast thy hopes;
Thy people shall rebel; thy favorite son
Shall lead in the rebellion, and thy house
Ere it has numbered three short generations,
Shall lose the throne, and all thy glory fade.

D. Prophet of God, not so, it is too much.

N. Jehovah's self hath said.

D. (*Humbly.*) His will ——— be done.

LXXXIV. FASHIONABLE CONVERSATION.

[By altering a word or two this may be a Dialogue between Hitty
Levis and Araminta Puff.]

HITTY LEVIS AND TOM CHAFF.

Tom. Good evening, Miss Hitty; how do you do?

Hitty. Nicely, I thank you. How do you do?

T. First rate. How's your mother?

H. She's nicely, too, — how is your sister?

T. First rate, always. What have you new?

H. Nothing; *you* should bring the news. Beautiful
weather, is n't it?

T. First rate. Have you walked much to-day?

H. No; I hate walking alone, and I never care for
any thing I see, Riding is my delight. Don't you like
riding?

T. It's first rate, but costs more than walking. What
have you been reading of late?

H. I have just finished "The Hatchet of Horror, or
the Massacred Milkmaid;" have *you* read it?

T. No; I have just began it. First rate, is n't it?

H. I call it splendid, though not equal to "The Blue

Robber of the Pink Mountain." I don't know what I should do without a good novel to drive away the hypo. Father says he thinks it would do more good to go among my fellow creatures and benefit *them*; but, goodness gracious! one can't look at a fellow creature after reading a good novel.

T. I adore a first rate novel. It builds me up for a month. I did n't know what manhood meant till I read "Donald the Ghost of the Gory Locks."

H. I prefer "Fanny the Female Pirate of the Gulf," it makes one feel so romantic. When I first read it I longed to turn pirate.

T. What do you think of "The Gory Locks?"

H. It is too sentimental by half. The heroine ought not to have died without revenge. Do you remember the murder?

T. Yes; that was first rate. How long you remember what you read! I forget a novel in a week.

H. So do I; that's long enough to remember it. Do you mean to see the eclipse?

T. What eclipse?

H. Of the moon. It is to be total.

T. No matter. I shall be engaged every moment from now till sunset.

H. It will not happen till after sunset, father says.

T. I don't care; if there's any bore that I particularly despise, it is what they call science. Deliver me from it.

H. So say I. Have you seen the divine Fanny?

T. Yes, several times, and she's first rate. There is more science in one of her pirouettes than in a whole Cyclopaedia.

H. Have you heard of the engagement?

T. What one?

H. What will you give me to tell you?

T. Half a kiss. Who are the parties?

H. Sarah Pratt, the school-ma'am?

T. No! to whom?

H. To the Squire's son Reuben. A precious couple! he never has a word in him, — and she is afraid to say her soul is her own. O deur, what a precious pair!

T. They both pretend to despise novels, and yet there

is no other key to conversation, no other door to the knowledge of human nature. I should die if I could not converse.

H. Conversation is to life what an oasis is to a desert. Did you go to meeting last Sunday?

T. No; I wished to finish "The Clandestine Anecdote,"

H. "Antidote," excuse me. It is a glorious tale, worth forty sermons. I never give up my book for the church, and half a day at church is a dose, unless one has a new bonnet or a pencil for billet-doux.

T. Even half a day gives me the headache, when I don't get a nap.

H. When I saw Sarah Pratt, the other day, she had an engraving that Reuben gave her, and when I asked what it represented, she said, a scene from Shakspeare; and when I asked her who wrote Shakspeare, she blushed up to her eyes, and could not answer. Now I should like to have you tell me who did write it, and I will go and mortify her. Is it a poem or a novel?

T. Neither, I guess, or Reuben would not have meddled with it. It must be some dry history! Is it going to rain?

H. The almanac says it will be fair and cold, and I rely upon the almanac, though father says he prefers his own judgment to-day, to any body's a year ago.

T. First rate! But fair or foul, I must go; for, life would burn out too soon if I indulged longer in such enchanting conversation.

H. Come again soon, for a sober talk of this sort is all that keeps me alive.

T. I should turn oyster if I did not interchange sentiments with you once in a while. I should be "like an owl of the desert," as Bulwer says. Adieu! (*kissing his hand to her.*) Vive la conversation. Adieu! (*He goes out.*)

H. O dear! now I shall have to vegetate again for a fortnight; for father can only talk on what he calls useful subjects, and mother reduces every thing to what she calls common sense. O dear! I was born a hundred years too soon; but I will go and write all that Tom has said, in my Album, and live upon it till the dear fellow calls again. O what a gift the art of conversation is!

LXXXV. SCRAPING ACQUAINTANCE.

JONATHAN BORER AND A STRANGER.

[SCENE — In a Missouri Bar Room.]

Jona. I say, stranger, what wood is that are cane o' yourn made on?

Str. I don't know, I found it in the road.

Jona. I guess it's hickory, but can't say sartin without-seeing the bark. Prefer shoes to boots, don't you? So do I, when I travel.

Str. I have no choice.

Jona. Weed on your hat, I see. Lost a friend, probably.

Str. We seldom mourn for our enemies.

Jona. Wife, I guess, by the wedth of the crape.

Str. No, I never was married.

Jona. Sweetheart, perhaps, or a mother.

Str. No matter, you did n't know him.

Jona. O, a man, was it? Well, I s'pose he was a father or brother or some sich. Lest you something, I guess, by the wedth of the crape, as I said before.

Str. He died poor.

Jona. The deuce he did! Well your case is a perplexity. Consumption, hey?

Str. What makes you guess so?

Jona. Poor people that have nothing to consume generally die o' consumption. Stranger, I'll bet you a new hat I can guess what State you come from.

Str. I never bet, but I'm inclined to stand you, just to see what State you will guess.

Jona. I guess you come from New Hampshire, so hand over the hat.

Str. Poh, I did n't come from New Hampshire, but from Connecticut. So hand over yourself.

Jona. What for? I bet I could guess, and I did guess, did n't I?

Str. Yes, but you did n't guess right.

Jona. I did n't say I would.

Str. Tell me why you guessed New Hampshire.

Jona. They call that the Granite State, and you are a hard customer, that's all.

Str. Was that the true reason? Come, be honest about it.

Jona. No, I wanted to know, and calc'lated that if I guessed wrong, you'd set me right. I did n't care for the hat.

Str. Why did you care where I came from!

Jona. I had a kind o' guess in my own mind, you see, and I wanted to be sartin. I thought you could n't be from Connecticut, for you had n't nothin' to sell.

Str. How did you know but I came from Massachusetts.

Jona. You'd a told on't without my askin', they are so all-fired proud of their railroads and their schools. Is that your trunk, stranger?

Str. No. I have no trunk.

Jona. The deuce you haint; why, what do you keep your things in?

Str. What few things I have are in my handkerchief.

Jona. What on airth are you doin' so fur from home, without even a carpet bag? Not runnin' away, be you?

Str. No. I'm not ashamed of my business.

Jona. Schoolmaster, I guess?

Str. Why do you guess so?

Jona. Because they are never ashamed of their business, and always ready to leave it. Besides, a reg'lar deestrick schoolmaster either has no trunk, or a big one and nothin' in it. That's my judgment on it.

Str. Will you bet that I'm a schoolmaster?

Jona. No, I never bet when the other party knows sartin. But, don't be mad, there's no disgrace in keepin' school if you haint wit to do nothin' better.

Str. I can guess what you are!

Jona. No, can you? I bet you two to one you can't come within hailin' distance on it. Come, don't be afeard to guess, I aint afeard to hev you.

Str. I guess you are more ——

Jona. Mormon! No, stranger, you don't guess that.

Sir. I was going to say you are more inquisitive than polite.

Jona. Stranger, this is a free country, and you have a right to answer or not, as you please. But, if it's a fair question, what meetin' do you 'tend?

Str. Can you guess?

Jona. Well, I guess I can. You don't swear, you don't drink, you don't bet, you don't lie that I know on, you don't guess, and you've no things. You can't belong to any old denomination, and must be a come-outer, only you don't pretend to be wiser than all creation. But now, stranger, to come to business, may I ask what you are goin' to dew in these parts, for nobody don't come here for nothin'.

Str. What are *you* doing here?

Jona. Looking out for chaps. You see I have invented a machine for chawing, and out here, where there ain't no dentists, I calc'late to do somethin' considerable. Talkin' of teeth reminds me that I haint had no dinner, and let's toss up to see who shall treat.

Str. I shall re-treat. So good-bye to you. (*He goes toward the door.*)

Jona. Not mad, I hope, stranger.

Str. O no, but I am going to California on foot, and have no time to lose.

Jona. You don't say so! Why, I'm bound there tew, after I have sold a few of my machines. Let's club and go together. I'd a sold half a dozen before this, if you had n't been so tight with me. I could a pumped a Boston man dry half a dozen times while I have been scraping your acquaintance. I'll give you a fair commission if you'll co-operate, as the tarm is. Two is always better than one for co-operation.

Str. I have no objection, if there's no humbug in your machine.

Jona. Come along, and let it eat one dinner for you, and then you can judge.

LXXXVI. JOHN BULL & SON.

JOHN BULL AND JONATHAN.

John. (*Seated.*) Jonathan!

Jona. What do you want, sir?

John. Come here, sirrah. Is it true, as they tell me, that you have set up for yourself, over the water?

Jona. I'll take my oath on 't, father.

John. What do you mean by doing so, you young rascal?

Jona. I mean to be free, sir.

John. Free, you young rogue, were you not free enough before?

Jona. Not quite, sir. I wanted an almighty swing, and your lot was too small.

John. Too small, you villain, it commands the world.

Jona. I could put it into one of my ponds without obstructing navigation. We do things on a large scale there, sir.

John. Was there ever such impudence! What do you do, fellow, that we do not?

Jona. We hatch cities, father, as fast as you do broods of chickens, and every year we set off two or three kingdoms, or States, as we call them.

John. What do you make them out of?

Jona. Out of strips of my garden, sir.

John. Why, how big is your garden?

Jona. It reaches from sunrise to sundown one way, and from one end to t' other end the other way.

John. Do you pretend to say your garden is large enough to allow of your cutting kingdoms out of it?

Jona. To be sure I do. I have set off thirty-odd kingdoms, some of them ten times as big as your old homestead, and have staked out a dozen more, and having more land still than I know what to do with, I have concluded to invite all creation to come over and take a lot "free-gratis-for-nothing," just to get it off my hands.

John. The dence is in you. Why, Jonathan, my folks

are all running away from me. Three or four millions of Irish bog-trotters decamped all at once, and the Lord knows where they are gone.

Jona. So do I, father. They have all squatted on one of my potato patches.

John. You ungrateful dog, what do you mean by stealing my hands?

Jona. They said you could n't support them, sir, and I thought it my duty to help the old man, as they call you.

John. Well, Jonathan, what are you going to do with yourself, when you grow up?

Jona. Good gracious, father, what do you mean by growing up? I could whip two of you now.

John. You lie, you rascal!

Jona. I never mean to try, father, but, in answer to your question, what I mean to do, I say, I mean to govern all creation one of these days.

John. What do you mean? Do you expect to lord it over me?

Jona. I guess you'll be glad, one of these days, to have me give you a lift.

John. What language do your boys talk, Jonathan?

Jona. English, sir, better than you speak it here. One of them has just made a dictionary for you, in order to keep you right.

John. The young scape-grace! Well, Jonty, how do your boys, on the whole, feel towards the old homestead?

Jona. They are proud of it, sir, and will never see the old man want, or let the farm pass into the hands of strangers.

John. Give me your hand, Jonty. They told me you were a great lubber that did n't care for me.

Jona. They lied, father, and if you will tell me who said so, I'll make him eat his words without picking out the bones.

John. Come, come, you young rogue, you almost beat your old father at boasting, but I guess you'll turn out a clever boy, after all, and, one of these days, when my gout is easy, I may walk over, and make you a call.

Jona. Do, sir. You shall never miss a welcome from

Jonathan, while there is any roast beef or plum pudding to be had this side of t'other end of any distance. (*Jonathan goes out.*)

John. He's my boy after all. Old John Bull will never die while Jonathan lives.

LXXXVII. DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

DIONYSIUS, *The Tyrant of Syracuse.*

DAMON AND PYTHIAS, *Friends.*

Dionysius. Your friend has not returned, and the instrument of death is ready. What think you now of the traitor Damon? You will repent the folly that supposed he would return to throw away the life your suretyship prolonged.

Pythias. My faith is still unshaken. Damon will return, if possible, and yet I pray the gods to interpose some obstacle that can not be surmounted.

Dion. 'T will need no intervention of the gods, for Damon will, himself, create the impossibility, and leave his credulous friend to die for him.

Pyth. You know not Damon.

Dion. I know human nature.

Pyth. You know it mainly as you see it in yourself, and by this imperfect standard you judge others. I have known the meaning of true friendship, and much as I hope Damon may not come, I yet believe he will, because I would not fail if I were he.

Dion. 'T is never safe to trust the best beyond the line of interest.

Pyth. You have not known the best, they all avoid you. Else, why hang a sword above thy head by a single hair, to show to Damocles and other sycophants thy fragile hold on power.

Dion. All power is based on interest or fear. All men are timorous or sordid, and Damon, you will find to your

cost, is both. He fears to die, and has been bought, by gold or tears, to leave you to your fate.

Pyth. I know you wrong him, and am almost reconciled to his return, that the false judgment you pronounce on human nature, may be at once refuted.

Dion. The officer approaches, and one moment more will make truth manifest.

(Enter Officer.)

Officer. My lord, the king!

Dion. Speak! What from Damon?

Off. Nought. And the offended law now claims the forfeit head of Pythias, pledged for his return. What is the pleasure of your majesty?

Dion. That the penalty be enforced. I warned thee, Pythias, and am blameless if the innocent is made to suffer.

Pyth. Damon is innocent as I, and all who but resist a tyrant. I know my obligation, and do cheerfully submit. Lead me to death, and hasten, officer, lest Damon come before thy work is accomplished.

Dion. What mean those shouts? The people do rejoice that Damon has abandoned Pythias.

Off. *(Looking out.)* No, my liege. I am deceived, or Damon's self is here, and these shouts are only welcome greetings.

(Damon rushes in, and, without seeing Pythias, falls exhausted at the feet of Dionysius.)

Dion. By the immortal gods, 't is he. Pythias, thy life is saved.

Pyth. 'T were better lost. I pray thee now, ere he recovers, let thy will take full effect on me.

Dion. Hark! he revives. *(Damon rises on his elbow, and says in a loud whisper —)*

Damon. Am I in time?

Off. Yes, just in time.

Dam. Thank heaven! *(He sinks again.)*

Dion. Damon, you measure time most accurately to have neither a moment short, nor one to spare. *(The officer and Pythias raise Damon.)*

Dam. The bark that bore me back, was buffeted by adverse gales, and finally was wrecked upon our coast.

Unwilling, then, to lose an instant in the search of horse, or other means of haste, I ran unceasingly until so little life is left, its full extinction hardly can be death.

Dion. (*To himself.*) And there is then a bond more strong than interest or fear. How little do I know of man! (*Aloud.*) Officer, leave us. (*Officer goes out.*) Damon, I give thee life on one condition.

Dam. Name it, so it be not dishonorable.

Dion. The condition is, that henceforth Dionysius be to Pythias and Damon, what they are to each other.

Dam. It can not be. Friendship's a sacred sentiment, and not a name, — the growth of years, not minutes; the fruit of mutual sacrifice; and obligations such as it imposes Dionysius never felt, never can feel while he is Dionysius.

Dion. What say you, Pythias?

Pyth. Damon must speak, the penalty, alas, is his alone.

Dion. Then, since you treat my offer with disdain, you shall be made to feel my full revenge. I doom thee, Pythias —

Dam. No, no! Not even Dionysius can punish friendship such as his.

Dion. I doom thee, Pythias, to live. Damon is pardoned unconditionally, and, if Dionysius can not be admitted to your friendship, he will at least take care, that, when the history of your wondrous faith shall to posterity go down, the future voice shall say that Dionysius duly prized the friendship he was not allowed to share.

LXXXVIII. TOBACCO.

SAM, *an inveterate Chewer.*

BILL, *an inveterate Snuffer.*

DICK, *an inveterate Smoker.*

JOHN, *an intimate friend of the others.*

(Sam is chewing ; Bill snuffing, and Bob smoking.)

John. I seem to be the only idler of the party, and it seems to be necessary for me, in self defence, to use tobacco. Pray, in what form shall I find it most pleasant and convenient ?

Sam. Chew, chew. Don't be so ridiculous as to tickle your nose with it, or befoul the air.

Bill. I do not see why it is any more ridiculous to snuff up the powder, than to chew what you can not swallow. I think the ridicule should attach to the smoker, who neither chews nor snuffs, but puffs away his breath and his money, and has nothing to show for it.

Dick. Better have nothing to show for it. It is the show that our opponents abhor. I do not fancy a soiled mouth or an inflamed nose myself. I take a deal of comfort in my cigar.

Sam. So do I in my quid. One of the bravest men that ever lived assured me, that he could not fight without his tobacco.

John. He drew his courage from a high source. I should think a cause that needs such aid were better let alone.

Bill. When I feel gloomy, I take a pinch of snuff, and there's an end of it.

Dick. An end of what, the gloom or the snuff ? When I have the blues, I take a whiff at my cigar, and, you know, there are two ends to that. After all, tobacco is tobacco, in whatever form you take it.

Bill. Yes, but one way may be neater than another, or more convenient, or less expensive. For my part, I think all these advantages are on the side of snuff.

Sam. Especially if you are a cook! I still maintain that this tickling of the proboscis is too ridiculous to be countenanced by any person of common sense. As to the comfort it affords, that is all "in my eye."

Bill. Better keep it in your nose.

Sam. The idea of being comforted or inspired by tickling your nose with snuff, instead of a feather, is perfectly absurd. I should sooner scratch my head for inspiration.

Bill. It would be more graceful! But, Sam, pray tell us, why do you prefer the quid?

Sam. I first chewed to keep my teeth from aching, and then continued for the pleasure of it. I am never easy without a piece of tobacco in my mouth. It is wife, children, friends to me.

John. Is not that the excuse of the toper? He is never easy without a dram in his stomach, and his wife, children and friends are closely connected with his glass. But, Dick, why do you smoke?

Dick. It exhilarates me and settles my food. I feel a deal better for a cigar after dinner.

John. So does the toper for his glass of brandy. But, my friends say that I must use the weed in some form, and I am quite undecided about it.

Bill. Take the snuff, by all means.

John. I shall wish my future wife to do as I do, and in preparing food —

Bill. You don't mean to marry a cook, do you?

Sam. You had better chew, John.

John. Who ever saw a decent lady chew?

Sam. Hang your wife!

John. That would be murder. It would be hard to hang the innocent, and easier to abstain from the abomination.

Dick. You will have to come to the cigar. That is neat, and rarely gives offence to the ladies.

John. You mean, that polite ladies do not take offence. I believe that no lady could ever excuse any one for compelling her to inhale air he has made impure, unless it be a young lady who hopes to catch a beau by smiling at his vices.

Dick. You overlook the beautiful sentiment that is en-

forced by the cigar. I never see the smoke curling upward without thinking of the ascending spirit, and as I knock the ashes off, I always call to mind the fate of the body, "Ashes to ashes."

John. Beautiful ! but going to a funeral might produce the same sentiment.

Sam. Chewing has its moral, too ; for, what resembles the lifeless corpse so much as a rejected quid ? There is always a smell of mortality about that.

John. There is a mortal smell about it, no one will deny.

Bill. Let it not be supposed that a pinch of snuff is devoid of sentiment. I never apply the cheering powder to my nostrils without saying or thinking, "Dust we are and unto dust must we return." I never sneeze without —

John. Without what ?

Bill. Without feeling moved by it.

John. The sublime morality of Tobacco I never understood before, and such reflections must exert such a reforming influence upon the life and character, that I think I will chew, and snuff, and smoke, and thus make sure of the great salvation that must come from such a source!

LXXXIX. THE STORY TELLER.

SQUIRE DOUGHTY, MR. SLIM, MR. DRIP, MR. DRAG AND MR. MEACH.

Squire. How are you, Slim ? How d' you do ? What news have you ? Who's dead or married, or going to be ?

Slim. I can't say. I mind my own business, and let other people mind theirs.

Squire. It does no good to worry. Speaking of good, Slim, did I ever tell you about my meeting with Sam Smink ? Sam, you know, is a pretty good sort of a fellow, but the moment he does a good thing, he runs about to

tell of it, so that his left hand never needs suffer from over-much curiosity to know what the right hand is about.

Slim. Well, what —

Squire. Wait a minute, I am coming to it. When I met Sam, said I, "Well, Sam, you fulfil the scripture still, do you?" "What do you mean by that?" says Sam. "Why," says I, "you do good and — communicate, don't you?" Pretty fair hit that, was n't it?

Slim. I don't see the *pint* of it exactly.

Squire. You don't? Why, don't you see —

Slim. No matter, sir, now, for I must run to my business. Good day, Squire. (*As he goes out, Mr. Drip enters.*)

Squire. I'll pay Slim for that. How are you, neighbor Drip?

Drip. Indifferently, Squire, but having some information that I wish to communicate —

Squire. Talking of communicating, did I tell you of my encounter with Sam Smink, the other day? Sam's a clever fellow enough, and always ready to do a good turn, but he can't keep his good deeds to himself. So says I, when I met him, "Sam," says I, "are you fulfilling the scriptures still?" "What do you mean by that?" says he. "Doing good, and — communicating," says I. Was n't that a keen cut, hey?

Drip. Pretty keen, Squire, pretty keen.

Squire. Well, do you think I did n't tell that to Jerry Slim, and he said he did n't see the *pint* of it!

Drip. (*Aside.*) Perhaps he had heard the story till it had lost its *pint*. (*Aloud.*) Slim is not a Solomon, Squire, and you must not waste your pearls on him. Any commands up town, Squire?

Squire. No, I believe not, I shall go up myself presently.

[*Drag enters.*]

Drip. Good morning to you. (*As Drip goes out, Mr.*

Squire. How are you, Drag? What are you dragging now? You are a real drag-on.

Drag. Ha, ha, ha! Very good, Squire, very good. I am always doing something or other, to be sure.

Squire. Talking of doing, reminds me of a remark I made to Sam Smink. Sam, you know, never does a good thing without telling of it. So, says I, "Sam, you not

only fulfil scripture by doing good, but you also communicate."

Drag. What did Sam say to that, Squire?

Squire. Why, what do you think Jerry Slim said, when I told the same thing to him? He said he didn't see the *pint* of it.

Drag. Well, I don't think he did, Squire.

Squire. A fellow so dull as that, ought to be — put under guardianship.

Drag. (*Aside.*) Any one who could make such a pun has more need of a guardian. (*Aloud.*) Good morning,

Squire. (*As he goes out Mr. Meach enters.*)

Squire. How are you, Meach?

Meach. How is the Squire?

Squire. Pretty well for an old one. Meach, do you know Sam Smink?

Meach. Yes, and I heard a good story about him just now. You know Sam never does a good action without telling every body of it? Well, you see, Jerry Slim met him the other day, and when Sam told him about some *widder* that he had helped, says Slim, "You do good and communicate," says Slim, says he.

Squire. Slim never said so.

Meach. He did, he told me so himself, not fifteen minutes ago.

Squire. Slim is a liar and a thief into the bargain.

Meach. How so, Squire, this is hard language.

Squire. The fellow has stolen my best story, and is passing it off for his own, before I have told it fifty times myself. The dog told me, too, he could not see the *pint* of it. He shall feel the *pint* of my boot when I meet him, a villain.

Meach. That will hardly be "doing good," Squire.

Squire. It will be doing good and communicating too. A mean dog, to steal my thunder after telling me there was no lightning in it.

XC. LOVE AND MISANTHROPY.

HERMIT AND MISANTHROPE.

Mis. If there's a mountain peak that human foot,
 Adventurous, hath never dared to climb;
 That the bold eagle, seeking for her young
 A safe retreat, hath hardly dared to scale;
 If there's a cavern in earth's dreary waste,
 By earthquakes riven deep, that the chased wolf
 Hath ne'er explored, and that the light
 Of curs'd day hath ne'er intruded in, —
 That dizzy height, or the infernal cave,
 Would furnish the retreat my spirit seeks,
 Where human foot may never penetrate
 To blast the eye, or paralyze the ear.
 I have foresworn the race, and would consort
 With beasts of prey, or birds who but consult
 Their native instinct, when they crush the weak
 And innocent.

Herm. (*To himself.*) What voice of human tone
 Harmonious breaks the stillness drear, that long
 Hath brooded o'er these silent shades! The sound
 Of human lips is grateful to my ear
 As pardon unexpected to the ear
 That sin has brought to the awful precipice
 Which human legislation spreads beneath
 The foot of crime. Here I have lived alone,
 Unseen by man, obedient to a vow,
 In evil hour assumed, the world and all
 Its pleasures, prospects, promises, to renounce
 And utterly abhor. But I have learned
 That the narrow path by truth enjoined
 Lies not through solitude or wilderness,
 But winds its way through all the crowded marts
 Of the busy world, where heart to heart can speak,
 And where the thoughts, all occupied, can ne'er
 Find time or opportunity to shrink,
 And be concentrated on self. (*To the Misanthrope.*)

Say why society you shun, young man,
 And choose the unvarying scene these solitudes
 Present. Condemned of God or man, I know
 No greater punishment than may be found
 In doing nothing, or in preying on
 One's sickly self, and losing evermore
 The sentiments that intercourse alone
 With human kind can quicken or perfect.

Mis. Speak not to me of man or of his works ;
 But, if thou know'st a fearful cavern dark,
 Or inaccessible crag, where one may hide
 Forever, then, in mercy to this heart
 But designate the spot, and I will rush
 To embrace the only rest despair can know.

Herm. The rest the weary, world-tossed heart desires,
 Or that the guilty conscience asketh for,
 Can not be found in idleness, nor in
 The solitude you covet thus. The gifts
 Of Providence ne'er cause disgust, but when
 They are abused ; and to renounce them then
 Creates a void more dreadful than before
 Existed, to be filled anon with ills
 More keen and wearisome. The world is vile,
 But in the wilderness the furies rave
 With tenfold power, and a retreat secure
 From all their scourging never can be found
 In negative virtue, or in idle grief.

Mis. Thou ne'er hast felt the raging pains, that now
 Wring my torn bosom, lacerate my soul,
 And make me hate not only all my kind,
 But all things else, and even my very self.

Herm. 'Tis rare to find, in one so young, such deep
 Misanthropy ; and much it doth me move
 To inquire into its cause, that I, perchance,
 May consolation give, or balmy hope
 Administer.

Mis. O holy man, for such thy kindly words
 Betoken that thou art, thou canst not gauge
 The depth of misery in which, plung'd and sunk
 Beyond deliverance, I must ever lie.
 Thy love hath no prescription, and thy life

Hath no experience to enable thee
To comprehend the ills that crush me down,
And shut out every hope of earth, and all
Concern for heaven.

Herm. Did I consult my heart, and all that stern
Experience I have known, I should suspect
That thy fond heart had drunk the bitter cup
Of unrequited love.

Mis. Sure nought but love divine, discernment deep,
And superhuman, could have thus revealed
The fearful mystery that shrouds my fate.
True, I have loved as never man hath loved.

Herm. All men do so. I too have deeply loved
As never man before.

Mis. And I have borne such griefs as never man
Hath borne and lived.

Herm. And so have I,
And yet survive, prepared by sufferings keen,
Resembling thine, to now prescribe a cure
That shall restore thee to thyself, the world,
And all the duties thou would'st rashly spurn.

Mis. O holy hermit, speak ! before high heaven
I promise to obey thy dictate, for
To live is death, and freedom is to die.

Herm. Nay, rather live, let her whom thou adorest
Die to thee, and as I once renounced
The world, and sought the caves, and found
No remedy, let my experience serve
For both, and both return to the world, and seek

Mis. Seek what ? the scornful dames that cast our hopes
Down headlong to the abyss of dark despair ?

Herm. O no, — let us return, resolved to seek—
Each a new love. None dwell in this dull waste,
And our researches can not fail to prove
The only cure for hopeless love — is love.

Mis. Come on ! I'll try the recipe for spite.
Adieu, O cavern, farewell mountain height,
Eagle and wolf, the eyrie and the lair,
Farewell, farewell ! she lives, and I — don't care.

XCI. NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.

MR. GINSENG, *a newly Retired Trader.*

PROFESSOR EMPTINGS, *a Fashionable Scholar.*

Mr. Ginseng. You understand my case, I trust. My whole life has been spent in acquiring wealth, and now I have it, I find it necessary to have something more, before I can take rank with the genteel and respectable. I have, therefore, determined to learn every thing that is to be learned, and have sent for you to place myself under your instruction.

Professor. What do you wish to learn?

Mr. G. Every thing, I tell you. I have *kept* books these forty years, but I never *studied* one in my life.

Prof. Yes, but what shall we begin with?

Mr. G. Begin with every thing, I need one thing as much as I do another. I might have inherited something, if the oldfolks had died young, but they outlived all their faculties.

Prof. Shall we begin with Latin? I think that is the basis of all education.

Mr. G. What is the use of Latin, Doctor? Does it make one better understood?

Prof. O no, it prevents you from being understood, and so gets you a reputation for wisdom. When you are with plain people, and wish to make them feel your superiority, you have only to throw a Latin quotation at them, and they are overwhelmed at once.

Mr. G. Then, Doctor, it seems to me there can be no use in studying Latin; for, if I speak to those who don't understand, I may as well make my Latin as I want it. If they push me hard in an argument, I can say,

*"In pinetaris in oaknoneis,
In mudeelis in claynoneis,"*

or whatever else comes uppermost, and, as they can't answer what they don't understand, there will be an end to the argument.

Prof. But Latin has other uses. It is necessary to theologians, lawyers and physicians.

Mr. G. Well, I am neither. I am only a gentleman.

Prof. Perhaps, you would like to commence with Logic.

Mr. G. I don't know what it is.

Prof. It treats of the three operations of the mind.

Mr. G. Three, I thought there were thirty.

Prof. There are but three, Conception, Judgment, and Conclusion, that is Universals, Categories, and Consequences.

Mr. G. What is the use of it all?

Prof. It is indispensable if you wish to convince an opponent.

Mr. G. Poh, poh! I'll do it in half the time with my purse. There is no argument like the dollar, Doctor. I'll have nothing to do with Logic. What else have you?

Prof. What do you think of Philosophy?

Mr. G. What is it good for?

Prof. It has two great branches, Moral Philosophy, which treats of happiness, and teaches us to moderate our desires and passions.

Mr. G. Money does all that. There is no happiness without money, and desires and passions are effectually moderated when there is no money to pay for their indulgence.

Prof. The other branch is Natural Philosophy, which explains the properties of bodies.

Mr. G. Poh, I know all about the property of every body in the city. I was a Bank-director more than thirty years, and I know to a dollar what every merchant is good for.

Prof. You misunderstand me. Philosophy treats of falling stars and comets; rain, hail and snow; wind and storms; thunder, lightning and hurricanes.

Mr. G. Will a knowledge of this Philosophy enable me to regulate all these things?

Prof. O no, you will understand them all, and know their cause.

Mr. G. Don't God cause them? Come, I'll put my old Dr. Scribbletext against you or any man on that point.

Prof. What do you say to Grammar?

Mr. G. What is the object of Grammar?

Prof. It teaches how to speak correctly.

Mr. G. How does it go to work to do this?

Prof. It teaches the analysis of language, so that the *subject* may be readily distinguished from the *object*, and both from the *predicate*, however qualified by *modifiers* and *adjuncts*.

Mr. G. Any goose may tell the *subject* of conversation, and guess at the *object* of it; and, as to the *predicament*, I must judge of that when I am in it. Now, you see, if I wished to learn to swim, I should swim; if I wished to learn to run, I should run; and, if I wish to learn to speak, I shall speak, and I don't believe there is any other way to learn. What else have you to offer?

Prof. Perhaps you would prefer some of the lower branches. What do you think of Orthography?

Mr. G. I never heard of it before, what is it all about?

Prof. It teaches the power of letters, and —

Mr. G. Pshaw! I own the Complete Letter Writer, and as for the power of letters, I tell you, Mr. Professor, that one talk, face to face, is worth a dozen letters, any time.

Prof. I mean the letters that enter into the composition of words; thus *p-e-a* we say spells *pea*.

Mr. G. Don't P alone spell Pea?

Prof. Yes, surely, but we make use of three.

Mr. G. Does Orthography teach you to put three letters when one is enough? I'll have none of it. I have so much to learn that I prefer some science that will reduce three to one.

Prof. Suppose you try Chronology and History?

Mr. G. What do you mean by Chronology?

Prof. A record such as History more particularly describes.

Mr. G. Does it describe facts that are to come? What is past can't be helped, what is future is far more important, and, if known, might be prepared for.

Prof. Chronology and History refer only to the past.

Mr. G. Then I would n't give a straw for them. Do tell me, Doctor, if you have spent your whole life upon the foolish subjects you have mentioned. What I want, is a science that will cause me to be respected by those who

claim to be my superiors ; one that will make me feel less awkward in genteel society, and will make people point me out as a good citizen, and not merely as a rich one. Does any ology, ography or osophy teach this ?

Prof. Not that I know of. There's an old book, called the Bible, that is said to deal in such matters, but it is a vulgar affair, and will never qualify you for genteel and respectable company.

Mr. G. I think I'll take some lessons in that, Doctor.

Prof. It says, it is hard for a rich man, like you, to be saved.

Mr. G. Does it? then I'm sure I'll study it, because there never was a truer word spoken ; and, if there is so much danger, I'll give away every cent by way of insurance against it. Truly, I have found a pearl of great price.

Prof. And I have lost a pupil of great promise.

XCII. THE POPE AND THE INDIAN.

[NOTE. In 1493, Pope Alexander VI, one of the most vicious of abandoned Popes, published a Bull or proclamation, in which, "Out of his pure liberality, infallible knowledge, and plenitude of apostolic power ; in consideration of the eminent services of the Spanish monarchs in the cause of the church ; and to afford them still wider scope for the prosecution of their pious labors," he formally gave them "all lands discovered or to be discovered, west of an imaginary line drawn from pole to pole, one hundred leagues west of the Azores and Cape de Verd Islands."

The Styx was an imaginary river over which it was necessary for the spirits of the dead to pass before they could enter the abode of the dead. The ferryman, Charon, required the small fee of one penny from every passenger, and some ancient nations, believing this fable, were careful to put a small coin into the mouth of every corpse before burial.

This Pope and an Indian Chief, meeting after death on the bank of the Styx, are supposed to hold the following dialogue while waiting for the boat.]

THE POPE, INDIAN AND CHARON.

Indian. I am right glad to meet the man who, it is said, enslaved my country.

Pope. Enslaved! I christianized it.

I. You gave my country to the Spaniard, when it was no more yours to give than Italy was mine.

P. It was stipulated that the Gospel should be given you in return.

I. We did not wish to pay so dearly for it. What is the Gospel without independence?

P. You were all heathen, and all lost. My purpose was to save you.

I. To save! From what?

P. From sin and death.

I. Sin! We knew not what it was till seen in you. And as for death, it has increased a thousand fold. The Indian knew of no such crimes as thou, the head of those who sell the Gospel, didst freely perpetrate. Methinks we might have given thee a Gospel with more reason.

P. Thou speakest freely, but I must listen, for we all are equal here, and must be judged by the same law.

I. No, not by the same law, but by the light we had.

P. 'Tis true, and all the light in you was darkness, when I gave the western world to faithful men, who should instruct and save you.

I. They did neither. The light they gave but blinded us; the instruction lay in bad example. Their tree of knowledge bore to us a fatal fruit.

P. They did convert you.

I. Yes, into gold, to glut their avarice.

P. The Gospel was above all price.

I. Even so, and all we had, land, goods and liberty, did not suffice to purchase it; it cost our lives.

P. The Holy Spirit was made known to you.

I. We judged of that but by its fruits in you. 'Twas not a holy spirit seized our lands, enslaved our race, and thinned our tribes, as war and pestilence and famine ne'er had done.

P. All this ill was for the greater good. The end most fully sanctified the means. The evils you complain of, incidental were to civilization.

I. Better be uncivilized than to lose home, and equal rights, and all the charms of liberty and hope. The Indian's Great Spirit authorized no such injustice and oppression.

P. You worshipped him in ignorance.

I. 'Tis true, but our poor service was sincerely offered, and received with due allowance for infirmity. Another spirit that you brought was all material, and debased our race far more than all the natural sin you gave us credit for. This spirit took away our brain, destroyed our self-respect, unstrung the red man's bow, and dimmed his eye. You claim no merit, sure, or gratitude for such a gift.

P. There is some show of reason in your tauntings. When I gave your land to the discoverers, I meant it for your good, but God hath ordered otherwise.

I. The Indian does not do a wrong, and then attribute its result to the Great Spirit.

Enter Charon.

Charon. Who goes next in the boat?

I. I go, provided he (*pointing to the Pope*) does not. I will not go where he goes.

C. Where is your passage money?

I. Here is a mite a widow gave me whom this wicked Pope burned at the stake for reading the Word of Life herself.

C. 'Tis well. And thou, (*to the Pope*) where is thy penny? (*The Pope gives a coin, and Charon, after examining it carefully, says*) Sure this is counterfeit.

P. 'Tis St. Peter's pence, no coin so current on the earth.

C. It is not current here.

P. I have no other.

C. The more's the pity. How did'st thou obtain this?

P. I took it of a sinner for the absolution that I granted him.

C. Not only counterfeit, but gotten under false pretences! You can not go in the boat.

P. I have some golden keys that, upon earth, opened or shut the gates of Heaven. Wilt take them for thy fee?

C. False keys too! Sirrah, thou must be a rogue, or appearances belie thee. Get thee gone! Let me not see thee on this bank again. Come, Indian, the Great Spirit waits thee on the other bank.

XCH. IRISH IMMIGRATION.

MICHAEL AND PATRICK. [*Scene, in Ireland.*]

Michael. Well, Patrick, you have been to Ameriky, they tell me; and how do you like the counthry?

Patrick. Sure you ax me two questions in one, and nyther yis nor no will fit both on 'em. Will you jist be afther axing one at a time, now, and don't bother me.

M. Botheration! can't you answer then one afther the t'other as I axed them? Which was the first? Sure was n't it whether you had been to Ameriky, and how you liked the counthry?

P. Faith, it's an Aden of a place, that, Michael.

M. Sure you don't mane that they go naked like bastes, and live out of doors for want of housen, as Adam and Ave did!

P. By no manes, Michael; they build houses on purpose for us, and the poorer we are, the more sure we are of getting intil the great house, Michael.

M. Do they fade you too?

P. Indade they do, Michael, and clothie us intil the bargain. They understand the matther intirely, do they.

M. Do they work you hard, Patrick?

P. Not at all. Don't they do all the work theyselves for the sake of intertaining us.

M. Sure they make you pay something for the intertainment!

P. Sure you're a blockhead. They're so glad to re-save us that they make no charges at all, at all.

M. Tell me the whole thruth now Patsy dear, and don't desave your own flesh and blood.

P. Howld your prate then, and mind what I'm afther telling you. The very moment our vessel landed, and long before, a gentleman came on board, and made the most tinder inquiries afther our health and circumstances. You niver in your born days heerd so kind a gentleman.

M. May the Virgin bless him, and all the like of him.

P. Have you any money? says he, amiable-like to Kit-

ty O'Jarnegan. Not a blessed ha'penny, your honor, says Kitty, says she. How is your health? says he again, as tinder-like as her own mither could ha' pit the question. I'm va-ry sick, your honor, says Kitty, as lady like as a quane. You must go to the hospittle and be cared for, says he. If your honor plases, says Kitty, says she; and he helped her intil his coach, that stood in waiting, like a gentleman as he is.

M. You don't mane that she rid for nothing, Patsy. Now, don't desave us with any of your blarney.

P. No blarney but the thruth, Michael; and, when it comed my turn to be introduced to the gentleman, he axed me the same questions only different you see. What is your name? says he. Patrick McCarrotty, says I, of Killingomalley, your honor. Have you any money? says he, — not at all imperthinent nyther. Divil a ha'penny, says I, — in my pocket.

M. But you had money, Patrick, a dale of it. Did n't you sell your cow and all your furniture afore you went?

P. To be sure I had the money, but not in my pocket, Michael. You see none but them as have no money are allowed to ride in the coach, be they. How is your health? says the gentleman, says he. Bad, indade, says I, and I gave one or two coughs, you see, like as Kitty. You must go to the hospittle, says he. God bless your honor, and all your childer, says I. Step intil the carriage, says he, as he held open the door, did he. Sure and I will, with God's help, says I, as if I was sick like and wake, you undherstand.

M. By the Virgin, you did n't chate him so asy, Patsy, did you?

P. Well, Miky, to make a short story long, we rid to the hospittle, and a palace of a building it was, and no disparagement to any counthry sate in old Ireland, nyther. And there we lived like pigs in clover, only they bothered us with what they called soap and warther ofthener than was convanient, and they would n't allow us to kape a soul of a flay about us, which did n't seem to be altogether natheral, you know, Michael.

M. What did they give you to ate, Patsy dear?

P. Sure did n't they give us mate in abundance, and

the besth of it too. Did n't I ate more mate there in a week than the Squire of Ballarney himself ates in a year?

M. And they let you live so for nothing, and kape all your money?

P. To be sure they did. And when we got well, did n't they promote us to another beautiful building,* close by, that wás crowded with the like of us?

M. What did you do there?

P. Ate and dhrink too, Miky, and not a blessed thing besides. All the inmates, as they call the company, are trated like gentlemen and ladies, and out of respect to them, to save their faleings, you undherstand, because idleness is no recommendation in that counthry, the palace is called the House of Industry, though the divil a bit of work they do but slape or sit still in it.

M. I'll go right away, will I. But this blessed minute I remimber that I have n't a ha'penny in my pockets, nor out of 'em nyther. Sure don't I wish there was a long bridge from 'Meriky to owld Ireland, that that blessed coach, and the gentleman behind it, might come all the way here, and take us over for nothing!

* Engravings of the Hospital, House of Industry, and other buildings erected expressly for paupers by the City of Boston, are displayed by Emigrant agents in Liverpool, Cork, and elsewhere, as inducements for the poor creatures to come over. One letter spoke of the Alms-House wagon, as a beautiful carriage, kept entirely at the service of the inmates.

XCIV. NATURALIZATION.

PATRICK, A RETURNED EMIGRANT, AND MICHAEL. [*Scene in Ireland.*]

Michael.—Tell me some more about that blessed counthry, Patrick. Sure it does me good to hear about it, if I may never partake of their hospitality. You towld me they stand waiting for us on the wharf, and board and

lodge us for nothing, and work hard to intertain us, and all this is beautiful, Patrick, saving the soap and warther that you tell on. But Patsey dear, didn't you go abroad and see the counthry and the paiple?

Patrick. I didn't set fut outside of the public house for many a long month. But when the winther was over, they towld me that the State had orthered all the towns to resave me, and I must go and visit some other place, and so, you see, they giv me a suit of clothes to make me dacent like for company, and I set out to oblige the paiple of some other town.

M. Well, what success did you mate with?

P. Fust rate, as they say in Ameriky. I had hardly left the House of Industhry, as I towld you they call the place where ladies and gentlemen are intertained, when a smiling gentleman comes straight up to me, and shakes hands with me, as sociable like as if we had sucked the same cow. How are you, my good fellow? says he. None too well, says I, just coughing a little you see, to kape up appayrencies. Are you natheralized? says he. O yis, says I, God bless the bread and the mate and the praytees. But, are you natheralized? says he again. What do you mane? says I. Aro you a vother? says he. Divil a bit of one, says I. And would you like to vote? says he. To be sure I would, says I, if 'twill oblige you. I'm your man, says he, and here's an agle for you if you vote just as I tell you to. It's I that'll do the thing, your honor, says I. And what's your name? says he. Patrick McCarroty, your honor, says myself. And how do you spell it? says he. Just as your honor plazes, says I, I never quarrels about the spelling nor the rading nyther, says I.

M. 'Tis the divel and all, that same spelling, Patrick.

P. Well, you see, he shows me a paper, and says, can you rade that? says he. To be sure I can, says I.

M. But you can't read a word of writing or print, Patrick, and how could you chate the gentleman so?

P. Would you have me own my blessed ignorance, when there was no more nade of it than of taying the pig to cypher. Can you rade that paper? says he. To be sure I can, says I. Rade away then, says he. I looked at it kind of wise-like, you see, and then I said to him, will

you just rade it to me, your honor, for as I'm a christian I have no spectacles about me, not a pair of them. This is a stificate of natheralization, says he. It belonged to Bill McGriglicnickery, of Ballymachooly. Him that died last week? says I. The same, says he, but you must swear that you are Bill, says he, and that you have been in the counthry five years, says he, and then you must put in this vote, says he, and I will give you the blessed agle for your own, says he. I'll do it all, this blessed minute, says I.

M. Did you swear on the blessed book that you was Bill? ah, Patsy, what will become of your sowl if the priest hears on't?

P. Sure wasn't an agle twenty half dollars, and would'nt one of them quiet the priest and lave me nineteen intil the bargain? Get into this carriage, says he, and we rode to the place where the paiple exercise the right of *suffering* as they call it, and I was introduced to the officer, you see, as Bill McGriglicnickery. The gentleman then took the stificate, and tried to pronounce the name, but not sucsading very well, is this your name? says he. Indade your honor may belave that, says I. You have been five years in this counthry? says he. As sure as your honor says so, was my very answer. Who are you going to vote for? says he. Divil a bit did I know, Michael, and so you see I said, for the right man, to be sure, says I. It's the wrong vote you have there, says he. Will you jist be afther setting it right, says I. And so he gave me another, you see, and I put it intil the box, you see, and then felt in my pocket to see if the agle of the other gentleman was quiet there.

M. And so they paid you, Patrick, to become a Native of Ameriky, did they? I'm thinking I'd like to be a native of that blessed counthry myself, true blooded Irishman that I am.

P. To be sure, and you will. Didn't I come over to invite all the bhoys I could find to go back with me, and choose the next President for the 'mericans.

M. Sure can't they choose a President for themselves?

P. Not at all; they are too busy at worrk intertaining the like of us. Besides, you see, they have two great parties so matched that nyther can bate the other, and so

they call on us to settle the matther agreeably between them, and we are to choose all the Presidents afther this blessed moment.

M. I'll go, I will, right away. But, Patsy dear, I wish I could rade and write a little, jist for dacency's sake, for you say they all rade and write there.

P. Botheration! would n't that spoil all entirely? If you could rade and write at all, wouldn't they make you work or taiche, or do something as bad? and how could you swear that McGarrotty and McGriglicknickery was all one to you? And how could you vote to plase the gentleman, if you could rade the vote you put in to oblige him? No, Michael dear, we must let them do all the writing and rading, and we'll do all the voting, will we.

M. It's the manes I want, Patrick, or I'd go to-morrow.

P. Sure haven't I the manes. The priest paid my passage both ways, you see, and he towld me over and over again to promise to pay for all the vothers I could bring; for, you see, the struggle is to be a hard one next time, and he wishes us to save the counthry by all manes.

M. What is the religion of the 'mericans, Patsy?

P. They're all Protestants, Michael, and have n't any. And they've no fradom at all, at all, for if one of them should chate or stale, divil the bit of a priest have they to confess to. But why will I be wasting my time in talking to you, Michael, when you know all about the matter. Now go, and tell the thruth to all you mate, and let them get ready to lave owld Ireland by the first blessed vessel that sails.

XCV. THE VIRTUES AND GRACES.

RELIGION.	PEACE.	SINCERITY.
FAITH.	MEEKNESS.	NEATNESS.
HOPE.	PRUDENCE.	MODESTY.
CHARITY.	JUSTICE.	PATIENCE.

[Each may be dressed in white, and bear some suitable emblem,—Religion, a cross; Peace, a dove; Sincerity, a small mirror, &c., or each may wear a flower indicative of the sentiment she represents.

RELIGION.

Welcome, daughters, every one,
What each, now the day has run,
Has of good or evil done,
Briefly be, and truly, said,
That the record may be made.
Faith, my eldest, please to say
What you encountered on your way.

FAITH.

Holy mother, in the street
I chanced an infidel to meet;
Denying God, and boasting loud
Of this, his shame, unto a crowd
Of youths, who drank the poison in,
And found apologies for sin.
I seemed a youth, and so displayed
The proofs that all by God was made;—
The infidel knelt down and prayed,
And every youth upon the sod
With bended knees, acknowledged God.

RELIGION.

'T was well, my daughter; better far
Is kindly argument than war;
The faith that is compelled by force,
Is mere hypocrisy, of course.
And now, dear Hope, we'll hear you say
What you encountered on your way.

HOPE.

I found a hovel low and poor, X
 And, as I looked within the door
 I saw a mother's dying bed,
 And five poor babes, to whom she said—
 "Farewell, my little ones, 'tis hard
 To leave you thus, without a guard
 Or guide, when I am lowly laid.
 The bitterness of death," she said,
 "Is not in dying, but to cast
 My loved ones to the world's rude blast."
 I drew the wretched mother near,
 And whispered Hope into her ear, —
 And she revived, and soon 'twas plain
 The lamp of life was filled again.

RELIGION.

"Twas well ; no medicine like Hope
 With such despondency can cope.
 Now, Charity, we look to you,
 To tell us what you found to do.

CHARITY.

X I found a wanderer in the road,
 Who told me he had no abode,
 And all men shunned him, because he
 A stranger was, and seemed to be
 Sick with contagious fever. Weak,
 And hardly able e'en to speak.
 I raised him, nursed him tenderly,
 'Till others, from their fears set free
 By my example, took him home,
 And bade the wanderer no more roam.

RELIGION.

Delightful ! for 'tis seldom e'er
 That money purchases such care ;
 And thousands, who their money give
 Ne'er raise a finger to relieve.
 Come, Peace, sweet daughter, tell the way
 That you have just employed the day.

PEACE.

X I saw two brothers, who had taken
 Offence, and rashly had forsaken

Their homes, and to the forest gone
 To fight, till there survived but one.
 I took the form their mother wore,
 When them upon her knees she bore,
 Before the world had chilled the heart,
 And driven the loving ones apart.
 Their souls I touched, they wept, and swore
 To love like brothers evermore.

RELIGION.

How beautiful ! a mother's form
 Is potent to allay the storm
 Of angry passions. Now 'tis due,
 Dear Meekness, that we turn to you.

MEEKNESS.

In journeying, I saw a child
 Whom anger and revenge made wild
 Against his father ; for, severe
 And cruel treatment, it was clear,
 Had roused the youth, and he had vowed
 Resistance, and with fury glowed.
 I fanned him with my mildest air,
 And he relented, and did bear
 Without opposing, till his sire
 Subdued by non-resistance, fell
 Upon his breast, and all was well.

RELIGION.

All lovely was the scene. To nerve
 The soul to bear, and not deserve,
 Is highest wisdom, and, though late,
 The victory is sure to wait
 On gentleness. Now, Prudence, you
 May this delightful task pursue.

PRUDENCE.

I found a father hard beset
 By great temptation, and as yet,
 His children and his partner's love
 Had failed intemperance to remove ;
 And spite of shame, disgrace and cost,
 The wretched man was well nigh lost.
 In dreams, I whispered to the father
 That, to reform the habit, rather

He should remove from tempting sin,
 Nor hope the battle e'er to win,
 Where hostile influences reign,
 And render all precautions vain.
 The father left ere quite undone,
 And went where tempter there was none.

RELIGION.

To flee from vice is safer far
 Than waging any doubtful war.
 Now, Justice, to us all so dear,
 To your recital we give ear.

JUSTICE.

I found a debtor, who no way
 Could find his creditor to pay.
 He did confess the debt, and said
 It should before all debts be paid.
 The creditor no mercy showed, —
 The force of no excuse allowed ;
 The debt was due, the man a knave
 To run in debt, and he would have
 Justice and nothing short, and law
 Had closed on him the prison door,
 With gentle accents I began
 By hinting to the unfeeling MAN,
 That Justice was as oft displayed .
 In debts forgiven, as in debts paid,
 And only as he should forgive,
 Could he expect e'er to receive
 Pardon of debts to heaven o'erdue,
 Mercy is highest Justice too.

RELIGION.

'T was nobly said. To oppress for debt
 One can not pay, has never yet
 God's blessing found. Sincerity,
 What good report have we from thee?

SINCERITY.

I saw a maiden young and fair,
 Whom no companion e'er could bear,
 She worshipped no divinity
 But that she in the glass could see.
 Vain was she, proud and envious,
 And would forever have been thus,

For flatterers praised her every fault,
 And did her vanity exalt.
 I told her candidly that beauty
 Was not complexion fair, but duty.
 Good looks could ne'er for pride atone,
 And vanity must live alone.
 She bowed, and promised thence to be
 A pattern of humility.

RELIGION.

'T was well to save her, for the muse
 Says "Pretty is that pretty does."
 Goodness of heart, pureness of mind,
 To plainness even makes men blind.
 Come, Neatness, let us hear you say,
 What has befallen you today.

NEATNESS.

Dear mother, in a little cot,
 That might have been a fairy grot,
 I found a slattern wife, unneat
 Her dress, her hair, her teeth, her feet;
 Unwashed the children were at play,
 Her husband, sad, had gone away,
 Though hungry, yet afraid to eat
 The bread, the butter and the meat.
 I tidied every thing I saw,
 Showed her her fault, and told her, more
 Than all things else, unneatness chills
 A husband's love, and teems with ills.
 She wept, acknowledged her mistake,
 And to her failing seemed awake.

RELIGION.

She will her happiness secure,
 For neatness husbands will allure.
 Neglect of it's a source of strife,
 And often curses married life.
 Now, Modesty, your turn has come,
 For you the world has ample room.

MODESTY.

I found a maiden in a crowd
 Of strangers laughing over-loud;
 I saw her standing in the place

Which others better far could grace.
 Her dress exposed her; I could see
 That others blushed, though blushed not she.
 Double-entendres she would hear
 Unfitted for the virtuous ear.
 Immodest spectacles she sought,
 "They do not hurt the pure in thought,"
 She vainly says, nor once perceives
 The serpent underneath the leaves.
 I threw a kerchief o'er her neck,
 As if I would her bosom deck;
 I taught her as a sister dear
 How she must train her eye and ear,
 And, ere I left, a charming flush
 Assured me she had learned to blush.

RELIGION.

Indelicacy will not do;
 The virtuous must be modest too.
 Immodesty man's lust may move,
 But ne'er commands respect or love.
 Well, Patience, you have waited long
 I hope I have not done you wrong,
 To leave you last. Now tell us true
 Whate'er has happened unto you.

PATIENCE.

Dear mother, in my rounds, I went
 Into a village school and spent
 An hour or more. The little brood,
 Inclined to evil more than good,
 Vexed the poor teacher, till she grew
 Impatient, and declared she knew
 Not what to think, or say, or do.
 At last she seized the rod, and vowed
 That any one who spoke aloud,
 Whispered, or left his proper place,
 Should beaten be, and in disgrace.
 The threat was scarcely uttered, when
 A little urchin spoke again,
 And as she raised her rod to smite,
 I touched her conscience, and she quite
 Forgot her wrath, and felt that she

Was acting too impatiently.
 She promised ne'er in haste to move,
 But, patiently, to teach in love.

RELIGION.

Love is the key to discipline,
 And every teacher must begin
 By disciplining self, or she
 A perfect teacher can not be.
 Love will subdue the child or man,—
 If love can't conquer, nothing can.
 And now, my daughters, to your rest,
 Each has done nobly. — Each is best.

XCVI. THE MARTYR.

EMPEROR, OFFICER AND CHRISTIAN.

Officer. My sacred Liege?

Emperor. Well, what? Why comest thou?

Off. To plead for mercy.

Emp. Mercy? On whose behalf?

Off. On mine. Your majesty has ordered me to execute the men who worship the new God, and dare deny thy own divinity.

Emp. Go on. Thou wouldst ask mercy on these bold contemnners of the public faith?

Off. Not so, my Liege. I would ask mercy for myself, that I no longer be required to put to death these erring men.

Emp. Art one of them? Has the heresy reached the officers of State?

Off. Not so, not so, my Liege. But 'tis in vain to punish men who glory in their death. The extreme severity of pain can not subdue, but seems to add new strength to resolution. I humbly ask to be excused from executing thy just wrath upon them.

Emp. Hast tried the flames?

Off. Fire hath no terrors for them. In the midst of it they sing triumphantly.

Emp. Hast starved them?

Off. Full oft, my Lord, and still the latest breath but prays for thee, and thanks their God that they are worthy found to suffer for his sake.

Emp. Hast torn them limb from limb?

Off. We have, and when one arm has severed been, the victim has himself held out the other in defiance. Such endurance has so wrought upon the public pity, that rebellion and a rescue are more likely to ensue than dread of thy displeasure.

Emp. Send one of them to me. I will myself examine him.

Off. I have one at the door, the next on whom the public vengeance is decreed to fall.

Emp. Lead him in. (*The Officer leads in the Christian.*) Who art thou?

Christian. An humble, faithful servant of the Emperor.

Emp. Then why a rebel?

Chr. I can be true to thee, and true to Him by whom kings live and rule.

Emp. 'Tis false. The Senate hath decreed that worship doth belong to me alone, and this worship is enjoined on thee.

Chr. I can bend the knee, but not the soul. The faith that is in Jesus doth forbid no homage that is rightly due to Cæsar.

Emp. Cæsar is God.

Chr. The living God, that made even Cæsar, claims our worship first, the higher law within must be obeyed.

Emp. Then thou shalt die.

Chr. Death will restore me to that spirit whence my spirit issued.

Emp. Then thou shalt live a lingering death, that shall not end.

Chr. Thou canst not long prevent that end. My God hath well ordained that all shall die, the Emperor in vain may countermand the order.

Emp. Dost not fear death?

Chr. I neither fear nor court it. 'Tis an event that

soon must come to all, and oft has come to Cæsars, or thyself would not be emperor. The true God never dies.

Emp. What wouldst thou? Live or die?

Chr. I would the will of God be done.

Emp. Hast thou a wife and children?

Chr. I have — both.

Emp. Thou shalt see them die. But tell me first, why, knowing this, thou didst not e'en deny thou hadst them?

Chr. The living God abhors a lie, and will protect all those who put their trust in him. (*He looks up in prayer.*)

Emp. (*To Officer.*) 'Tis passing strange!

Off. Such are they all. The very feeblest of the women think, and speak, and die, as if to suffer were to enjoy; as if to die were gain.

Emp. Christian! what wilt thou give for freedom to worship Him whom thou dost call the living God.

Chr. Thy power can not prevent it. Thy chains can only bind the body, but the soul will still range free in spite of them.

Emp. What wilt thou give to worship unmolested?

Chr. Gratitude to thee, and thanks to Him.

Emp. Go then thy way. Officer, give liberty to all. It can not be that we have aught to fear from men who are above all fear but that of doing wrong. I wish I could restore the lives that I have taken. Haste! stop the persecution, and proclaim the Christian's God to be a lawful God in Rome.

XCVII. ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

ALEXANDER; PARMENIO, his friend; PHILIP, his physician.

Alex. (*Alone.*) 'Tis vain to feast the gods. I've slain a hecatomb already to appease their wrath, but they are helpless as myself, or all averse, and the great work of con-

quering the world must now be given up for a mean grave away from Macedonia. Deserted by the gods; the only man in whom I trust is absent on an embassy to heal my foe. I've sent for him, but he will come too late. Death's grasp is on me.

ENTER PARMENIO.

Par. Health to my lord, the king!

Alex. Would there were healing virtue in thy greeting.

Par. How fares it with your majesty?

Alex. Ill, ill, Parmenio, ill. The fever riots in my blood, and my swollen brain needs vent.

Par. My lord!

Alex. Well, what? You do not use that tone for nought. What weighs upon your thought? Speak out!

Par. My lord, Philip is on a visit to thine enemy.

Alex. Has he returned? I knew already he had gone. I sent him thither to relieve my rival.

Par. He has arrived this moment, and this letter, (*he hands a letter*) brought by one of his train, concerns your majesty.

Alex. A letter of thanks from my great rival. (*Opens and reads*) "Let Alexander beware of Philip. He has been bribed by thy rival, whose life he hath saved, to take that of his master. The drug that he will give thee will be instant death. Beware!" 'Tis false! I'll stake my word upon my foe, my life on Philip. Men do not repay such kindness thus.

Par. My lord, even now Philip is mixing the fell draught. 'Twere prudent first to seize him, and then test the medicine. I pray you, therefore, let him be seized and be the drug examined.

Alex. He comes. Stand near, and wait the end.

ENTER PHILIP.

Phil. Health to my lord, the king. Forgive my seeming lack of duty. Filled with alarm, and feeling that no moment should be lost in useless salutations, I have this prepared, (*offering a cup*) and beg your majesty to take it instantly.

Alex. And this will cure me?

Phil. It has never failed with vulgar lives at stake, it will not fail me now that thine's in peril.

Par. (*Aside*) Do not taste, my lord.

Alex. (*Looking Philip steadily in the eye*) Philip!

Phil. My lord.

Alex. (*After a long pause, his eye still fixed upon Philip's*) Read this letter, Philip, (*handing it to him*) while I drink. (*He drinks, still looking at Philip while he reads. Philip, after reading, hands back the letter to Alexander, who says,*) What think you of the charge?

Phil. No words can prove it false, the draught will do so instantly.—How feels my lord?

Alex. The load is lifted from my brain, refreshing coolness checks the bounding blood, the fever's flame is quenched, as if by magic. (*To Parmenio*) What say you now?

Par. Pardon the zeal, my lord, which, in its love for thee, has deeply injured Philip.

Alex. I thank thee well, Parmenio, for, thy fears have only proved, and that most gloriously, that, bad as the world is, it is much belied, and *man must never lose all faith in man.*

XCVIII. SENTIMENTAL CHARITY.

SARAH, JANE, AND ROSETTA.

Sarah. Why are you dressed so strangely, Jane? You look more like a beggar girl than like yourself.

Jane. I wish to look like one, for I am going to try an experiment upon our friend Rosetta, who affects to despise the poor, beggars especially, and declares that they are all cheats and lazy persons, and that nothing can move her to help one. I have put some flour on my face, and, with this deep bonnet and a shabby shawl, I think she will not know me. I shall sit on this door step, and you must not betray me. Here she comes. (*Enter Rosetta.*)

J. Dear Miss, please, is your mother at home?

Rosetta. Don't *dear me*! What do you want of my mother?

J. Some assistance ; I am suffering.

R. She has nothing for you, so get up, and begone !
(*To Sarah.*) How do you do, Sarah ? Has this gipsy
been trying to cheat you ?

S. No, she was just making me her confidant.

R. Confidant indeed ! (*To the supposed beggar.*) Why
don't you get up and begone ?

J. What if I say, dear young lady, that I am unable to
stand ?

R. How did you get here, then ? I don't believe you.
Besides, those who have no delicacy, no sentiment, and
who are used to deprivations, do not suffer as other people
do.

J. They may not shrink from a zephyr or weep over a
trifle, but you wrong them greatly if you suppose they have
not feelings as keen as your own.

R. Highty, tighy ! here is sentiment and impudence
together. Come pack up, and go home !

J. What if I have no home to go to, young lady ?
Shelter is what I came to ask. Sick and hungry, I feel as
if I could not live another hour.

R. How came you so destitute ? Why don't you go
but to work ?

J. When I was well I could not find half enough work
to do, and now I am sick, of course, I can not work.

R. Where are your parents and friends ?

J. The poor have no friends but those as poor as them-
selves. I had a mother once, but she probably starved
herself to feed me, and when she died, the landlord seized
what little furniture we had, and drove me away, I have
sought for work, and found none. I cannot bear to beg,
dear lady, and this is the first time I have asked for assist-
ance.

S. Give her something, Rosy dear, it is dreadful to be
poor and destitute as she is.

J. I shall not need assistance long, for the cold has
chilled me through, and I only ask a place where I can lay
me down and die.

R. Are you serious ? For mercy's sake, let me call
mother !

J. Would I were with mine ! The poor only seem to

know how to feel for the poor. Heaven forgive me if I judge harshly, but knowledge and wealth do not give feeling. Dear Miss, I trust your heart is right, but it has never bled. "The heart that has bled, bleeds as freely again as the heart that has never been wounded."

R. Poetry and sentiment too! bless us, this must be something more than a common beggar. I must help her.

S. Do you help her for her sentiment or for her distress? The good Samaritan did not wait for sentiment before he helped the wounded traveller.

R. One does not like to touch beggars, and they are an ungrateful set.

S. You seem to be in no danger of suffering from their ingratitude.

(Jane pretends to faint.)

R. O dear! I will at least venture to take off her bonnet. It would be dreadful to have her die without assistance.

J. *(Looking up and laughing.)* And so you will assist me to die, Rosetta.

R. Why, what do you mean by this, Jane?

J. I hope the end will sanctify the means, Rosetta. I have endeavored to give you a lesson in charity. You are not so hard-hearted as you pretend. Your fault is, that you have wept over the imaginary sufferings of romance writers, and have avoided real distress, of which, cases abound more dreadful than that which I have feigned.

S. You should finish off with another sentiment, and perchance a little more poetry. Chateaubriand has somewhere said, "there is a forest tree that yields no balsam till it is smitten by the axe." I hope we shall not need to be smitten in this manner before we learn to feel.

R. You have given me a hard lesson, girls, but I have richly deserved it, and I shall never dare to refuse shelter and assistance to a sufferer again, lest, on taking off her bonnet, I should see one of your honest faces reproaching me for my lack of benevolence.

XCIX THE IRISH INTERPRETER.

PIERRE, a French Canadian.

PATRICK, an Irish laborer.

Patrick. O here is a foreigner at home. Let's spake to him and see if he understands his mother tongue.

Pierre. *Monsieur, voulez-vous me prêter un cheval ?*

Pat. What is all that about praties and shovels ?

Pierre. *Je vous prie de m'en prêter un, monsieur.*

Pat. Praties again. Does he want some to ate ? Will you just be afther spaking more intelligently ? What have you to say for or agin praties, if you plaze ?

Pierre. *Je vous prie de me prêter un cheval, s'il vous plait ?*

Pat. Praties, and shovel, and play ! Faith it's not I can make head or tail of your blarney. What do you want of a shovel ? Can you answer me that, or do you mane to insult me ?

Pierre. *Je suis très fatigué, monsieur, et je veux me promener à cheval.*

Pat. Fatigued are you, then what do you want of a shovel ? Why don't you talk betther English, you looney ?

Pierre. *Monsieur, mon corps et mon esprit—*

Pat. O, been on a spree, have you ? Well, what has that to do with praties and a shovel ? But no matther, its I will get you a shovel, and see what you want of it. (*He goes out for a shovel, and hands it to Pierre.*)

Pierre. *Monsieur, que veut dire cela ?*

Pat. Well, don't be unaisy now, but just show me what you would be afther with a shovel.

Pierre. (*The Frenchman strides the shovel and pretending to ride, says—*) *Comme-ca ! Monsieur, Comme-ca !*

Pat. Come sar ! Come where ? Sure you don't expect me to ride double with you. Who ever heard of making a horse of a shovel ?

Pierre. *Que veut dire ce mot horrae, s'il vous plait ?*

Pat. Horrae, play,—play horrae. Sure the fool calls a horrae a shovel. You want a shovel to play horrae with,

is it? Spake at wunst, for sure you are mad or imperthi-
nent.

Pierre. *Un cheval, un cheval, monsieur.*

Pat. You stupid one, if you want a horrsse, why don't
you call a horrsse a horrsse at wunst. But what the horrsse
has to do with the praties is more nor I know. The poor
cratur is mad and must be minded. Give me the shovel,
sir, if you plaze, (*he takes it,*) and just follow me, and I'll
tache you the distinction betwane a horrsse and a shovel.
What a pity he can not spake English correctly, as the like
of us does. Call a horrsse a shovel, huh!

<i>Cheval,</i>	pronounced	<i>Shval,</i>	French for	<i>horse.</i>
<i>Préter,</i>	"	<i>Pray-tay,</i>	"	<i>to lend.</i>
<i>Plait</i>	"	<i>Play,</i>	"	<i>please.</i>
<i>Demande,</i>	"	<i>Dmand,</i>	"	<i>ask.</i>
<i>Esprit</i>	"	<i>Espree,</i>	"	<i>mind.</i>
<i>Comme-ça,</i>	"	<i>Cum-sah,</i>	"	<i>so.</i>

C. THE BITER BIT.

KEEN, MOORE AND GAMBLE.

Moore. Your request is a strange one. You know I
never bet.

Keen. True, but I hope you will oblige me this once.
You know Gamble lives by betting, and has the credit of
resorting to very unfair means. He is to dine with you
to-day, and will not be here an hour, before he will try to
draw you into a bet about the height of your table. All
I have to say is, take whatever bet he offers.

Moore. I will do so to oblige you, but if he is such a
gamester, I must be sure to lose.

Keen. Trust to me. There he comes.

ENTER GAMBLE.

Gamble: How are you Moore? how are you Keen?

what are you looking at? — that table? Fine pattern isn't it? rather high though, too high for convenience.

Moore. How so? I thought it just right when I ordered it. Two feet and-a-half is the established rule.

Gamble. This is more than thirty inches.

Moore. I think not, though I never measured it.

Gamble. I'll bet you a hundred guineas it is thirty-one inches high at least.

Moore. You know I never bet.

Gamble. Then you have no faith in your opinion. I say that table is not less than thirty-one inches high, and I will back my judgment with a hundred guineas.

Moore. If I bet, I must do the thing handsomely. Say a thousand, and I will stand you.

Gamble. (*Joyfully.*) Done! Plank your money. (*He lays down bills.*) There is mine. Keen you shall hold the stakes.

Moore. (*Laying down the bills.*) There you have it. Now for the measurement.

Gamble. Where's your rule? (*Moore brings a yard-stick, and Keen, after measuring, says.*)

Keen. There are but thirty inches.

Gamble. You must be wrong. My eye never deceives me. Let me try. (*He measures, and finding it but thirty inches, says*) Your rule can't be true. Here, I happen to have one in my pocket. (*He takes it out, and measuring, says,*) Only thirty, by St. George the Fourth! What can this mean! how could I mistake so!

Keen. You acknowledge it lost, do you? Shall I hand over the money to Moore?

Gamble. Yes, a bet is a bet. But I would give a hundred guineas to know how I made such a mistake.

Keen. Plank the money, and I'll tell you.

Gamble. (*Taking out the money and giving it to Moore to hold.*) There, now explain. How was it?

Keen. When you were here last evening, I saw you measure the height of the table. You found it, as I did afterwards, just thirty-one inches.

Gamble. Well, how came it thirty, then?

Keen. I sawed off one inch just now, and one from thirty-

one leaves thirty. Moore, hand over the money, I think Gamble must be satisfied with the explanation.

Gamble. Perfectly satisfied. Good morning. (*He goes out hastily.*)

Moore. This is too good a joke, Keen, but we must return the money.

Keen. No, Gamble has forfeited it. Let us give it to the Orphan Charity School.

Moore. Good, and on this condition, that the first table the orphans learn shall be that of Long Measure:

12 inches make a foot,

30 inches make a leg.

CL THE TRUE MAN'S WORK NEVER DONE.

PHILIP BONSON AND ROBERT PLAINSET.

Rob. Well, Philip, what has thee done to-day, that is worth relating?

Phil. O, neighbor Robert, I have not seen or heard any thing. I am tired to death with having nothing to do.

Rob. Has thee nothing to do? Thee is to be pitied; but art thou sure thou hast looked out for work?

Phil. Looked out for it, what do you mean?

Rob. Thou hast money, Philip, and hast given up business, but I hope thee has not given up work.

Phil. I have nothing to do now, and am sorry I ever gave up work.

Rob. I hoped thee had only changed thy business, and not given it up.

Phil. What do you mean? surely you did not suppose I was going into a new line of business, after having made a fortune.

Rob. I supposed thy fortune was only a capital to be employed in a new undertaking.

Phil. Nothing could be farther from my thoughts. But, Robert, you must be crazy to suppose I would go into business again. What is there that I could do at any profit, and without too much risk?

Rob. Does thee expect to carry thy property with thee to the other world?

Phil. No; I know I must leave it at the grave.

Rob. Does not thee mean to transfer it to the bank above?

Phil. Transfer it! what do you mean, Robert?

Rob. Thou hast poor neighbors who can be made happy, and perhaps saved from crime, by a little of thy surplus wealth. Thee must not say thee has nothing to do, while thee can find any sufferers.

Phil. Bravo, neighbor! Can't you find me some more work?

Rob. There are many who endure grievous wrongs, and might be saved from oppression by sums which thou wouldst hardly miss.

Phil. Go on; I am likely to have my hands full.

Rob. The world is full of wickedness and sin, and thee might do much to check it, by thy personal efforts, as well as by thy money.

Phil. Well done, go on. Work for the hands as well as the purse.

Rob. God wills that every generation shall grow wiser and better, but how is progress to be made without means and effort? Thee can do much to help on the work of improvement.

Phil. You have cut out work enough for me. That will do.

Rob. The greatest and most important work remains untold.

Phil. Let me have it, then.

Rob. Thee has a mind to be instructed, and a heart to be cultivated. It ill becomes me to say this to thee, Philip, but I have been moved to speak frankly, although I felt that every word I said might be applied to my own short comings. I could not bear to hear thee say thee had nothing to do.

Phil. Robert, I have but one word to say to you.

Rob. Thee is not offended, I hope.

Phil. No, indeed; but it is impossible for me to do all the work you have cut out for me. Yet I am determined to set about it, and do all I can, upon one condition.

Rob. What is that, Philip?

Phil. It is that you will work with me, and help me.

Rob. The good Lord knows I will do that cheerfully.

Phil. Let us begin immediately. I only regret that you did not tell me sooner what an idle fellow I was. There! there goes the widow Hardstruggle. Follow her, and see what she wants, and furnish her on my account; meantime, I'll go down to the village school, and see if the building and the teacher are as good as money can procure. Nothing to do! Bless my soul, there is every thing to do, and not a moment to be lost. Why didn't I begin sooner?

Rob. Be patient and active, and thee may make large transfers yet.

CII. THE BLUE STOCKINGS.

MISS MINERVA ATTICK AND MISS DIANA SKYBLUE.

Min. It is of but little use, my dear Diana, to court the muses as we do, in this age of brass. My last Idyl, which Theocritus would not have been ashamed to own, has been lost upon this community.

Dian. And my last version found no one to estimate its beauties. Nay, when I inquired of Mrs. Homespun, who is said to be a great reader, if she had read my version of Anacreon, the barbarian coolly inquired who Anacreon was.

Min. A brute. If you had asked her how many skeins of yarn it took to knit a pair of stockings, she would have told you in an instant.

Dian. The creature made one remark which would have shown some wit, had she not intended it as a hit for us. I saw her knitting, and asked her what color she preferred.

"I like any color but blue," said she, with a glance at my feet, as if my stockings were not white, or once white.

Min. Your experience is not very different from mine. When I called on Mrs. Trimsharp, the other day, she inquired how I was occupying my time, and when I said I was preparing a new *Idyl*, the Scythian remarked that she was never *Idle*.

Dian. And yet your verses are beautiful.

Min. And yours are models.

Dian. I have wasted a great deal of oil upon them.

Min. Mine are not fit to be burned as offerings to yours.

Dian. I may have drank deeply of Helicon, but your verses alone flow with the music of the muse's fountain.

Min. What does our poetry avail, if nobody is aware of its rare worth? When I accidentally dropped a few words of Greek at Mrs. Dobson's, the other day, she asked me if I did not find my classical studies encroach upon my domestic duties, as if I cared for that! and when I spoke of the midnight oil, the savage creature pointed at a large grease-spot on my dress, and asked if that was a drop of it. If one did not pity such ignorance, one would go mad.

Dian. Worse than that, a young housekeeper asked me, the other day, what was the use of one's learning, if one could not use one's needle, and keep one's self decent. and then the creature fixed her eyes upon a rent in my dress, that I had neglected while my Anacreon was in progress.

Min. That hippogriffe, Mrs. Vincent, one day fixed her eye upon a spot on my bonnet, and I was obliged, at last, to say that it was a drop of Macassar that I could not remove. Then the monster told me if there were no receipts to remove such spots in Theocritus, I could find some good ones in the cook books.

Dian. It is clear that classic themes have never occupied her thought; but I dare say she can spell every English word in the dictionary, and do any such vulgar exercise.

Min. My dear Diana, what is the reason that, whenever a woman studies Latin and Greek, she neglects her person? Even we have not escaped censure, for, as I passed some

young gentlemen, as they call themselves, I heard one remark, "There goes a Greek." "Yes," said another, "and in her native *Grease*."

Dian. There is another more serious disadvantage arising from our devotion to the classics. In inverse proportion to the court we pay to them, is the court paid to us by the gentlemen.

Min. It is true, they all avoid us, as if the mere sight of Helicon created Hydrophobia.

Dian. I am sometimes inclined to think, that their aversion to learned ladies does not proceed so much from hatred of the classics, as from the slatternly habits which almost always distinguish learned women.

Min. I have thought sometimes, that, if women should study and enjoy the classics without attempting to "show off," as one is tempted to do, we should not forfeit the esteem of the men, any more than if we excelled in drawing or painting.

Dian. What shall we do, then?

Min. Wear blue stockings no longer!

Dian. Pay attention to dress, and ask Mrs. Vincent to help us with a little of her taste, which is classic, if her tongue is not.

Min. Let us not make a quotation in Greek or Latin for a twelvemonth.

Dian. Nor go into extasies at any allusion to the classics, by whomever made.

Min. I will learn to put on my shawl, so that it shall not look as if thrown at me.

Dian. I will no longer allow my bonnet to hang down my back, like the head of a cardinal.

Min. I will have neat shoes not a mile too large for my foot.

Dian. And I, stockings that shall be at least of some shade of white.

Min. That will do; but let us not attempt too much. If we do half we promise, we may say, "*Exegi monumentum*."

Dian. Take care! the suppression of the propensity to show off by quotations, will be the "*hoc opus*."

Min. Take care, yourself!

Dian. O dear, a last quotation is like the last glass a bacchanal takes before he abjures wine forever.

CIII. THE YOUNG POETS.

FRED AND HARRY.

(or, by altering a few words, KATE and LIZZIE.)

Harry. Fred, have you written your composition?

Fred. No, I can't write poetry, and the teacher says he will take nothing else, you know. Besides, I don't like the subject. I should as soon think of writing a poem upon an old apron, as upon Industry.

H. There is not much room for imagination, but I'll tell you what, we can put our heads together, and write a poem between us. You know there's the Ant and the Sluggard, we can bring that in.

F. Good, good, so we can. Well, now start us with the first line.

H. No, you may do that. It is easier to begin, because I must match your rhyme, you know.

F. Well, how will this do?

"An ant upon an ant-hill sot."

H. Sot, Fred, why a sot is a drunkard.

F. Well, then,

"An ant upon an ant-hill sat."

H. That is a good line, but what in the world would an industrious ant be sitting on an ant-hill for?

F. To rest herself, to be sure. Come, now match my line, will you.

"An ant upon an ant-hill sot—sat."

H. "I wonder what she can be at."

You must account for her being seated, you know, for you seated her.

F. How will it do to say,—

"She thought of this and then of that."

H. She must have been a wonderful ant to do so; but, no matter, here is another line,—

“*And then, as lazy as a cat,*”

F. How do you know a cat is lazy? and *who* is lazy as a cat?

H. Who ever knew a cat to do any work, unless watching for dinner is called work. But you interrupted me, or you would have known *who* was lazy. Hark!

“*And then as lazy as a cat,*

A sluggard came to have some chat.”

F. Good. Now for a dialogue. We must imagine the scene before we can describe it.

H. Well, there's the ant sitting flat, and there's the sluggard standing. Good. Now, the ant being a female, and, of course the greatest talker, would begin.

“*O sluggard, said the ant, consider!*”

F. That will never do, Harry; there's nothing on earth to rhyme with consider but *widder*.

H. Well, who knows but she was a *widder*. She was an *Aunt*, was n't she? Then she was a woman; and as *widders* work hard to keep their babies from starving, she must have been a *widder*.

F. That'll do, and we can put the explanation in a note. Now, suppose we say,—

“*Sluggard, said the ant, consider,*

I'm a poor, industrious widder.”

H. Good, now push on, and finish her speech.

F. No, it is your turn.

H. Well, how will it do to make her say,

“*And now you may depend upon it,*”

F. Depend upon what? Gracious, Harry, there's nothing to rhyme with *on it* but *bonnet*, and what has an ant to do with a bonnet?

H. Poh, that is easily got over. You see this is personification, and she has a right to wear a bonnet, but there is no need of it, for, I propose to make her say,—

“*And now you may depend upon it,*

Sure as my head's without a bonnet,”

F. (*Solemnly.*) Is not that an oath, Harry?

H. An oath? no, she don't swear by her bonnet, for she has n't any. Suppose we make her say next,

"Until you learn to work and labor,"

F. That'll never do. What can you get to rhyme with labor?

H. There's tabor.

F. It is not to be supposed the hard working ant ever played.

H. Well then, take *sabre*.

F. Much less did she fight. Besides, *work* and *labor* is what the teacher calls tortuology, or something else; the words mean the same thing.

H. Don't stand for trifles. Go on, Fred.

F. I've caught a grand rhyme, hark!

Until you learn to work and labor,

As I have done ever since I was a little babe uh!

H. Your line is too long, Fred; you must cut off both the feet of your baby, or the line will limp dreadfully.

F. Better have the line limp than the baby. So go on and let the baby alone. What else does the widder say to the sluggard?

H. *"Until you learn to work and labor,*

As I have done ever since I was a little babe uh!"

Now, we go on,—

"You never can be rich or wise,

Which with mankind the same thing is."

F. O, Harry, *is* can never rhyme with *wise*, and, besides, to be rich and to be wise don't mean the same thing.

H. Yes they do. All the ant ever did was to hoard up; and all the sluggard had to do was to consider her ways. So, you see, there's scripture for it, and wealth must be wisdom, for who ever heard of a poor man's being wise.

F. Well, it is time for the sluggard to say something now. Suppose we say,—

"The sluggard yawned and raised his head,"

H. Better say *scratched* his head, that is more natural for a sluggard.

F. Very well, so be it.

"The sluggard yawned and scratched his head,

H. Well, are you going to make him reform or not? because every thing depends upon the cat-a-cata-something, what is it?

F. Catastrophe, I suppose you mean; but I have a line that dodges the reform question, and leaves the field open for my successors.

*"The sluggard yawned and scratched his head,
And no reply for sometime made."*

There now, go it, and make him say something smart.

H. He's too lazy to be smart. You must tell what he said, and I will only say,—

*"Then, yawning, as if his under jaw
Would never close up as before,—"*

What did he say? now wind it up in style.

F. *"He stared the widdier in the face,
And said, Old pismire,* go to grass!"*

CIV. THE SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

REV. DR. OLDWISE,	} <i>Examining Committee.</i>
SQUIRE SHARP,	
DR. PURGE,	
DEACON TURNSOIL,	
JOHN SMITH, <i>Applicant for a School.</i>	

Dr. O. What may your name be, young gentleman?

Mr. S. Smith, sir.

Dr. O. Aye, but the other part of it?

Mr. S. John, sir.

Dr. P. Though a *proper* name, it is a very common one.

Squire. Very fair, Doctor, very fair. As you and I both deal in *cases*, we naturally take to grammar, Mr. Smith, please to let us know how the case stands in regard to your education. What advantages have you had?

Mr. S. None, sir, unless it be one to educate one's self. I never went to school.

Dr. O. I am sorry for it; a self-educated man generally means an uneducated one. Have you studied Latin, sir?

* Pronounced *pismire*.

Mr. S. I have, sir.

Dr. O. Where, pray?

Mr. S. At home, sir.

Dea. T. Famous Latin, I guess. No man can learn a foreign language, except from natives, and you have never been to —— to —— Mr. Oldwise, in what country do the Latins live?

Dr. O. "The other country," Deacon. Latin is now a dead language.

Dea. T. Then why don't they bury it? My Bible says "A living dog is better than a dead lion."

Dr. P. I find it very useful in my profession, Deacon.

Squire. Yes, you contrive to make the dead kill the living. But I think the less we say about Latin, the better, for there is not much difference between those who never learned, and those who have forgotten.

Dr. O. Are you a good speller, Mr. —— hem! what did you say your name was?

Mr. S. Smith, sir.

Dr. O. Ay, John Smith, ahem! I wonder I should forget so common a name. My wife is distantly related to the Smiths, too. But no matter for that. Are you a good speller, for I consider this an important point.

Mr. S. You can try me, sir.

Dea. T. Let me put him a word. How do you spell *keowcumber*? (*Pronouncing it Yankee fashion.*)

Squire. Deacon, you mean *cow-cum-ber*, probably.

Dr. O. Hem! I have been accustomed to pronounce it *coo-cum-ber*.

Dr. P. I believe the true way is *cuc-um-ber*, is it not, Mr. Smith?

Mr. S. I have been accustomed to pronounce it *cu-cum-ber*, but I should not dare to differ from every member of the committee. I *spell* it *cu-cum-ber*.

Dea. Mr. Smith, how would you go by land to China?

Mr. S. I should hardly attempt to go, sir.

Dea. Why not? You have only to go to California.

Squire. There would be a little pond of water to cross, even then, Deacon, before you got to China. But, Mr. Smith, which way does the Nile run, up or down?

Mr. S. Down, sir.

Squire. But on all the maps it runs up.

Mr. S. *North* is not synonymous with *up*, sir. On the real earth, or even on the artificial globe, things appear as they are.

Dr. O. Hem! Do all rivers run down hill, Mr. Smith?

Mr. S. I believe there is no exception, sir.

Dr. O. Well, hem! The Amazon is several thousand miles long, and the earth is round, so that between the source of the Amazon and its mouth, there must be a considerable swell. Now, how does the water get over that swell without running up hill?

Mr. S. It must fall from its source to its mouth, by the force of gravity, and what we call a level cannot be a straight line, but only a curve, equally distant from the centre of the earth. Of course the apparent swell may be nearly a real level. This is the way it strikes me, but I am no authority on the subject, and can cite none.

Dea. You say the river runs by the force of gravity; now, as I am a deacon, I cannot see what gravity has to do with running water? It would be inconsistent with my gravity to run.

Dr. O. He means gravitation, Deacon.

Dea. Young man, what denomination do you belong to?

Mr. S. None of them, sir.

Dr. O. Which of the churches in your town, do you attend.

Mr. S. All of them, sir. I am forbidden by law to teach sectarianism in school, and so I go to all the churches to learn what they have in common.

Squire. Well, what is the result of your search?

Mr. S. I find they agree more nearly than they think they do. There is much good in every one.

Dea. Dr. Purge, are you going to sell your *keow*?

Dr. P. Yes; do you want one? You may have it for ten dollars.

Dea. It can't be good for much, if that is all you ask for it. I want a good *keow* or none, and I am willing to pay for one. But Mr. Smith, what are you going to ask us a month? You must be reasonable, now.

Mr. S. I expect fifty dollars a month.

Dea. Goodness gracious ! Why, we only paid the last teacher twenty, and he would have been glad to stay.

Mr. S. Why didn't you keep him, sir ? I think of teachers as you do of cows, "a good one or none." But I would suggest that it will be better to finish my examination before settling the terms.

Dr. O. Dr. Purge, will you put a question in physiology, for the law requires teachers to know something about that ?

Dr. P. Mr. Smith, what is the chief use of the spleen ?

Mr. S. To puzzle the doctors, I believe, sir, for they have never found any use for it.

Dea. T. Do you say, Mr. Smith, that any of God's works are useless ? My Bible says God hath made all things good, and nothing in vain.

Mr. S. So does mine, sir, but still he has made many things that the doctors cannot explain.

Dea. T. That's true. But Mr. Oldwise, will you put a question in grammar ? I don't know nothing about that.

Dr. O. Mr. — uh — I can't think of your name again —

Mr. S. Smith, sir, John Smith.

Dr. O. Ah ! Mr. Smith, in the sentence, "*John reads history*," what is the subject ?

Mr. S. History, sir.

Dea. T. I could have answered that.

Dr. O. But if history is the *subject*, pray what is the *object* ?

Dea. T. The object of reading ought to be improvement, but goodness gracious ! there is not one book in a thousand that is fit to be read by a rational being, to say nothing of a religious and accountable one.

Dr. O. Morals and grammar, Doctor, are different things, and we are in danger of blending them. What grammar have you studied, Mr. Smink — Smith, I mean ?

Mr. S. English grammar, sir.

Dr. O. I guess you have, and heard yourself recite. Pray, young man, have you any *isms* ?

Mr. S. Any what, sir ?

Dr. O. Any *isms* ; are you an abolitionist, a teetotaler, a peace-man, a radical ?

Mr. S. I have considered all those subjects, sir, and am not without an opinion.

Dr. O. Did you say, just now, that you expected fifty dollars a month?

Mr. S. I did, sir. I mean to make myself worth that to my employers.

Dr. O. I can get as many teachers as I can shake a stick at for twenty-five.

Mr. S. No doubt, sir; but none but such as will need to have a stick shaken at them will teach for such wages.

Dr. O. Your mind is made up, is it, Mr. — ei —

Mr. S. Fully, sir. I have been at great pains and expense to prepare myself for the work, and I mean to leave my mark upon my pupils.

Dea. T. You don't mean to whip unmercifully, I hope.

Mr. S. You misunderstand me, sir, I mean that every child who looks to me for instruction shall get it; shall get such as he needs; such as he can use in after life; such as he will never wish to forget. I may have strange notions on this subject, gentlemen, but they are the result of much thought, and to carry them out will require much self-denial, much patience, much long-suffering; but I have made up my mind to all this, and, by the help of God, I will act up to my convictions.

Dr. O. Mr. Smith, — there, I have hit your name at last, — will you be good enough to retire a moment? (*Mr. Smith goes out.*) Gentlemen, I think he stands examination better than we do.

Squire. I like the little fellow's spunk, and I'm for trying him.

Dea. T. What will the *Deestrick* say at our extravagance? The *Seé-lec-men* will oppose it.

Dr. P. Every man and woman in our district is sick.

Dea. T. You don't say so, Doctor. What is it, the cholera?

Dr. P. No, Deacon, they are sick of something worse than cholera; — they are sick to death of cheap teachers, men who have no minds, and who will prevent our children from ever having any. I go for Mr. Smith.

Dr. O. If you are agreed to try Mr. Smith, gentlemen, you will say, ay.

All. Ay. (Dr. O. calls Mr. Smith.)

Dr. O. Mr. Smith, we have unanimously agreed to give you our school at your own terms.

Mr. S. I shall be happy to serve you, gentlemen, if your school-house is a good one.

Dea. T. Why, what has the school-house to do with it?

Mr. S. I do not wish to go to a prison or a hospital. I value my health at more than fifty dollars, and I think the health of fifty or more children must be worth something.

Squire. What shall we do, Doctor?

Dr. P. Mr. Smith is right about it. Half my practice comes from that mean old school-house. We must have a better; that's the long and short of it.

Dr. O. We must, and must all work to get it. I will preach a school-house sermon next Sunday.

Squire. I'll have the old one presented by the Grand Jury as a nuisance.

Dr. P. I'll tell the truth about my practice.

Dea. T. What can I do? Let me see. I'll offer to buy the old house for my *keow*, and the old *critter* will hardly thank me, I fear.

Dr. O. So be it, then; put your wives up to the work, gentlemen, and introduce Mr. — Mr. — there, I've lost it again.

Mr. S. Smith, sir.

Dr. O. Yes, introduce Mr. Smith to them, and perhaps he can stir the district up as he has us. Come, Mr. Smink, go home with me to dinner; my wife expects you.

CV. GENTILITY. A DISCUSSION.

THE LADY PRESIDENT. MRS. LEVEL. MRS. LEASE. MRS. NEWTON. MRS. DRAB. SECRETARY. MRS. INGOT. MRS. PLAGE. MRS. CLEANLY. BLACK SARAH. MRS. STRAITER. MRS. HERALD. MRS. DELVER. MRS. MORLEY.

President. Ladies, we are assembled, as you know, for mutual instruction, and for the discussion of such matters as are of interest in this community. The Secretary will be good enough to read the question which is to occupy our attention.

Secretary. The question for the consideration of the Society is, "GENTILITY, IN WHAT DOES IT CONSIST?"

President. Ladies, you have heard the question, and I trust will freely express your thoughts. The question is certainly a very important one, for, although it may seem at first that gentility is a city concern, with which, in this remote village, we have nothing to do, I think your observation must have convinced you, that there are few villages where the question of gentility is not raised, and where the intercourse of society is not, to a considerable degree, affected by it. If there is really a just standard by which our intercourse may be regulated, it is desirable that we should know it; if any rules have been adopted to regulate the free intercourse of all the members of a community, it is proper that the rules should be examined and confirmed or regulated, as they may approve themselves or not to a sound understanding. Nay, if barriers have been erected to check, or entirely to prevent the intercourse alluded to, every one has an interest in ascertaining whether the barriers are necessary, and rightfully established, or whether they are set up by pride or caprice, and ought to be removed. I hope the ladies will fully express their views upon the subject.

Mrs. Straiter. It seems to me, Mrs. President, that before we can discuss this question in anything like order, it will be necessary to define our subject, with some degree of precision. Your own remarks, madam, evidently show that there are two senses, at least, in which gentility may be

received ; the first as a series of rules to regulate the conduct of every one, to the exclusion of none ; and the second, as a line of separation, above which it is presumption for certain persons to attempt to rise, and below which it is debasement for certain other persons to descend. Now, these two acceptations of the term require a different course of remark. No lady, I presume, will deny that there are certain rules which should govern the intercourse of virtuous, refined, and well educated people, and such will command respect, and almost necessarily draw a line between themselves and the immoral, unrefined and vulgar. But, then, who does not see that the law of kindness does not allow this line, however distinct, to become impassable. On the other hand, is it not evident, that what is called gentility, is a mere assumption of superiority, arising from birth, fortune, office, or some other accident, which has little to do with personal worth, and which may exclude from its companionship persons of the most cultivated intellect, and the most polished manners. As it is this latter sort of gentility which is injurious to a community, I move that our discussion be, as far as possible, confined to the question not *what is gentility* but *what ought it to be*.

President. Ladies, you have heard the proposal of the lady last up, if you think it best that the discussion be so restricted you will please to say *AY*.

(All the Ladies say ay, and the President adds—)

The ladies will now please to proceed with the discussion.

Mrs. Level. Madam, the manner in which this question is now proposed seems to imply, that there are two portions of every community, unequal in some respects, and in some measure opposed to each other. Now, madam, I am prepared to say, that there is no just foundation for any such division, not even in England and other countries where the accident of birth, or wealth, or rank, by law authorizes one to assume a certain degree of superiority. Why, madam, what constitutes the true dignity of human nature ? Is it a title ? this is often held by the worthless. Is it wealth ? the most mean and vulgar may amass that. Is it knowledge ? this is a means of mischief unless controlled by religion. Is it manners ? Some of the most finished gentlemen have been the most accomplished villains. I maintain, therefore,

madam, that all distinctions are unjust, and ought to be discountenanced. Our Creator made all men equal, and any attempt to exalt one above another is in direct opposition to his will. I hope, madam, no body in this village will for a moment tolerate any such notion.

Mrs. Ingot. Madam, at the risk of incurring the displeasure of the lady who has just taken her seat, I shall venture to say a few words in favor of what I consider the only true ground for any distinction among the members of a community. I consider PROPERTY to be at the foundation of all human action. Where there is no property there is no civilization; and where there is no civilization there can be nothing worth living for. If property, therefore, is the mainspring of human action, and the evidence of civilization, it is clear that the acquisition of it should entitle a man to honor and distinction. Besides, madam, you can not prevent its doing so. I think no one will deny that wealth can command all the comforts of life; and, as every man is in pursuit of wealth, he who has the most, has the means of controlling all others. Wealth always has done this, and, in my opinion, it always will continue to do so. You can not destroy the distinction between riches and poverty, and, therefore, I maintain that wealth is the best criterion of gentility.

Mrs. Level. It appears to me, madam, that, if wealth is to make a distinction between us, it ought not to be the possession of wealth but the use of it. The miser, who hoards immense sums, is often times less serviceable to men than the active man, who never accumulates more than he immediately expends. If we must have a nobility, I pray that it may be based upon some thing that the robber or the elements cannot at any moment supply with wings; some thing that affords at least presumptive evidence that its possessor is a man.

Mrs. Herald. Madam President, I rise to say, that, although I do not agree with the former lady, in her high estimate of wealth; nor with the latter, in her apparent contempt for it, still I am not insensible to its advantages, and would make it, if possible, one of the ingredients of gentility. The chief objection I see to making it the only ground of distinction, is the fact alluded to by the lady last

up,—that it lacks permanence,—and the person who may be the pink of gentility to day, may be a beggar to-morrow, not only stripped of his rank, but unfitted to live in a state of poverty. I would, therefore, propose that, instead of wealth, we should take BIRTH for our ground of distinction, for whatever honor there may be in this, is permanent, and can neither be lost by the injustice of others, nor by any misconduct of our own. Besides, madam, is it not true, that, ever since men began to acquire property, they have felt the insecurity of it, and have endeavored to sustain the elevation to which wealth may have raised them, by claiming distinction for their children merely on account of their birth.

Mrs. Lease. I am sorry, madam, to differ from any lady on any subject, and especially in regard to what shall constitute the basis of social intercourse, but it does appear to me that the proposal of the lady, who last took her seat, would only aggravate the evil she wishes to remedy. There may be some merit in accumulating wealth by industry and honest means, but there is none at all in being born to an estate, or in being the heir of a person who has lost his estate. It will be necessary for the lady to go one step further, and make it a condition of gentility, that the property once acquired shall never be lost! This, you know, madam, is the case in some countries, where, to keep the property in the family, they have what is called the law of entail, which prevents a man from parting with his family estate, even to pay his honest debts. But the establishment of a nobility, such as exists in certain countries, is not, I suppose, the subject before us. In this country, no such distinction can be established by law, and we have nothing to fear or to hope from it. Still, we have our distinctions, and there are some among us who would willingly draw the line. Every city has its upper circle, and every village has its select families, which, for some reason or other, feel a little better than some of their neighbors. Any distinction in this country must be one of general consent, and the question before us is, I suppose, shall there be any such distinction, and what shall be the basis of it.

President. You are right. I was aware that the ladies were not strictly adhering to the question, but, where per-

sons are unused to discussions of this sort, it often happens, as in this case, that we come to the truth much sooner if we are allowed to come in our own way, and persons unused to debate, often deliver what they have to say much more easily, and in much less time, even if they wander a little from the subject, if they are not interrupted by calls to order, and subjected to what are called parliamentary rules. These rules, I sometimes think, are less necessary to guide those who may ignorantly wander, than to restrain those who wilfully do so, that they may gain some advantage. Excuse this digression, ladies; I shall endeavor to allow all reasonable freedom in the discussion, since we are assembled for mutual improvement, and not for victory.

Mrs. Place. I thank you, madam, for your indulgence, for I am sure I shall need it. I surely should not attempt to speak, if I were confined to rigid rules which I have never studied. I hold it to be every member's duty to say something, and, aware that ease in speaking comes only by practice, I compel myself to say a few words, though, as you must perceive, it is somewhat of an effort. The remarks of the ladies who have preceded me, have led me to think, that, as official rank is a gift of the people, and the very selection of a man to fill an office implies superiority to his associates, and gives him a sort of pre-eminence, the true ground of distinction must be this very OFFICE. The officer so selected will have advantages while in office, and it is reasonable to expect that his family will be improved in gentility, and take rank as he does. We see this tendency at large, in the respect that is shown to the families and relatives of our Presidents and public men, and we can generally discern it in the remote villages, where the Selectmen, and especially the Representative, are often "looked up to," as our New England expression is. I think, therefore, if we must have a line, it had better be that which the people seem to draw for themselves, the line attached to office.

Mrs. Delver. It strikes me, Madam President, as they call you, that, as all elected officers are but the servants of the people, it is hardly worth while for their masters to fall down and worship them. My husband is a farmer, and an honest man; and I don't believe he will allow any body to

draw a line, and say he shall not step over it. I have no opinion of these lines. Why there are the Gripes on Meeting House Hill, as rich as Croesus, and as mean as dirt. Their children, too, think they are something more than mortal, but I guess nobody else thinks so; and, as to keeping their money, I guess the boys will make it fly when they get hold of it. Now do you suppose I am going to bow down to them, because the old man is reputed rich, and has held all the town offices, and been to the General Court? or, do you suppose I care whether they invite me to their parties or not? No, not I.

President. I hope the lady will not allow herself to make any such personal remarks.

Mrs. Delver. I have said all I had to say. Gentility, huh! Here's my black girl; Dinah, get up here! (*The black girl stands up.*) There, this girl was the daughter of a king in Guinea, who held all the offices in the kingdom, and had more money and servants than all of you together, and ten times as many more, and which of you will take her for a pattern of gentility? Dinah, don't you wish to be a lady?

Dinah. (*Showing her white teeth.*) No, missis, I don't know enough for that.

Mrs. Delver. You need not know anything to be genteel. I dare say you know as much as half the young ladies that are manufactured by the dress-makers and milliners.

Dinah. I hope missis will excuse me. I have no wish to change my *situation*, or extend the circle of my acquaintances.

President. This conversation is a little out of order. Mrs. Newton, you were rising, I thought, to address the meeting.

Mrs. Newton. The remark of the colored girl suggested to my mind that, after all, the true basis of gentility must be KNOWLEDGE. I think it must be evident to you, madam, and to the ladies, that wealth, and birth, and rank, without knowledge, will only expose their possessor to mortification. I think your observation must have shown you, that knowledge, without any of the aids that have been mentioned, will often advance its possessor to the highest

society, and a scholar is generally considered an equal in the richest families.

Mrs. Level. I have often heard our school-masters and mistresses complain that they were treated with neglect, and I fear that, as a body, they have not been received with all the respect which the lady claims for knowledge.

Mrs. Newton. Perhaps the teachers, as a body, have not been so well informed as their vocation would imply; but I think it will be allowed, that such of them as are good scholars, are generally welcome to the best society in villages, if not in the cities. But, whether this be the case or not, there can be no doubt, that the families of professional men, throughout the country, take a very respectable rank in society, and are at least as genteel as the rich and the office holders; nay, I am not sure that they do not constitute a majority of those who hold office, and wealth, and distinction. I know there is no more merit in being born with talents, than in being born with wealth; but the world has always been swayed by talent, and I know no line more distinctly drawn than that between knowledge and ignorance.

Mrs. Clearly. I have attended very closely, madam and ladies, to the discussion, and I hope no lady will be offended if I remark, that we have rather been considering the standards of gentility which exist, and which, probably are defective in some respects, instead of ascertaining what should be the true basis of gentility. Now it appears to me that refinement of TASTE and good MANNERS constitute true gentility, and these are, in a great measure, independent of the other grounds that have been mentioned. Surely no lady will allow that the richest man, if his conversation is unpolished, his taste unrefined, and his manners vulgar, can be called a genteel man, or be entitled to any respect beyond that lowest degree of it which is paid to mere money. So, no one, I think, will allow that the scholar, however learned he may be, can be called a real gentleman, unless his conversation, habits, tastes and manners, are pure and refined, polished and dignified. It was long ago established as an axiom, that "manners make the man," and I am inclined to believe that they do more towards it than all things else. It is a pleasing consideration in our

search for a basis of true gentility, that there is no situation so high or so low that he who occupies it must necessarily be destitute of good manners. We may lack birth and wealth, office and talent, and we may never be able to obtain them, but the poorest of us can be civil and respectful; the humblest of us can be courteous and gentle, decorous and well bred, without much effort, and without any expense.

Mrs. Morlay. It would seem, Madam President, as if nothing could be added to what my friend has just said, but it does appear to me that the main element of true gentility has not yet been named. It has been clearly shown, that wealth, birth, place, and even talent, are insufficient without manners, but is it not a fact that manners are nothing without MORALS, without virtue, without religious principle. I believe few have passed through this world as far as I have, without often seeing persons of graceful manners and graceless character. Some of the most courteous and gentlemanly men that I have ever seen, have been notoriously lax in morals, and deficient in principle. It is not, therefore, enough for a man to be rich, of elegant manners and refined taste, unless his morals are pure, his conscience tender, and the will of God his rule of life. It is possible that all the ladies who have spoken, took it for granted that this element of character would exist, — that no true gentility could exist without virtue and religion; but, as nothing was said on this point, I hope I shall be excused for calling attention to it.

Mrs. Drab. I think, friends, that this conversation has been profitable, though I could wish a few harsh words that dropped from thee, Mary, (*turning to Mrs. Delver,*) had not been said. But thee did not mean ill, I know thee didn't. Thou wilt be surprised, Elizabeth, (*turning to Mrs. Morlay,*) to hear me say that I do not entirely agree with thee; but, really, if thee will consider a moment, thee will see that the purest morals, the firmest principles, and the most conscientious obedience to the will of God, may exist without true gentility. I have known religious men without taste, without refinement, without politeness, without knowledge, and what is far worse, without charity. Now it appears to me, that all the elements that have been

named may be united in a perfect gentleman. It surely cannot hurt him to be born of virtuous or distinguished parents, for, if he is a true man, he will try not to disgrace them. It cannot hurt him to be born with wealth, for, with a disposition to use it well, his means of usefulness will be increased; and, if he holds office, he will seek to benefit the community, as, perhaps, no private individual can. He must have knowledge, if he is to be a model and a guide to others; and, without knowledge, even of a secular kind, the world can not go on. Then how important are good manners to every man, in every condition of life; and if, instead of being the result of habit, or calculation, they are the result of that Christian charity which treats all kindly, and loves all sincerely, I do not know what more the true gentleman can want. Now, if we can make such gentility as common as it is rare, there will be no danger of any lines being drawn so as to offend any one. The most elevated would be anxious for the welfare of the humblest, and the humblest would respect those who love them, and who only wish to do them good. I was moved to say what I have said, and I will not trespass any further.

Mrs. Place. I move, madam, that this meeting be adjourned.

Mrs. Delver. I second the motion, for it is time I was at home to look after my husband's supper. Gentility, forsooth! (*tossing her head.*)

President. Ladies, the question of adjournment takes precedence of every other, but may I ask whether you intend to adjourn without taking a vote on the question you have discussed.

Mrs. Drab. I think thy votes will not settle the question.

Mrs. Delver. I shouldn't care a fig for a thousand of them. A fig — no, not a potato paring. Dinah, wake up there!

Dinah. (*Grinning and springing up.*) Yes, missis.

President. The question does not admit of debate. Ladies, it has been moved and seconded that this meeting be adjourned. If this be your wish, you will please

to say ay. (*All say ay, and the President adds,*) The discussion is ended accordingly.

Mrs. Delver. (*To her black girl.*) There, Dinah, you can't be a lady quite yet. Now run home, and make a genteel cup of tea for your master.

Dinah. (*Grinning.*) Yes, missis, after de latest Parishoner fashion. If gentility consist in making the best cup of tea, old Dinah (*grins and shakes her head,*) tip top genteel, aha!

CVI. WILLIAM TELL AND THE APPLE.

GESLER, TELL, OFFICER, AND BOY.

Gesler (alone). The Mountaineer is safe in prison, but refuses to declare his accomplices. Death would but seal his lips, and shut the secret up forever. We have exposed him to the gaze of many thousands who, no doubt, do know him well, but no one recognized him by look, or sign, or word, so thoroughly this people understand each other.

Enter an Officer.

Officer. Good news, my lord! We found just now, in the market place, a mountain boy, inquiring for his father, who returned not home as he is wont. Inquiry led to the suspicion that the mountaineer in prison was his sire; but, when confronted, he did not betray any emotion, though the lineaments of both betoken kindred.

Ges. Lead them hither. (*Officer brings them in from different sides.*) Who art thou boy?

Boy. My father's son, I've heard my mother say.

Ges. Who is thy father?

Boy. Gesler does not know. He ne'er shall know from me.

Ges. If this were *not* thy father, then would'st thou deny at once.

Boy. Not so. I own no father, but (*pointing upward*) Him.

Ges. Thou hast a mother, boy, say where is she?

Boy. Here (*looking round*) and here (*striking his breast*).

Ges. Her name? I promise not to harm her.

Boy. You have already harmed her beyond bearing.

Ges. Boy, 'tis false. Her name, thy mother's name is—

Boy. Switzerland, I own no other parent.

Off. Audacious brat! Thy father (*pointing to Tell*) dies for this.

Boy. My father cannot die, he is immortal and beyond your power.

Ges. You are not so safe. Officer, bind him to the stake, and let a slow, sure fire teach him respect for power. He evidently is quite apt at learning lessons.

Tell. You will not punish him for what his parent taught.

Ges. We will not?

Tell. You can not. E'en cruelty respects a noble child.

Ges. Officer, do your duty. Such noble youth would make too noble men.

Tell. You surely are in jest, and can not burn a child.

Ges. No, I will spare his life on one condition.

Tell. Name it, if it be not dishonorable.

I pledge myself to do whate'er is possible in his behalf.

Ges. Thou art an archer.

Tell. True. My skill is hardly equalled on the hills.

Ges. I'd see thee exercise it on this boy.

Tell. (*Looking at him with amazement*). I'm not an executioner.

Off. My lord, let him not kill the boy at once, but let him aim to strike an apple from his head.

Ges. 'Tis well. I do adopt thy thought. There's mercy in it, too.

Tell. Mercy! God of mercy, did'st thou hear the word!

Ges. No matter, so thou did'st. (*To the Officer*), place the boy, and to encourage skill, we promise life to both, if he the apple fairly hits.

Boy. Father, you will not shoot! I'd rather burn than die by thy dear hand.

Tell. Be silent! Close thine eyes that thou may'st start not. I never miss, you know. Fear not, (*the child*

goes out). Forgive me, heaven, 'twere kindness to deceive him. (*To Gesler*). How many shots am I allowed?

Ges. But one.

Tell. Childless monster, spare the boy and I will bow me in the dust before thy image; nay before its shadow, I will do aught the meanest worm can do, and thank thee for the grace.

Ges. Pick thy arrow, and parley not. (*He holds out the quiver to Tell, who takes one arrow, and pointing with it at something behind the tyrant, Gesler turns his head to look, and Tell quickly takes a second arrow and conceals it in his dress. While Tell is trying the bow and arrow, Gesler says,*) There is the mark!

Tell. Heaven guard it, and forgive the desperation of the act. God of the innocent, direct the shaft! (*He shoots.*)

Ges. The apple's cleft, by heaven!

Tell. To heaven all thanks. (*As he raises his hands to heaven the concealed arrow falls; Gesler picks it up and says sarcastically*)—

Ges. Dost use two arrows for a single shot?

Tell. The second was for Gesler, had the first one failed.

CVII. THE PRINTER AND THE DUTCHMAN.

(*The Dutchman sitting at the door of his tavern in the far West, is approached by a tall, thin Yankee, who is emigrating Westward, on foot, with a bundle on a cane over his shoulder.*)

Dutchman. Vell, Mishter Valking Shtick, vat you vant?

Printer. Rest and refreshments.

D. Supper and lotchin, I reckon.

P. Yes, supper and lodging, if you please.

D. Pe ye a Yankee peddler, mit chewelry in your pack to sheat te gals?

P. No, sir, I am no Yankee peddler.

D. A singin'-maister, too lazy to work?

P. No, sir.

D. A shenteel shoemaker vat loves to measure te gals foots and hankles better tan to make te shoes?

P. No, sir, or I should have mended my own shoes.

D. A book achent, vot boddere te shcool committees till they do vat you vish, choost to get rid of you?

P. Guess again, sir. I am no book agent.

D. Te tyfels! a dentist preaking the people's jaws at a dollar a shnag, and runnin off mit my taughter?

P. No, sir, I am no tooth-puller.

D. Phrenologus, den, feelin te young folks heads like so many cabbitch?

P. No, I am no phrenologist.

D. Vell, ten, vat te tyfels can you pe? Choost tell, and you shall have te besht sasage for supper, and shtay all night, free gratis, mitout a cent, and a chill of wishkey to start mit in te mornin.

P. I am an humble disciple of Faust, — a professor of the art that preserves all arts, — a typographer, at your service.

D. Votsch dat?

P. A printer, sir, a man that prints books and newspapers.

D. A man vot printsh nooshpapers! O, yaw! yaw! ay, dat ish it. A man vot printsh nooshpapers! Yaw, yaw! Valk up! a man vot printsh nooshpapers! I vish I may pe shot if I did not tink you vas a poor tyfel of a dishtrick shcool-maister, who verks for nottin, and boards round. I thought you vas him.

CVIII, THE YANKEE IN FRANCE.

A FRENCHMAN AND YANKEE.

Yankee. This is a funny country as ever I saw. I don't see how they contrive to make things look so different from any thing I ever saw at home. I hope the folks are not as strange as the houses, and the other things. But here comes one of them, and I'll question him a little.

(Enter a Frenchman, who raises his hat to the Yankee, who forgets to touch his, but says)—

Yank. Sir, can you inform a stranger what place this is?

Frenchman. Je n'entend pas.

Yank. *Nong-tong-pah.* Ah! that must be a Chinese name. O dear, what will become of me if I have been wrecked on the coast of China! I shall never see home again, that's as clear as city milk. But I'll inquire further. Mister, who's the king of this country?

Fr. Je n'entend pas.

Yank. *Nong-tong-pah!* Why that's the same as the name of the country, isn't it? Well, that's funny enough. Pray, friend, where does the king live?

Fr. Je n'entend pas. Je n'entend pas du tout.

Yank. At *Nong-tong-pah*, too, does he? Well that's funnier still! I guess he likes the name. But look here, stranger, I'm plaguy hungry, and should like some victuals. What do you have to eat in this funny country, hey? I don't mean, do you eat hay, but what *do* you eat?

Fr. Je n'entend pas.

Yank. The dogs you do! Eat *nong-tong-pah!* Look here, I say, what do you mean by telling me these, I won't call them lies, because they may be mistakes, for even a school-master may make a mistake in the matter of geography. Pray mister, what do you think I am?

Fr. Monsieur, Je n'entend pas du tout.

Yank. No, there you missed it. I'm not a *nong-tong-pah*, too, by a good deal, but a true blooded Yankee. Do you know what a Yankee is? Tell me that.

Fr. Monsieur, Je n'entend pas.

Yank. No, he isn't. A true-blooded Yankee is no more like a *nong-tong-pah* than a tooth-pick is like a crow-bar. Pray, what sort of schools have you in this country? Who's your School Agent or Prudential Committee? (*The Frenchman shaking his head.*) What, haven't you got any? Well I s'pose you haven't, nor anything else that's decent. But look here, what denomination do you belong to, hey? What's your minister's name?

Fr. Je n'entend pas. Je n'entend pas.

Yank. *Nong-tong-pah.* I don't believe it, I don't believe it, by gracious! You must think I'm green as grass, if you expect to come over me in this fashion. But I'm too hungry to lose any more time. Who keeps the tavern in your place? I'll try to beg a meal's victuals at any rate.

Fr. Monsieur, je n'entend pas.

Yank. Don't tell me that again. I don't believe the king keeps tavern. But look here! There goes a funeral. Who's dead? Do you know that?

Fr. Monsieur, Je n'entend pas, je n'entend pas.

Yank. What! is he dead? Well I should think it was enough to kill any man to be a king, a school committee man, a parson and a tavern keeper. Who was his doctor? Do you know that?

Fr. Je n'entend pas.

Yank. *Nong-tong-pah* his own doctor! Well, no wonder he died. But, I say, why don't you ask me some questions about *my* country? I could tell you every thing about it. I know everybody, from Squire Jones down to Jim Doolittle. We don't heap all our offices on the same man as you do, 'cause, you see, if he dies, as *Nong-tong-pah* has done, there's nobody to carry on things. O dear, how hungry I am! Come, old fellow (*taking him by the arm*) show me where the tavern is, for if old *Nong-tong-pah* is dead, I s'pose the widder 'll carry on the consarn. Come, come along.

CIX. MONSIEUR AND HIS ENGLISH MASTER.

Frenchman. No sair, I nevair shall, can, will learn your vile langue. De verbs might — should — could — would put me to death.

Master. You must be patient. Our verb is very simple compared with yours.

F. Sample! * vat you call sample? When I say *que je fusse*, you say, dat I might-could-would-should-have-been. Ma foi, ver sample dat! Now, sair, tell to me, if you please, what you call one verb?

M. A verb is a word that signifies to be, to do, or to suffer.

F. Eh bien! when I say, *I can't*, which I say, I be, I do, or I suffice?

M. It may be hard to say in that particular case.

F. Ma foi, how I might-could-would-should am to know dat? But tell to me, if you please, what you mean when you say, "de verb is a word."

M. A means *one*, and it is the same as to say, the verb is *one* word.

F. Eh bien! Den when I me serve of I might-could-would-should-have-been-loved, I use one verb. Huh! (with a shrug.)

M. Yes, certainly.

F. And that verb is *one* word! I tinks him ver long word, wiz more joints dan de scorpion have in his tail.

M. But we do not use all the auxiliaries at once.

F. How many you use once?

M. One at a time. We say *I might-have-been-loved*, or *I could-have-been-loved*.

F. And dat is *only* one word! What you mean by *I could*?

M. *I was able*.

F. Ver well. What you mean by *have*?

M. *Hold, possess*. It is difficult to say what it means apart from the other words.

*Sam as in *Samuel*.

F. Why you use him apart den? But what you mean by *been*?

M. *Existed*. There is no exact synonyme.

F. Ver well. Den when I say, *I could-have-been loved*, that wills to say, *I was-able-hold-existed-loved*, and dis is one word. De Frensh shild, no higher as dat, (*holding his hand about as high as his knees*,) he might-could-would-should-count four words, widout de pronoun. Bah! I shall nevair learn de English verb; no, nevair, no time.

M. When you hear me use a verb, you must acquire the habit of conjugating it, just as, I love, thou lovest, he loves; and believe me, you *can't* become familiar with the modes and tenses in any other way.

F. Well, den, I shall, will, begin wiz *can't*. I can't, zhou can'test, he can'ts; we can't, ye or you can't, zey can't.

M. It is not so. *Can't* is a contraction of the verb *cannot*.

F. Well zhen. I cannot, zhou cannotest, he cannoteth or he cannots; we —

M. No, no! *Cannot* is two words, *can* and *not*.

F. Den what for you tie him togezzer?

M. I see *I ain't* careful enough in my expressions.

F. Stop! hold dere, if you please, I will-shall once more try. I ain't, zhou ain'test, he ain'ts; we —

M. *Ain't* is not a verb, it is only a corruption. I *wont* use it again.

F. Ma foi! it is all one corruption. May or can I say I wont, zhou wontest, he wonts?

M. No, you can't say so.

F. What den? I might-could-would-should-don't-ain't-wont-can't?

M. No, you can't say any such thing, for these verbs are all irregulars, and *must* not be so used.

F. *Muss*, what you call *muss*? I muss, zhou mussest, he musses. You say so?

M. No, no no.

F. Well den, I might-could-would-should-have-been-muss, — how dat?

M. *Must* is irregular. It never changes its termination.

F. Den what for, why you call him irregulaire, if he no shange? *Ma foi*, he might-could-would-should-be ver regulaire, ver regulaire indeed. Who makes de grammaire English?

M. Nobody in particular.

F. So I tinks, I might-could-would-should-guess so. I shall-will-muss-can-understand nevair one grammaire, which say de verb be one word when he be four, five, six, half-dozen, and den call irregulaire de only uniform verb dat nevair shange. Scusey moi, Monsieur, I will-may-can-might-could-would-should study such horrible grammaire nevair, no more.

CX. THE MODEL SCHOOL.

[The piece may be used for boys or girls, or both, by merely changing the names.]

REBECCA, *a large girl.*

THE COMMITTEE, *a large girl.*

SARAH,	SUSAN,	HOPE,	RUTH,
MARY,	JANE,	JOSIE,	KATE,
ANNA,	LIZZIE,	ELLEN,	KITTY.

AND ANY NUMBER OF OTHER PUPILS.

Sarah. Come, girls, let's play school. Ma'am has gone a visiting, I guess, and we may have some sport before she returns. Becky, you be mistress, will you?

Rebecca. (*Rings the small bell.*) Take seats, all, and put your hands behind you.

Sarah. Ma'am, may I whisper?

Rebecca. No, all whispering is forbidden.

Mary. I guess you can't hinder it.

Rebecca. (*Solemnly.*) Mary Jones, stand out in the middle of the floor. (*She does so.*) Children, attend all. (*Very solemnly.*) Mary Jones, you have been guilty of a serious misdemeanor.

Mary. Miss who, Ma'am!

Rebecca. You have been guilty of a serious offence, and you must say you are sorry for it before the whole school. Whispering in school is an offence that can not be forgiven. You see it interrupts order, corrupts manners, and lays the foundation for every evil. Mary Jones, are you sorry for your conduct?

Mary. No, ma'am. I didn't whisper, I only told you I guessed you couldn't hinder it, and I guess you can't; and so, ma'am, you see, ma'am, you have made your speech for nothing, ma'am.

Anna. Missis Rebecca, may I ask a question?

Rebecca. Yes, if it is a proper one. Ruth, don't pull your sister's hair. What is your question, Anna?

Anna. Which is worst, whispering or longing to whisper?

Rebecca. The question is an improper one.

Anna. All are that puzzle the teacher.

Rebecca. I mark Anna for impertinence. First class in grammar come out. The rest of you study your lessons.

Lizzie. We haven't any to study, marm dear.

Rebecca. Then put your hands behind you. Silence! Kate, tell me what is a verb.

Kate. Anything that be's, and does, and suffers.

Rebecca. (*Strikes Kitty Snow, a little girl, for pinching another.*) Susan, can you name any verbs?

Susan. Yes, ma'am, Kitty Snow is a verb, for she be's, and does naughty, and suffers for it.

Rebecca. Very well, what is a noun, Jane Smith?

Jane. A noun is a notion, ma'am.

Rebecca. Did you ever see any?

Jane. Yes, ma'am, Boston's full of them.

Rebecca. Lizzie, in the sentence, John tells lies, what is the subject, and what the predicate?

Lizzie. The *subject* depends on circumstances, ma'am, but John is in the *predicament*.

Rebecca. Hope Smith, what is an article?

Hope. A piece of goods, ma'am.

Rebecca. How many kinds of articles are there, Josie?

Josie. Ever so many, ma'am, the shops are full of 'em.

Rebecca. That's an indefinite answer, miss. Sit. Let the spelling class come out.

Josie. Please, ma'am, Ellen Bird is singing.

Rebecca. Ellen Bird, how dare you sing?

Ellen. (*Snuffing.*) I did'nt sing, ma'am. I'm not a singing bird.

Rebecca. I'm glad to hear it, for any child who sings in school betrays such a depraved heart, that she should never be allowed to grow up. I solemnly warn you all against such immorality.

Ruth. Marm, Lizzie wants to know if she may sneeze.

Rebecca. No, sneezing is forbidden. Now hold your tongues, all.

(*The children all take hold of their tongues.*)

Rebecca. O dear! you simpletons. Put your hands behind you. Sarah spell *Propitiation*.

Sarah. p-r-o, pro, p-i-s-h, pish,—

Rebecca. Wrong. Next.

Sarah. Please, Missis Rebecca, don't p-i-s-h spell pish?

Rebecca. Don't be pert. Mary spell *Propitiation*.

Mary. p-r-o, pro, p-e, pe, s-h-e, she—

Rebecca. Next, *Propitiation*, Anna.

Anna. P-r-o, pro, p-e-e, pe, pro-pe, s-h-e-s-h-a-s-h-n-n; please, ma'am, what's the word?

Rebecca. The word is *pro, py, ty, a, ty, on*, now spell it, Ruth.

Ruth. P-r-o, pro, p-y, py, t-y, ty, o s-h-y; pro, py, she, a, she, o, she, shun.

Rebecca. Kitty Snow, can you spell it?

Kitty. Yes, marm, i-t, it.

Rebecca. Go off! you are all marked for neglected lessons. Let the Jography class come out.

(*When they are formed, Rebecca says,*)

Rebecca. Sarah, what is a Cape?

Sarah. A sort of shawl, fastened to the collar of a cloak when it don't happen to be loose.

Rebecca. Don't be pert, Miss. Susan, where is Ireland?

Susan. I don't know. Father says it has all come over to New York.

Rebecca. Kate McNary, can, you tell? Where did you live before you came here?

Kate. In the city of Corrk, marm, dear.

Rebecca. Mary O'Carroty, where did you live?

Mary. Next cellar to Kate McNary, please marm.

Rebecca. O dear! Sarah, what does your book say?

Sarah. It doesn't talk, marm dear.

Rebecca. If there's any more such conduct, I'll send for the School Committee, and then you'll get it.

Mary. Get what, marm?

Rebec. Get your necks broken, some of you. Josie, what do you mean by leaving your place? Do you not know that you break the law, and set a bad example? I must have a solemn talk with you on the influence of example. Hope Smith, what are you doing?

Hope. Nothing, ma'am.

Rebec. Come here and let me do nothing to you. (*Hope comes up and Rebecca, pinching her, says*)—How do you like to have nothing done to you? Kitty Snow, come here and be whipped.

Kitty. I wont, I don't like to be whipped.

Rebec. You wont? Why, Kitty, do you know that the sin of disobedience will never be forgiven. Come here or I shall come to you. (*She goes to her and slaps her.*) There, now thank me for punishing you. It is all for your good. Do you thank me?

Kitty. No, I don't, I wont lie to please anybody.

Sarah. Marm, I can't get my Jography lesson.

Rebec. You got it when I gave it to you.

Sarah. I mean I can't learn it, ma'am, I don't understand it at all at all.

Rebec. You need not understand it to learn it. The book tells you what to say, don't it?

Sarah. Yes ma'am.

Rebecca. Then what do you bother you teacher for?

Lizzie. Ma'am, may I hear the lowest class read?

Rebecca. No, no child can teach another. You taught the little ones to disobey me.

Lizzie. I thought you said children couldn't teach others, ma'am.

Rebecca. You will stop after school for impertinence, Miss.

Ruth. Please ma'am, the Committee is coming.

Rebecca. Silence all! Sit still. Now if any one whispers or leaves her place while the Committee is here, she

shall be whipped as long as I can stand over her, (*Gae of the scholars with a cloak and hat on enters.*)

Rebecca. Please to be seated, sir.

Committee. Hem! hem! hem!

Rebecca. What exercise will you please to hear, sir?

Com. You may call out the highest reading class, hem! hem! I will examine them myself. Hem!

(*Sarah, Mary, Jane, Hope, Lizzie and Josie, stand up.*)

Com. Have you studied Rhetoric, scholars? Hem!

All. Yes, sir.

Com. Tell me, young woman (*speaking to Sarah*) what is meant by pitch?

Sarah. Pitch, sir, pitch is not tar.

Com. Next. What is the difference between the upward slide and the downward slide? Hem!

Mary. One slips down and the other don't!

Com. What is an infliction of the voice?

Jane. Reading too loud or too long, sir.

Com. What is meant by figurative language? next scholar. Hem! hem!

Hope. CIPHERING, sir.

Com. Next, you may read — Lines on a Grave Yard, page 377. Hem!

Lizzie. (*Reads.*)

"How frightful the grave! how deserted and drear,
With the howls of the storm-wind, the creaks of the bier,
And the white bones all clattering together."

Com. Analyze now. Next, "How frightful the grave!" What slide is there at the grave! hem!

Josie. The downward slide, sir, I should think.

Com. What is meant by "The creaks of the bier!" hem!

Sarah. A creek is an inlet, sir, and beer is ale. Inlets of drink, sir.

Com. In what tone must this passage about the grave be read? hem!

Mary. In the grave tone, sir.

Com. Very well. Have any of your scholars learned to sing?

Rebecca. Yes, sir. 1st class sing the Cobbler.

(*The teacher may introduce any song she pleases.*)

Com. Have they learned to declaim, Miss?

Rebecca. Yes, sir.

Com. Let me hear one, hem!

(All the children give one loud Hem!)

Rebecca. Kate, come here, and speak the Ode to the Committee.

Kate. "August and reverend Sir, long erst
This beauteous world from chaos burst,
And light and order had *began*,
There wasn't no Committee man.
No dee-strick school, no school-hus, nor
Nothing that is our eyes before.
And still the world in clouds had lived
Had not the Yankee mind contrived,
By force of its creative skill,
The glorious office you now fill.
And when the sky shall up be rolled,
And time's last solemn dirge be tolled,
Thy office mightier still shall grow,
And kings and emperors shall bow,
And own, that, since the world began,
There's nought like a Committee man.

Rebecca. Children, all rise, and attend to the remarks of the honorable Committee.

(All rise and the Committee says.)

Com. Hem! My young friends, I am so, hem! overwhelmed by my responsibilities as guardian and overseer of this important, hem! seminary, that I know not what to say on this occasion. Your lot, hem! is cast in pleasant places, — or will be when you get a new school-house. We have the best schools in the world, — or hope to have. Our teachers are able, — or ought to be; and our committee-men, hem! are, hem! what it does not become me to say. I never look on such a school as this, without thinking, that, perhaps, I am, hem! looking upon some future President, Governor, or School Committee-man of this mighty continent, the controllers of manifest destiny, the future rulers of the world. Be good girls, now, and mind your teacher. Hem! hem!

(He goes out, the children bowing or curtsying with becoming solemnity.)

Rebecca. Now, children, you have behaved so well, I am going to dismiss you ; but be careful not to rush out all together, as you always do. To encourage you to retire in order, I promise a reward to the one who goes out last. There, you are all dismissed. (*No child stirs.*) Why don't you go home!

Hope. We are all waiting to go out last.

Rebecca. O, I see. I withdraw the promised reward then.

(*All rush out in great confusion.*)

CXI. THE LADY-MAID.

GENTLEMAN AND LADY.

Gent. Is Miss Bartoon within?

Lady. (*Smiling at the question*) She is so, I believe.

G. Can I see her?

L. (*Looking at his eyes*) I think you can. What would you say to her through me?

G. You know her, then? Excuse the question, if it seem a strange one.

L. I know her? To be sure I do. But pray, why ask me such a question?

G. Because all tongues applaud her, and I fear, if all is true, that I have come in vain. Say, do you know her well?

L. I know her intimately, I must own.

G. Your—mistress, may I ask?

L. Why—y-e-s, I'm subject to her will.

G. She treats you well?

L. She is but too indulgent.

G. You love her then, of course.

L. Yes, as I do myself.

G. Say, is she fair?

L. Women are unsafe judges of each other.

G. How does your mistress with yourself compare? You surely will not overrate her now.

L. It is but faintest praise to say that, in my best estate, she never falls below me.

G. Good! And now one more strange question. Will she make me—a good wife?

L. She could not say, not knowing how you judge; and how can I decide?

G. You know if she is engaged?

L. I think she is, (*smiling*) unusually so.

G. I mean, is she betrothed or free?

L. I can not, sir, betray her secrets, till I know your motive for this singular inquest.

G. I'm searching for a wife.

L. She is not one, I'll answer you thus far.

G. I wish to make her mine.

L. She knows, sir, of your wish.

G. The deuce, she does! Who could have told her that?

L. Yourself.

G. 'Tis false!—Excuse me, miss, I never told my wish but to yourself.

L. I never could have told her; yet she knows.

G. What thinks she of it, then?

L. Of what?

G. Of marriage.

L. Favorably of marriage in the abstract.

G. But what of marrying *me*?

L. She must speak for herself.

G. Where can I see her without more delay?

L. Here.

G. And when?

L. Now.

G. How can I see her now, and she away?

L. You can not.

G. Explain these paradoxes, or I shall go mad. Who are you, miss? no servant, I am sure.

L. Yes, her servant, truly, though quite near of kin. 'Tis said that I resemble her in many points.

G. If she resembles you, I'll take her instantly.

L. Whether she will accept or not? It may take two to make the bargain, Sir, unless you mean to give, and ask for no return.

G. If she refuses me, I'll marry you.

L. I should not take her leavings.

G. Then let her go. If you accept me first, I'm yours.
What say you?

L. But she too will accept, I know she will.

G. My bow then has two strings that cross each other.

L. Not so, exactly; for the two may haply e'en be
twisted into one.

G. These paradoxes craze my brain. You surely are
not she I seek?

L. 'Tis now my turn to contradict, or to belie the truth.

G. Well twisted, by my faith! And you will give me
your free hand?

L. Yes, both of them. This, for the servant; for the
mistress, this.

G. 'Tis gloriously done! I'll wed the servant for her-
self, and take the mistress at the servant's word.

CXII. THE WILL.

SQUIRE DRAWL,
MR. SWIPES, *a brewer,*

FRANK MILLINGTON,
MR. CURRIER, *a saddler.*

Swipes. A sober occasion this, brother Currie. Who
would have thought the old lady was so near her end?

Currie. Ah! we must all die, brother Swipes, and those
who live longest only bury the most.

Swipes. True, true; but, since we must die and leave
our earthly possessions, it is well that the law takes such
good care of us. Had the old lady her senses when she
departed?

Currie. Perfectly, perfectly. Squire Drawl told me
she read every word of her testament aloud, and never
signed her name better.

Swipes. Had you any hint from the Squire what dispo-
sition she made of her property?

Currie. Not a whisper; the Squire is as close as an

underground tomb; but one of the witnesses hinted to me that she has cut off her graceless nephew with a cent.

Swipes. Has she, good soul! has she? you know I come in then, in right of my wife.

Currie. And I in *my own* right; and this is, no doubt, the reason why we have been called to hear the reading of the will. Squire Drawl knows how things should be done, though he is as air-tight as your beer barrels. But here comes the young reprobate; he must be present as a matter of course, you know. [*Enter Frank Millington.*] Your servant, young gentleman. So, your benefactress has left you at last.

Swipes. It is a painful thing to part with old and good friends, Mr. Millington.

Frank. It is so, sir; but I could bear her loss better, had I not been so ungrateful for her kindness. She was my only friend, and I knew not her value.

Currie. It is too late to repent, Master Millington. You will now have a chance to earn your own bread —

Swipes. Ay, by the sweat of your brow, as better people are obliged to. You would make a fine brewer's boy, if you were not too old.

Currie. Ay, or a saddler's lackey, if held with a tight rein.

Frank. Gentlemen, your remarks imply that my aunt has treated me as I deserved. I am above your insults, and only hope you will bear your fortune as modestly as I shall mine submissively. I shall retire.

[*Going, he meets the Squire.*]

Squire. Stop, stop, young nian! We must have your presence. Good morning, gentlemen; you are early on the ground.

Currie. I hope the Squire is well to-day.

Squire. Pretty comfortable for an invalid. [*Coughing.*]

Swipes. I trust the damp air has not affected the Squire's lungs again.

Squire. No, I believe not; you know I never hurry. Slow and sure is my maxim. Well, since the heirs at law are all convened, I shall proceed to open the last will and testament of your deceased relative, according to law.

Swipes. [*While the Squire is breaking the seal*] It is a try-

ing scene to leave all one's possessions, Squire, in this manner.

Currie. It really makes me feel melancholy when I look round, and see everything but the venerable owner of these goods. Well did the Preacher say, "All is vanity."

Squire. Please to be seated gentlemen. [*All sit. The Squire, having put on his spectacles, begins to read in a drawling, nasal tone.*]—"Imprimis: Whereas my nephew, Francis Millington, by his disobedience and ungrateful conduct, has shown himself unworthy of my bounty, and incapable of managing my large estate, I do hereby give and bequeath all my houses, farms, stocks, bonds, moneys, and property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt-Street, brewer, and Christopher Currie, of Fly-Court, saddler,"—

—[*The Squire takes off his spectacles to wipe them.*]

Swipes. [*Taking out his handkerchief, and attempting to snivel.*] Generous creature! kind soul! I always loved her.

Currie. She was always a good friend to me, and she must have had her senses perfectly, as the Squire says. And now, brother Swipes, when we divide, I think I shall take the mansion house.

Swipes. Not so fast, if you please, Mr. Currie. My wife has long had her eye upon that, and must have it. [*Both rise.*]

Currie. There will be two words to that bargain, Mr. Swipes. And, besides, I ought to have the first choice. Did I not lend her a new chaise every time she wished to ride? and who knows what influence —

Swipes. Am I not first named in her will? and did I not furnish her with my best small beer, gratis, for more than six months? and who knows —

Frank. Gentlemen, I must leave you. [*Going.*]

Squire. [*After leisurely wiping his spectacles, he again puts them on, and with his calm nasal twang, calls out,*] Pray, gentlemen, keep your seats. I have not done yet. [*All sit.*] Let me see — where was I? Ay, [*reads*] "all my property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt-Street, brewer," — (*looking over his spectacles at Swipes*)

Swipes. (*Eagerly*) Yes!

Squire. "And Christopher Currie, of Fly-Court, saddler,"—— (*looking over his spectacles at him*)

Currie. (*Eagerly.*) Yes! yes!

Squire. "To have and to hold — IN TRUST — for the sole and exclusive benefit of my nephew, Francis Millington, until he shall have attained to lawful age, by which time I hope he will have so far reformed his evil habits, that he may safely be entrusted with the large fortune which I hereby bequeath to him."

Swipes. What's all this? You don't mean that we are humbugged? *In trust!* How does that appear? Where is it?

Squire. (*Pointing to the parchment.*) There — in two words of as good old English as I ever penned.

Currie. Pretty well, too, Mr. Squire! if we must be sent for to be made a laughing-stock of. She shall pay for every ride she had out of my chaise, I promise you.

Swipes. And for every drop of my beer. Fine times! if two sober, hard-working citizens are to be brought here, to be made the sport of a graceless profligate. But we will manage his property for him, Mr. Currie; we will make him feel that trustees are not to be trifled with.

Currie. That will we.

Squire. Not so fast, gentlemen; for the instrument is dated three years ago, and the young gentleman must already be of age, and able to take care of himself. Is it not so, Francis?

Frank. It is, your worship.

Squire. Then, gentlemen, having attended the breaking of this seal, according to law, you are released from any farther trouble in the premises.

CXIII. THE HAUNCH OF MUTTON.

SIR PETER PUMPKIN, a jolly squire ; BILLY BLEWETT, his friend ; HENRY, his nephew.

[*Sir Peter present. — Enter Billy.*]

Sir Peter. Good day, Mr. Blewett. As you sent me the haunch, it is but fair that you should see how it is treated. — Rather late, though. (*Enter Henry.*) I shouldn't have waited for you, Harry.

Harry. No occasion, sir ; I am always punctual. Lord Bacon says, the time a man makes a company wait is always spent in discovering his faults.

Sir Peter. Does he ? Then he's a sensible fellow ; and, if he's a friend of yours, you might have brought him to dinner with you. But you need not have made yourself such a dandy, Harry, merely to dine with me.

Harry. Why, sir, as I expected the dinner to be well dressed for me, I thought I could not do less than return the compliment.

Sir Peter. Ha, ha, ha ! Do you hear that, Billy ? Not a bad one, was it ? Faith, Harry does not go to college for nothing. Hark ! there's the clock striking five — and where is our haunch of mutton ? Do, pray, Harry, see about it. The cook used to be punctual — and it is now a minute and a half past five. (*Holding his watch in his hand.*)

Harry. It is coming, sir.

Sir Peter. Clever fellow, King Charles ; they called him the mutton-eating king, didn't they ? Cut off his head, though, for all that ; — stopped his mutton-eating, I guess ! I say, Billy, did I tell you what I said, t'other day, to Tommy Day, the broker ? — Two minutes gone ! Tommy's a Bristol man, you know. Well, I went down to Bristol, about our ship, the Fanny, that got ashore there. So, says Tommy to me, when I came back, " Who bears the bell now at Bristol ? " " Why," says I, " the bell-man, to be sure." Ha, ha, ha ! " Who bears the bell

at Bristol?" says he. "Why, the bell-man," says I again. Ha, ha, ha! Capital, wasn't it?

Billy. Capital! capital!

Harry. By the bye, sir, did you ever hear Shakspeare's receipt for dressing a beefsteak?

Sir Peter. Shakspeare's? No, what was it?

Harry. Why, sir, he puts it into the mouth of Macbeth, when he makes him exclaim, "If it were done, when 'tis done, then it were well it were done quickly."

Sir Peter. Good! good! But I said a better thing than Shakspeare, last week. You know Jack Porter, the common-council-man—ugly as a horse!—gives famous wine, though. So, says I, "Jack, I never see your face without thinking of a good dinner." "Why so?" says Jack. "Because," says I, "it's always *ordinary*!" Ha, ha, ha!—"Why so?" says Jack. "Because," says I, "it's always *ordinary*!" Ha, ha, ha! ah, ha, ha!

Billy. Capital! capital!

Sir Peter. (*Still looking at his watch.*) Three minutes, at least! The best side of the haunch should have been gone before this.

Harry. That I beg leave to deny; for the best side is where there remains most to be got.

Sir Peter. Why, Billy, you seem as down in the mouth as the root of my tongue. But—four minutes, by my repeater!—Harry, did you hear of the conundrum I made when Bill Sinister told me how he lost all his ships, one after another?

Harry. Conundrum? No, sir. Pray, let's have it.

Sir Peter. "Bill," says I, "can you tell me why your misfortunes are like infants?" "Not because they are small," says Bill.—"Will you give it up?" says I. "I guess I must," says he.—"Because they don't go alone!" says I. Ha, ha, ha! ah, ha, ha, ha!—"Because they don't go alone!" says I. Ah, ha, ha! ah, ha, ha, ha! (*Holding his hands on his sides.*) Wasn't that capital, hey?

Harry and Billy. Capital! capital! capital!

Sir Peter. It got into the papers next day. Five minutes, and—There goes the haunch! Follow me, gentlemen—follow me.

CXIV. I'LL TRY; OR THE YANKEE MARKSMAN.

LORD PERCY, with his regiment, firing at a target on Boston Common.

JONATHAN, an awkward looking country boy, that had outgrown his jacket and trowsers.

Percy. Now, my boys, for a trial of your skill! Imagine the mark to be a Yankee; and here is a guinea for whoever hits his heart.

(Jonathan draws near to see the trial; and when the first soldier fires, and misses, he slaps his hand on his thigh, and laughs immoderately. Lord Percy notices him. When the second soldier fires, and misses, Jonathan throws up his old hat, and laughs again.)

Percy. (*Very crossly.*) Why do you laugh, fellow?

Jonathan. To think how safe the Yankees are, if you must know.

Percy. Why, do you think you could shoot better?

Jonathan. I don't know; I could try.

Percy. Give him a gun, soldier, and you may return the fellow's laugh.

Jonathan. (*Takes the gun, and looks at every part of it carefully, and then says,*) It wont bust, will it? Father's gun don't shine like this, but I guess it's a better gun.

Percy. Why? Why do you guess so?

Jonathan. 'Cause I know what that'll deu, and I have some deoubts about this-ere. But look o' here! You called that-air mark a Yankee; and I won't fire at a Yankee.

Percy. Well, call it a British regular, if you please; only fire.

Jonathan. Well, a reg'lar it is, then. Now for freedom, as father says. (*He raises the gun, and fires.*) There, I guess that-air red coat has got a hole in it! (*Turning to the soldiers.*) Why den't you laugh at me now as that-air fellow said you might. (*Pointing to Percy.*)

Percy. You awkward rascal, that was an accident. Do you think you could hit the mark again?

Jonathan. He! I don't know; I can try.

Percy. Give him another gun, soldiers; and take care that the clown does not shoot you. I should not fear to stand before the mark myself.

Jonathan. I guess you'd better not.

Percy. Why? Do you think you could hit me?

Jonathan. I don't know; I could try.

Percy. Fire away, then.

(Jonathan fires and again hits the mark.)

Jonathan. Ha, ha, ha! How father would laugh to see me shooting at half gun-shot!

Percy. Why, you rascal, you don't think you could hit the mark at twice that distance?

Jonathan. He! I don't know; I'm not afeard to try.

Percy. Give him another gun, soldiers, and place the mark farther off.

(Jonathan fires again and hits as before.)

Jonathan. There, I guess that-air reg'lar is as dead as the pirate that father says the judge hangs till he is dead, dead, dead, three times dead; and that is one more death than Scriptor tells on.

Percy. There, fellow, is a guinea for you.

Jonathan. Is it a good one? *(Ringing it.)*

Percy. Good? Yes. Now begone!

Jonathan. I should like to stay, and see them fellows kill some more Yankees.

Percy, (aside.) The fellow is more rogue than fool.
(To Jonathan) Sirrah, what is your name?

Jonathan. Jonathan.

Percy. Jonathan what?

Jonathan. Yes, Jonathan Wot. I was named arter father.

Percy. Do you think your father can shoot as well as you do?

Jonathan. I don't know but I guess he would not be afeard to try.

Percy. Where did you learn to shoot?

Jonathan. O, father larnt me, when I wasn't knee high to a woodchuck.

Percy. Why did he teach you so young?

Jonathan. 'Cause, he said I might have to shoot red-coats, one of these days.

Percy. Ah! pray, my boy, can all the farmers in your town shoot as well as you do?

Jonathan. I guess they can, and better teu.

Percy. Would they like to shoot at red-coats, as you call them?

Jonathan. I've heerd them say they'd like to try.

Percy. Come, my good fellow, while you are well off, you had better join us, and fight for your king; for we shall hang every Yankee we catch.

Jonathan. I guess you wont ketch any.

Percy. Well, we can *try*, as you say; and, since we have caught you, we will hang you for a traitor.

Jonathan. No you wont. You paid me yourself for killing them three red-coats; so I guess you wont hang me for *that*.

Percy. No, my good fellow, I like you too well. I am sorry that my duty to my king obliges me to injure men who show in every thought and action that they are true Englishmen. You may go free; but the next time you see my troops firing at a mark for exercise, you must not be so uncivil as to laugh at them, if they miss. What say you?

Jonathan. I don't know whether I can help it.

Percy. Well, you can *try*, can't you?

Jonathan. I 'spose I can; for Deacon Simple tried to milk his geese, but his wife didn't make no more butter for his trying, I guess.

Percy. Begone! or I shall have to put you under guard. Officer, give him a pass to Charlestown; but never let him come among our troops again. His example is a bad one.

CXV. THE FEMALE EXQUISITES.

MRS. KERSEY.

BECKY, her Daughter.

KATY, her Niece.

MADGE, the Servant Girl.

Mrs. Kersey. Tell me what you have done to the gentlemen who have just left the house in such a rage? Did I not request you to receive them as your destined husbands?

Becky. How could we treat them civilly, mother, when they offered themselves at the first visit?

Mrs. Kersey. And what was there improper in that? I told them to do so.

Becky. O, horrible! If the affair were managed in this vulgar manner, a romance would soon have an end.

Katy. Aunt, my cousin is perfectly right. How can one receive people entirely unacquainted with the delicacies of gallantry?

Becky. Does not their whole appearance indicate this? Come to make a formal visit, and expect to be admitted the first time!

Katy. And then, to wear a plain coat without braids, and hands without gloves! Besides, I noticed that their boots were not in the newest style —

Becky. And their pants were full an inch too long.

Mrs. Kersey. You are both crazy; — Katy, and you, Becky —

Becky. O, for goodness' sake, mother, do leave off calling us by those outlandish names!

Mrs. Kersey. Outlandish names, miss! are they not your true and proper Christian names?

Becky. Heavens! how vulgar! What astonishes me is, that you should ever have had so intellectual a daughter as myself. Who ever heard of Becky or Katy in refined conversation? and either name would be enough to blast the finest romance that ever was written.

Katy. It is true, aunt; for it is distressing to an ear of

any delicacy to hear such names pronounced. And the name of Seraphina Cherubina, which my cousin has adopted, and that of Celestina Azurelia, which I have bestowed upon myself have a grace that even *you* must perceive.

Mrs. Kersey. Hear me — I have but one word to say. I will hear of no other names than were given you by your godfathers and godmothers; and as to the gentlemen, I know their worth, and am resolved that you shall marry them. I am tired of having you upon my hands.

Becky. Allow us to breath awhile among the fashionables of the city, where we have hardly arrived. Give us time to weave the web of our romance, and do not hasten the catastrophe of our being with such unrefined precipitation.

Mrs. Kersey. You are a finished pair of fools, and shall be married or go to the mad-house immediately! (*She goes out.*)

Katy. Mercy on us! how completely material your mother is! How dull her understanding, and how dark her soul!

Becky. I can hardly persuade myself that I am really her daughter, and I am satisfied that some adventure will hereafter develope a more illustrious parentage.

(*Enter Madge.*)

Madge. There is a man below, who says his lady wishes to speak with you.

Becky. Dolt! Can you not deliver a message with less vulgarity? You should say, "A necessary evil wishes to be informed whether it is your pleasure to be accessible."

Madge. I don't understand French, ma'am.

Becky. Impertinent! How insupportable! And who is his lady?

Madge. He called her the Marchioness Quizilla.

Becky. (*to Katy.*) O, my dear, a marchioness! — a marchioness! It is, no doubt, some intellectual lady, who has heard of our arrival. Think of it — a marchioness! my dear.

Katy. Let us adjust our dress, and sustain the reputation which has preceded us. (*To Madge.*) Run and bring us the counsellor of the graces.

Madge. Gracious, ma'am! I don't know what sort of a

critter that is. You must talk Christian, if you wish me to understand you.

Katy. Bring us the mirror, then, ignoramus! and take care that you do not sully the glass by letting your ugly image pass before it.

(Madge going out, meets Mrs. Kersey, as the Marchioness, entering, veiled.)

Madge. Ma'am, these are my mistresses.

Marchioness. Ladies, you will be surprised, no doubt, at the audacity of my visit, but your reputation has brought it upon you. Merit has such charms for me, that I break down all barriers to get at it.

Becky. If you are in pursuit of merit, you must not hunt for it on our domain.

Katy. If you find any merit here, you, must have brought it.

Becky. Madge!

Madge. Ma'am.

Becky. Approximate hither the sedentary aids of conversational intercourse.

Madge. Ma'am!

Becky. Bring some chairs, dolt!

Katy. *(Affectedly.)* Come, madam, do not be inexorable to that chair, which is stretching out its arms to embrace you. *(The marchioness sits most affectedly.)*

Marchioness. Well, ladies, what do you think of the city? *(Exit Madge.)*

Becky. We have not yet had an opportunity of seeing its ineffable attractions.

Marchioness. Leave that to me. Hearing of your arrival, I have come to do you the homage of presenting you an impromptu that I made upon myself yesterday. I am unequalled in impromptus.

Katy. An impromptu is the touchstone of wit.

Marchioness. Listen, then.

Katy and Becky. We are all attention.

Marchioness. You will understand that I suppose a gentleman to make the verses upon receiving a glance from my eyes.

Katy and Becky. What an ingenious device.

Marchioness. Listen : — (*With much affectation.*)

“ Ah, ah ! suspicionless of smart,
And seeking in your charms relief,
Your eye, cataceous, stole my heart.”

Stop thief ! stop thief ! stop thief ! stop thief ! ”

Katy. O, heavens ! desist ; it is too exquisite .

Marchioness. Did you notice the commencement —
“ Ah ! ah ! ” There is something fine in that “ Ah ! ah ! ”
as if a man suddenly thought of something — “ Ah, ah ! ”

Becky. Yes, I think the “ Ah, ah ! ” admirable.

Katy. I should rather have made that “ Ah, ah ! ” than
Paradise Lost.

Marchioness. You have the true taste, I see.

Katy and Becky. Our taste is not the most corrupt.

Marchioness. But did you not also admire “ suspicionless of smart ? ” — innocent, you understand, as a sheep — not aware of danger ; — and “ seeking in your charms relief,” — expecting, you understand, that I should smile him into life. “ *Your eye, cataceous :* ” what do you think of the word *cataceous* ? was it not well chosen ?

Katy. Perfectly expressive.

Becky. *Cataceous*, that is, slyly, like a cat. I can almost see the feline quadruped watching its prey.

Katy. Nothing could be more superingeniously conceived.

Marchioness. “ *Stole my heart !* ” — robbed me of it — carried it right away. “ *Stop thief ! stop thief ! stop thief !* ”

Becky. O, stop ! stop ! — let us breathe.

Marchioness. Would you not think a man was crying after a robber to arrest him ?

Katy. There is a transcendental spirituality in the idea.

Becky. Do repeat the “ Ah, ah ! ”

Marchioness. “ Ah, ah ! ”

Becky and Katy. O ! O !

Marchioness. “ *Suspicionless of smart.* ”

Becky. “ *Suspicionless of smart.* ” (*Looking at Katy.*)

Katy. “ *Suspicionless of smart.* ” (*Looking at Becky.*)

Marchioness. “ *And seeking in your charms relief.* ”

Becky and Katy. O ! “ In your charms relief.”

Marchioness. “ *Your eye, cataceous.* ”

Becky. “ *Cataceous,* ” — O !

Katy. O! "Cataceous."

Marchioness. "Stole my heart."

Becky. Stole his heart.

Katy. Stole his heart! O! I faint!

Marchioness. "Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!"

Becky. O! "Stop thief! stop thief!"

Katy. "Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!"

All together. "Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!"

(*Enter Madge.*)

Madge. Stop thief! What is the matter? Who has been robbed?

Becky. O, how your material presence brings us to earth again.

(*Mrs. Kersey uncovers her face.*)

Madge. Why, ma'am, what trick are you playing the young ladies?

Mrs. Kersey. I am only teaching the silly exquisites, that some folks may make as refined fools as some folks, and that affectation is not learning. (*Affectedly.*) "Ah, ah! Cataceous! Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!"

Becky. I am imperturbably petrified.

Katy. And I indiscriminately confounded.

Mrs. Kersey. Becky Seraphina Cherubina, and Katy Celestina Azurelia, my advice to you is, to aim at nothing above common sense, and not to suspect that all the world are fools, because *you* happen to be so.

CXVI. THE GRIDIRON.

THE CAPTAIN, PATRICK, AND THE FRENCHMAN.

Patrick. Well, captain, whereabouts in the wide world are we? Is it Roosia, Proosia, or the Jarmant ocean?

Captain. Tut, you fool; it's France.

Patrick. Tare an ouns; do you tell me so? and how do you know it's France, captain dear?

Captain. Because we were on the coast of the Bay of Biscay, when the vessel was wrecked.

Patrick. Throth, and I was thinkin' so myself. And now, captain jewel, it is I that wishes we had a gridiron.

Captain. Why, Patrick, what puts the notion of a gridiron into your head?

Patrick. Because I'm starrving with hunger, captain dear.

Captain. Surely you do not intend to eat a gridiron, do you?

Patrick. Ate a gridiron? bad luck to it! no. But if we had a gridiron, we could dress a beef-steak.

Captain. Yes but where's the beef-steak, Patrick?

Patrick. Sure, couldn't we cut it off the porrk?

Captain. I never thought of that. You are a clever fellow, Patrick. (*Laughing.*)

Patrick. There's many a thrue word said in joke, captain. And now, if you will go and get the bit of pork that we saved from the rack, I'll go to the house there beyent, and ax some of them to lind me the loan of a gridiron.

Captain. But Patrick, this is France, and they are all foreigners here.

Patrick. Well, and how do you know but I am as good a furriner myself as any of 'em?

Captain. What do you mean, Patrick?

Patrick. Parley voo frongsay?

Captain. O, you understand French then, is it?

Patrick. Throth and you may say that, Captain dear.

Captain. Well, Patrick, success to you. Be civil to the foreigners, and I will be back with the pork in a minute.

(*He goes out.*)

Patrick. Ay, sure enough I'll be civil to them; for the Frinch are mighty p'lite intirely, and I'll show them I know what good manners is. Indade, and here comes munseer himself, quite convaynient. (*As the Frenchman enters, Patrick takes off his hat, and making a low bow, says,*) God save you, sir and all your childer. I beg your pardon for the liberty I take, but its only being in distress in regard of ateing, that I make bowld to trouble ye; and if you

could lind me the loan of a gridiron, I'd be intirely obleeged to ye.

Frenchman. (*Staring at him.*) Comment!

Patrick. Indade it's throe for you. I'm tathered to paces, and God knows I look quare enough; but it's by raison of the storm, that dhruv us ashore jist here, and we're all starvin.

Frenchman. Je m'y t — (*Pronounced zhu meet.*)

Patrick. O! not at all! by no manes! we have plenty of mate ourselves, and we'll dhress it, if you'll be plazed jist to lind us the loan of a gridiron, sir. (*Making a low bow.*)

Frenchman. (*Staring at him, but not understanding a word.*)

Patrick. I beg pardon, sir; but may be I'm undher a mistake, I thought I was in France, sir. An't you all furriners here? Parley voo frongsay?

Frenchman. Oui, monsieur.

Patrick. Then, would you lind me the loan of a gridiron, if you plase? (*The Frenchman stares more than ever, as if anxious to understand.*) — I know it's a liberty I take, sir; but it's only in the regard of bein' cast away; and if you plase, sir, parley voo frongsay?

Frenchman. Oui, monsieur, oui.

Patrick. Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron, sir, and you'll obleege me.

Frenchman. Monsieur, pardon', monsieur —

Patrick. (*Angrily.*) By my sowl, if it was you in dis-thress, and if it was to owld Ireland you came, it's not only the gridiron they'd give you, if you axed it, but something to put on it too, and a dhrop of dhrink into the bargain. Can't you undherstand your own language? (*Very Slowly.*) Parley — voo — frongsay — munseer?

Frenchman. Oui, monsieur; oui, monsieur, mais —

Patrick. Thin lind me the loan of a gridiron, I say, and bad scram to you.

Frenchman. (*Bowing and scraping.*) Monsieur, je ne l'entend — (*Pronounced zhūnūlahn tahn.*)

Patrick. Phoo! the divil sweep yourself and your long tongs! I don't want a tongs at all at all. Can't you listen to rason?

Frenchman. Raison oui, oui, monsieur, mais —

Patrick. Then lind me the loan of a gridiron and howld your prate. (*The Frenchman shakes his head, as if to say he did not understand; but Patrick thinking he meant it as a refusal, says in a passion,*) Bad cess to the likes o' you! Throth, if you were in my counthry, it's not that-a-way they'd use you. The curse of the crows on you, you owld sinner! The divil another word I'll say to you. (*The Frenchman puts his hand on his heart and tries to express compassion on his countenance.*) Well, I'll give you one chance more, you owld shafe! Are you a Christian at all atall! Are you a furriner that all the world calls so p'lite. Bad luck to you! do you undherstand your mother tongue. Parley voo frongsay? (*Very loud.*) Parley voo frongsay?

Frenchman. Oui, monsieur, oui, oui.

Patrick. Then, thunder and turf! will you lind me the loan of a gridiron? (*The Frenchman shakes his head, as if he did not understand; and Pat says, vehemently,*) The curse of the hungry be on you, you owld negarly villain; the back of my hand and the sowl of my fut to you! May you want a gridiron yourself, yet; and wherever I go, it's high and low, rich and poor, shall hear of it and be hanged to you.

CXVII. THE LETTER.

SQUIRE EGAN, and his new Irish servant, ANDY.

Squire. Well, Andy; you went to the post-office, as I ordered you?

Andy. Yis, sir.

S. Well, what did you find?

A. A most imperthinent fellow, indade, sir.

S. How so?

A. Says I, as dacent like as a gentleman, "I want a letther, sir, if you plase." "Who do you want it for?"

said the posth-masther as ye call him. "I want a letther sir, if you plase, said I. "And whom do you want it for?" said he again. "And what's that to you?" said I.

S. You blockhead, what did he say to that?

A. He laughed at me, sir, and said he could not tell what letther to give me unless I tould him the direction.

S. Well, you told him then, did you?

A. "The directions I got," said I, "was to get a letther here — that's the directions." "Who gave you the directions?" says he. "The masther," said I. "And who's your masther?" said he. "What consarn is that o' your's?" said I.

S. Did he break your head, then?

A. No, sir. "Why, you stupid rascal," said he, "if you don't tell me his name, how can I give you his letther?" "You could give it if you liked, said I; "only you are fond of axing impident questions, because you think I'm simple." "Get out o' this;" said he. "Your masther must be as great a goose as yourself, to send such a missinger."

S. Well, how did you save my honor, Andy?

A. "Bad luck to your impidence;" said I. "Is it Squire Egan you dare to say goose to?" "O, Squire Egan's your masther?" said he. "Yis," says I. "Have you any thing to say agin it?"

S. You got the letter, then, did you?

A. "Here's a letter for the squise," says he. "You are to pay me eleven pence posthage." "What 'ud I pay 'leven pence for?" said I. "For *posthage*," says he. "Didn't I see you give that gentleman a letther for fourpence, this blessed minit?" said I; "and a bigger letther than this? Do you think I'm a fool?" says I. "Here's a fourpence for you — and give me the letther."

S. I wonder he did not break your skull, and let some light into it.

A. "Go along, you stupid thafe!" says he, because I would not let him *chate* your honor.

S. Well, well; give me the letter.

A. I haven't it, sir. He wouldn't give it to me, sir

S. Who wouldn't give it to you?

A. That old *chate* beyent in the town.

S. Didn't you pay him what he asked?

A. Arrah, sir, why would I let you be chated, when he was selling them before my face for fourpence apace?

S. Go back you scoundrel, or I'll horsewhip you?

A. He'll murder me, if I say another word to him about the letther; he swore he would.

S. I'll do it, if he don't, if you are not back in less than half an hour. *(Exit.)*

A. O that the like of me should be murdered for defending the charrack'ther of my masther! It's not I'll go to ~~date~~ with that bloody *chate* again. I'll off to Dublin, and let the letter rot on his dirty hands, bad luck to him!

THE END.



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